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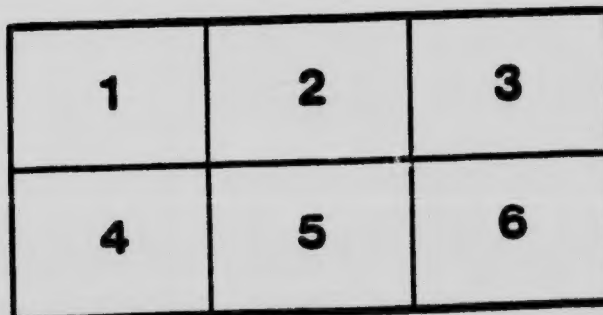
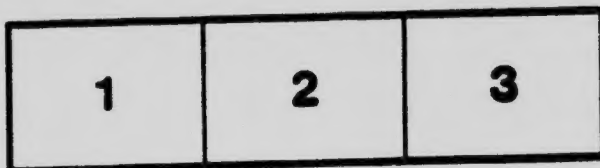
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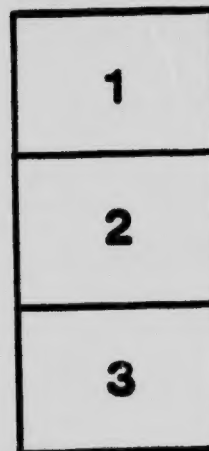
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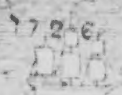


WITH THE
ROYAL
TOUR

E. F. Knight



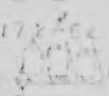
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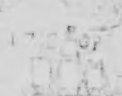
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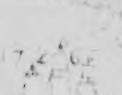
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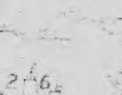
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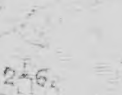


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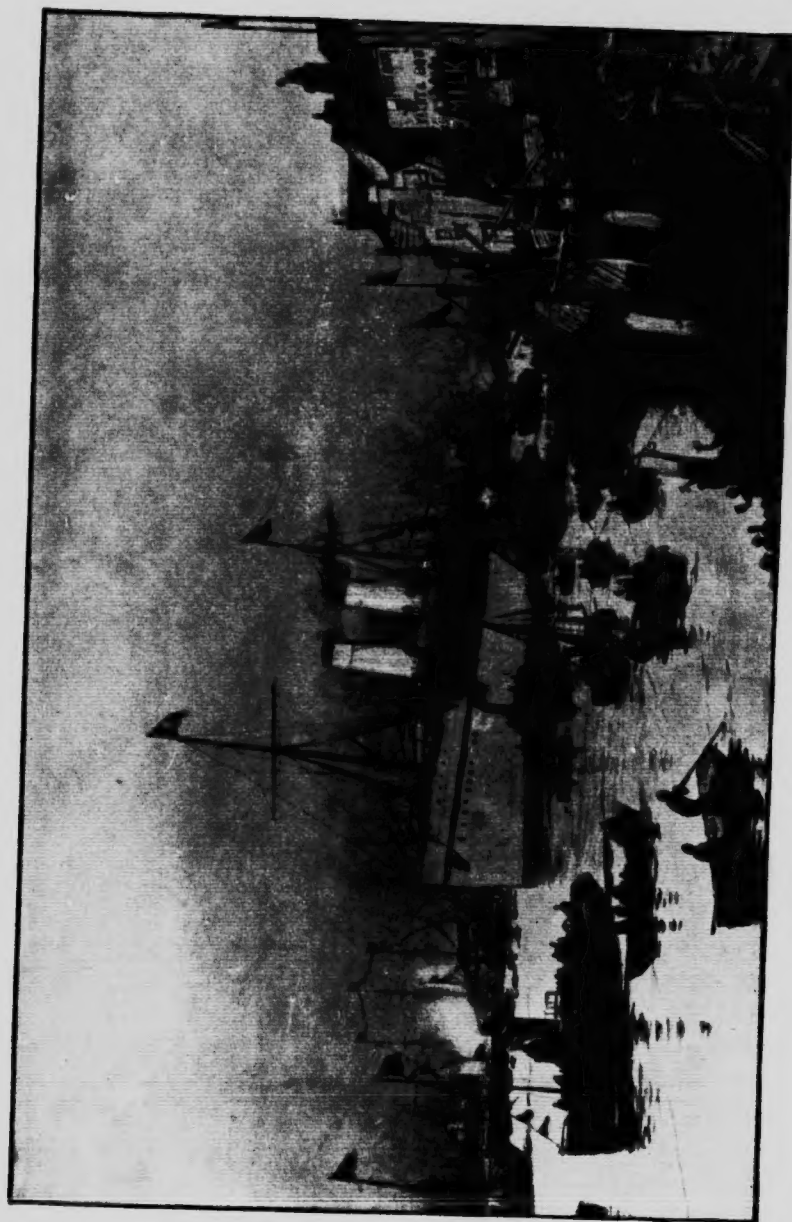
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WITH THE ROYAL TOUR







THE DEPARTURE OF THE 'OPHIR' FROM PORTSMOUTH.
(From a drawing by C. W. Wyllie.)

[Frontispiece.]

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WITH THE ROYAL TOUR

A NARRATIVE OF THE RECENT TOUR
OF THE DUKE AND DUCHESS OF CORNWALL AND YORK
THROUGH GREATER BRITAIN, INCLUDING
HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS'S SPEECH DELIVERED AT THE
GUILDHALL, ON DECEMBER 5, 1901

BY

E. F. KNIGHT

Special Correspondent of the Morning Post, accompanying the Royal Tour

AUTHOR OF 'WHERE THREE EMPIRES MEET,' ETC.

(PUBLISHED UNDER THE AUSPICES OF THE VICTORIA LEAGUE)

WITH 16 ILLUSTRATIONS AND A MAP

TORONTO
THE COPP, CLARK CO., LIMITED
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1902

*This Edition is intended for circulation only in India
and the British Colonies*



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(From a drawing by C. W. Wylle.)

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WITH THE ROYAL TOUR

CHAPTER I

INTRODUCTORY

THIS is a book of first impressions; for I have thought it best, in publishing this record of the recent world-wide royal tour, to preserve, so far as was possible, the form and matter of my correspondence to the 'Morning Post,' despatched at the time from the various places visited by the Prince and Princess of Wales. Those letters, published in full, would have formed an over-bulky book. I have therefore submitted them to considerable abridgment while adding very little to them. I have thus omitted many details of the various ceremonies, receptions, displays, and functions generally; for all this has been twice and thrice told, and after the fireworks have spluttered out it is a vain task to attempt the painting of their glow in words. But I have preserved all that I have written concerning the spirit which prompted those warm welcomes to

our future King and Queen, the unmistakable proofs that were presented to us of the ardent loyalty, patriotism, and imperialism of our colonies, the many reasons why the inhabitants of these isles should entertain the warmest friendship for their kin beyond the seas, know and appreciate them better, and take a keener interest in the far-distant lands that they inhabit. In the course of so hurried a tour it was impossible for one to learn much of the political problems affecting the different States we visited, to gather more than a smattering concerning the conditions of life, the commercial prospects and kindred questions more or less debatable. I touched but lightly on these matters in my letters, and to what I then wrote I have added nothing in this book. Concerning the various industries of the colonies and the openings for emigrants I have written in general terms, describing what I saw, and refraining from the compilation rendered so easy by the vast amount of official literature dealing with these subjects, which is now published in every British possession. The various colonial year-books will supply all these details to those who require them.

This book, therefore, will be merely what the letters were, a narrative of the tour, a tribute to the loyalty of the colonies. There can be no doubt that this Royal Progress, so wisely ordered by Her late Majesty Queen Victoria, after her death religiously enjoined by the King, and earnestly and

successfully carried through by the Duke and Duchess of Cornwall and York, has been of inestimable service to the British Empire. It is a tour too that has opened our eyes to many things, and perhaps its most important lessons are those to be taken to heart, not by the colonials, but by the people of Great Britain. All the world over, our colonials entertain a passionate love for the mother country. It is right that all Englishmen should reciprocate this feeling, as, indeed, all those do who know the colonies. In those broad lands of vast horizons the men of our race seem younger in spirit, imbued with a more generous enthusiasm. One does not find in Australia that cynicism, that strange indifference to Imperial interests, which, but a few years ago, was so marked at home. The average Australian follows more closely what is taking place at the remote outposts of our Empire than does the average Englishman. The colonists look across the seas to the mother country with a deep affection that has something pathetic in it. Let Englishmen realise that whenever our colonies have displayed dissatisfaction with our rule and apparent disloyalty, ours has been the fault. When they desired closer union with us, chilly and often contemptuous were our replies to their advances. Is it not true that, until recently, the bulk of Englishmen took no interest in the colonies?—a fact colonials promptly realised when they visited the land which,

though they had been born at the uttermost ends of the earth, they always spoke of as 'home.' Our successive governments snubbed the colonies, thwarted their legitimate aspirations. Our statesmen and our philosophic historians did all they could to alienate the affection of the colonials, foretold with equanimity that in the ordinary course of things the colonies would one day separate from us, announced to them that they could cut the painter as soon as they liked, as we would gladly relieve ourselves of the responsibility of union with them. But this tour, following on the South African war, has so brought Englishmen and colonials together that this miserable selfish state of feeling at home has, it is to be hoped, been made impossible for the future.

It was brought forcibly home to us in the course of this tour that in the colonies, at any rate, the most democratic—nay, socialistic—of institutions and opinions are consistent with the most fervent imperialism. The colonials are undoubtedly more imperialist than ourselves. Their vision of empire is clearer; for example, they do not confuse the issues of the present war. I met not a single pro-Boer in the course of the tour. Our colonies trust us once more; but quickly could Great Britain alienate them all were she to neglect her duty to a single colony—for there has grown up between them a moral federation of mutual esteem and

common interests. We have seen the colonial soldiers flocking from every portion of the globe to fight for their kinsfolk in danger in South Africa. Were we to fail to prosecute that war, without any surrender, or compromise of any principle, until we have achieved our purpose, the establishment of our supremacy in South Africa, were we to return a shred of independence to the Boers and so leave the loyalists at their mercy—it is only the pro-Boers who ignore the cruel persecution that would be the result of such a desertion—then indeed would the colonies one and all despair of Great Britain, regard her as too weak and cowardly to defend her possessions, unfit to be the head of the Empire. Faith in the mother country and respect for her would go: ‘It may be our turn next!’ the men would say in dismay; ‘were we menaced by some powerful foreign state, we too should be left to our fate.’ Hundreds of colonials have spoken to me in these terms. The policy advocated by some Englishmen might indeed lead to the separation of our colonies and the disintegration of the Empire. Everywhere during this tour men asked me in amazement what was the signification of the pro-Boer sentiment at home. The frame of mind of our closet-traitors was to them incomprehensible, unnatural, loathsome. In Canada, more especially, where, unfortunately, so much of the news published in the local papers

comes from tainted American sources, people are inclined, not unnaturally, to take an exaggerated view of the magnitude and importance of the noisy, widely advertised pro-Boer movement, and to wonder if there be some truth in what the enemies of Great Britain so frequently assert, namely, that the Empire is rotten at its core, that the little island nation is no longer strong, honest, or brave enough to direct the destinies of the Empire. The English pro-Boers have not only encouraged the enemy to continue a vain resistance, and persuaded the foreigners of the iniquity of our cause, but have also almost succeeded in earning for the mother country the distrust and contempt of her children beyond the seas. The pro-Boer meetings reported in our papers would not be tolerated in any of our colonies; for in those democratic countries, where the widest liberty is allowed to speech and thought, they draw a clear distinction, which we do not, between treason and political opinion, and would give no license to the former.

Lessons, too, on Imperial defence has this tour taught us. The Duke of Cornwall and York has succeeded in reviews of colonial troops in every quarter of the globe, in every one of the five continents. Never before had the permanent troops, the militia, the volunteers of the various British possessions been collected in such numbers. We

realised as we had never done before of what fine material are these troops, how excellent the training of many of the corps, how admirable the colonial cadet system, which might be adopted in England to the great advantage of the country; and our eyes were opened to the fact that in Greater Britain we possess an immense reserve force that would without doubt be eagerly placed at the disposal of this country were any portion of the Empire in danger. The Commonwealth Defence Bill, which was introduced to the Australian House of Representatives by Sir John Forrest is a measure by which democratic Australia imposes upon herself what amounts to a modified conscription; her sons will all be trained in arms, and in a few years she will, if necessary, be able to place in the field a truly formidable army. So far as sea defence is concerned, it is realised, by most people I met, that the colonies must rely on the navy of Great Britain and not on puny local flotillas, each confined to its own waters. And towards the maintenance of an efficient Imperial navy I found that the people in the colonies are quite ready to contribute their full share, which they now do not. A federation of Imperial defence was a favourite topic of conversation. Indeed, one of the chief lessons taught by this royal tour is that if Great Britain remain as loyal to her colonies as her colonies are to her there is little fear for the future of the Empire.

To the Duke and Duchess of Cornwall and York patriotic Englishmen and our fellow subjects beyond the seas owe a deep debt of gratitude. I was one of the four journalists who accompanied this tour throughout, and it was forcibly impressed upon me that the unqualified success of the royal progress was principally due to the personal qualities, to the tact and graciousness of their Royal Highnesses, and to the keenness with which the Duke threw himself into his many arduous duties. How arduous, and even anxious, those duties must have been through those eight months of travelling it is difficult for those who did not follow that tour to fully realise. That they were not more fatiguing is due to the fact that with him it was a labour of love. In a truly patriotic spirit he took the deepest interest in furthering the great objects of the tour—the bringing together into closer union of the scattered Possessions of the Empire, and the expression to the colonies of the mother country's gratitude for the noble way in which they came to her assistance in the hour of the Empire's peril. An excellent impression was everywhere produced by the admirable speeches, delivered with an earnest sincerity, in which he enunciated these sentiments and also showed that he was closely studying, in each British possession visited, every question that affected its prosperity or the interests of the Empire as a whole. What better preparation for the responsi-

bility of ruling can there be than this progress through an Empire of the Prince who will one day be its sovereign? The nation will certainly profit later from this journey of her future King. We journalists who mixed freely with the people were able to ascertain the sentiments that lay behind the cheering and the pageantry, the outward manifestations of this world-round splendid welcome; and they were sentiments of affection, loyalty, and patriotism that it was good for an Englishman to discover. It is true that the Duke and Duchess won the hearts of the people wherever they went, and Britons have, I repeat, reason to be deeply grateful to them for the zealous way in which they performed their patriotic duty, which will be so fruitful of good results to the Empire.

In this book, therefore, I will confine myself to my own experiences and impressions of the tour, relating what I saw myself, and saying nothing concerning the countries—Malta and South Australia, for example—which I was unable to reach during the royal visit. My thanks are due to the 'Morning Post' for the kind permission I have received to reproduce in this book my letters which appeared in that newspaper.

CHAPTER II

DEPARTURE OF THE ESCORT FROM PORTSMOUTH—LIFE IN A
BRITISH MAN-OF-WAR—WIRELESS TELEGRAPHY—GIBRALTAR—
PORT SAID—DOWN THE RED SEA—ARRIVAL AT ADEN

It had been appointed that the 'Ophir,' with the royal party and their suites on board, should sail from Portsmouth on March 16, to be escorted as far as the mouth of the Mediterranean by H.M.S. 'Diadem' and 'Niobe.' But at midday on the 7th the 'Juno' and the 'St. George,' composing the Royal Escort Squadron that was to accompany the 'Ophir' throughout the greater portion of her long cruise among the British possessions, left Portsmouth in advance, with orders to proceed to Aden and there await the arrival of the royal yacht. From Aden the two ships were to commence to act as royal escort, and sail from port to port in the close company of the 'Ophir' across all the world's chief oceans. The special correspondents who had been selected to accompany the royal tour joined the 'Juno' and 'St. George' at Portsmouth; for it had been arranged that these ships should be our home so long as they acted as escort—and what

happier home can one have than the wardroom of a British man-of-war? My ship was the 'Juno,' and my life on board of her, and the comradeship of her officers, will ever remain among the happiest memories of my life.

In the afternoon of the 7th we anchored off Spithead, and remained there for the night. There had been a succession of westerly gales, the glass was falling, and the weather was about as disagreeable as it could be. From the vessel's deck one looked out on a universe of dismal grey—grey sky above, grey sea below; there was a driving rain that hid the land from our sight, the wind howled through our rigging, and occasionally squalls of great violence swept down on us. The sky and sea seemed mingled together. There was nothing but that grey waste to be seen round us save when some sailing vessel, under as snug canvas as possible, would suddenly loom out of the haze and then as suddenly disappear. There was everything to show that we should have extremely bad weather during our voyage to Gibraltar, and that we should have a very uncomfortable time of it in the Bay of Biscay.

At six o'clock on the morning of the 8th the two vessels weighed anchor and proceeded down Channel, the 'Juno' as senior ship leading, and the 'St. George' following at about three cables' distance. And now no sooner had we made our start and com-

menced the first stage of this memorable voyage than the weather suddenly changed, the wind shifted to the north and swept away the rain-clouds, the sky was blue above us; and one could not but look on this favourable change after so long a spell of foul weather as a happy omen for our eight months' cruise. The glass began to rise, and, far from having the rough passage we all anticipated, we made one of the pleasantest passages imaginable across the bay, with the fresh breeze behind us and the sea almost smooth. And so opened our cruise, and such of us civilian guests as had not enjoyed the experience before began to understand and appreciate what life in a British man-of-war signifies, became initiated into the wonderful routine, marvelled at the incessant orderly bustle, and came to realise, as no one who has never lived on a man-of-war can realise, the extraordinary organisation on this fighting machine, the amount of work that every officer and man on board is daily called on to perform. There may be some people who think that this cruise was a prolonged picnic for the officers of the escort. They would not hold that opinion had they passed two days at sea on either of these ships. We put into Portland on Friday afternoon to take on board a draft of boys from the training ships, which raised the number of souls all told on the 'Juno' to over five hundred.

At midday on Sunday, the 10th, we were off Finisterre, and had reached a summer climate once

more. It was as hot as on an English August day. The Church service on this day was brought to a close with the first verse of 'God save the King,' and sung heartily, as it was, by some hundreds of blue-jackets and marines, it produced a most impressive effect. On the 11th we had some gunnery practice, which was spoilt by a succession of rain squalls; but on the following day, when we were about fifty miles from the mouth of the Mediterranean, targets were put overboard, and the two ships steaming slowly round them opened fire with all their guns, from the big 9·2 guns carried by the 'St. George,' down to the little 8-pounders in the 'Juno's' tops. The new telescopic sights were employed on some of the guns, and seemed to give satisfaction. To judge from the columns of water that the shot were throwing up in close proximity to the small target, any vessel that had been in its place would have been destroyed long before our practice was completed. Both the 'St. George' and the 'Juno' are fitted with the Marconi apparatus. The 'Juno' 'called up' Gibraltar when we were about twenty-five miles distant, and received a reply. In the afternoon we reached Gibraltar, and there found the 'Andromeda' and 'Diana,' the two ships that were to escort the 'Ophir' from here to Malta.

On landing we found that the town was full of preparations for the coming of the 'Ophir,' and triumphal arches were being erected in the principal

streets. It was given out that we would not sail from Gibraltar until the morning of the 16th, so one had plenty of time to renew one's acquaintance with the Rock, and to see old friends that one had met in various parts of the world, for there is no other such rendezvous for soldiers and sailors as Gibraltar. One never fails to see familiar faces here. Amongst others to greet me warmly was a former gaoler of mine, Señor Congosto, now the Spanish Consul at Gibraltar, who was General Blanco's secretary at Havana during the Spanish-American War. As a special correspondent accredited to the Spanish side, I had to run the United States blockade in order to reach Havana, was shipwrecked with loss of all my property, including papers, on the Cuban coast, and, until I could prove my identity, was confined in the Cabana fortress under suspicion of being an American spy. Señor Congosto did all that lay in his power to make my imprisonment comfortable; he was, indeed, the most amiable of turnkeys.

On our arrival, the town, as seen from the 'Juno,' was bathed in a dense atmosphere that reminded one more of the Thames and Medway than of the blue Mediterranean. It was raining steadily from a leaden sky, and there was a fog hanging over the houses—a true smoke fog, too, like that familiar to Londoners; for this place appears to consume a great deal of coal in proportion to its size, the machinery on the dock works being responsible for most of

the smoke. There had been a good deal of rain, and the steep slopes above the yellow town were beautifully green. One not infrequently finds foggy weather at the Rock. It will be remembered that it was like this when the elder Dumas saw Gibraltar. In the book which describes his tour in the Mediterranean on a French man-of-war he tells us that after visiting many sunny ports in the inland sea he came across a fog for the first time at Gibraltar. He questioned the captain, who explained to him that when the British first established themselves on the Rock they looked round them and felt that something was wanting. There was no fog, so, being a practical people who always make themselves comfortable in their possessions across the sea, they promptly set to work, made unto themselves a fog, and were happy. This day it looked quite homelike on shore, and the yellow coal smoke in the air tended to make an Englishman sentimental.

On Saturday, March 16, the 'Juno' and 'St. George' left Gibraltar for Aden. We steamed down the length of the Mediterranean, which was not of its usual blue, for the sky was overcast, the rain fell steadily, the wind blew hard in our teeth, and we rolled and pitched in the short seas more uneasily than we had done in the Bay of Biscay swell. For a great part of the way we had the African coast nearly always visible on our starboard hand, the lofty peaks of the Algerian Atlas still capped with snow.

It was not till we came to an anchor off Port Said on the morning of the 23rd that the weather cleared. Here the 'Juno' coaled. One of the things that strike the traveller forcibly when he makes his first cruise on a man-of-war is the wonderful rapidity with which this disagreeable business of coaling is accomplished as compared with the time occupied in the merchant steamer. Thus, so soon as the lighters were alongside and the chattering Arabs and blacks began to hand in the coal, such of us as could do so left the ship to avoid the coal-dust, stretched our legs for a couple of hours or so on shore, and then returned on board to find the ship cleaned up again, as spick and span as ever, all signs of the recent befouling removed. But, as everybody knows, on a liner, where not nearly so many hands are available for the cleaning up as on a man-of-war, the process is longer, and it is well to keep off the vessel, if one can, for a considerable time after the coaling is over, more especially if one is arrayed in immaculate white duck.

At Port Said, as is usual in Lower Egypt at this season of the year, the climate was perfect when we arrived. It is true that the rays of the sun fell hot on the town out of the unflecked sky, but a cool breeze was ever steadily blowing—the purest and most bracing of breezes, born as it was between the undefiled seas and the pure dry deserts. Port Said is a likely place to meet old friends for men who

have dwelt at the outposts of the Empire, being as it is a halting-place on the road to so many far eastern and southern regions where the British flag is flying.

One has had enough of Port Said, however, after a very brief stay; though, if one's visits are far apart, it is interesting to observe on each occasion how the port has been steadily improving in all respects under British administration. This once notorious cosmopolitan sink of iniquity is sufficiently cosmopolitan and wicked still, but it no longer deserves its former evil reputation. The stranger wandering about its streets at night no longer runs so considerable a risk of being plundered and assassinated. Port Said by night is probably as safe as most parts of London. For it is now a very well policed town, and nowhere will you see a smarter police than the well set-up, soldierly-looking Fellahin, for whose high efficiency our British officers are responsible.

At dawn on the 24th we left Port Said and proceeded to steam through the canal under the guidance of a French pilot. I was familiar with this narrow gateway to the East, having passed through it on my way to several wars, and remembered that never before this occasion had I traversed it on a mission of peace.

All day we slowly steamed down the canal, ever an interesting journey, dreary though is the scenery on

either hand. For here one passes within a few yards of men-of-war, troopers, and liners flying the flags of all the civilised nations of the earth, and obtains the closest view of them. It is curious to observe that when two vessels of different nationalities thus meet in the canal the people on either stand and stare silently at the passing foreigner, looking up and down her with a critical air that is not flattering, and betrays the international jealousy, dislike, or contempt.

The Marconi spar on our mizen was a novelty that evidently aroused considerable curiosity on some vessels, and when the 'Juno,' on entering the canal, conversed by wireless telegraphy with the 'St. George,' which was halfway through it ahead of us, our French pilot was amazed beyond measure. Among other vessels that we passed there was one that afforded a striking sign of the times. We noticed that she flew a somewhat unfamiliar flag, and that her name was painted on her bows in strange characters that we could not read. She was a vessel of the Maru Line, one of the two lines of ocean-going steamers which the Japanese have recently established. Officers and men were all Japanese, but there was a sprinkling of European passengers. She had a very smart appearance, and those who have travelled on these steamers speak highly of them.

On the morning of the 25th we passed out of the

canal and entered the Gulf of Suez, down which we steamed, with the barren sun-scorched mountains of Africa and Arabia glowing as of molten copper on our right and left, and under a sky that was ruddy with the desert sands held in suspension by the hot air. Then we went down the whole length of the Red Sea, for the most part of the way in a temperature uncomfortably sultry, and reached Aden in the morning of March 31.

This voyage from Gibraltar to Aden was doubtless like any one of the hundreds of voyages made by our men-of-war each year, but it was deeply interesting to those of us to whom the experience was new. Our eyes had been opened during our voyage from Portsmouth to Gibraltar; but it takes some time for one to form anything like an adequate idea of the work in one of our men-of-war—work that runs so smoothly from long practice that one at first fails to grasp the complexity and magnitude of it. What a wonderful routine it is—the constant bugle calls and the hoarse cries of the petty officers summoning the men to one duty or another, followed immediately by the tramping of hundreds of feet hurrying to the appointed stations; the frequent drills; the gunnery, small arms, torpedo, seamanship, and other classes of instruction; the inspections; the calls to general quarters; the clearing of decks for action; and so forth. Then there is the firing practice: thus after we left Gibraltar the two ships of the

royal escort twice put the targets overboard, once near Port Said and again in the Red Sea, and steaming round them opened fire with all their guns, from the 9·2 guns down to the Maxims; while below Suez we ran our torpedoes, making good practice at the targets when moving at high speed. And again there is that never-ceasing work of cleaning, polishing, and painting of wood and metal that makes the British man-of-war so much smarter than that of any other navy.

There was a time, not long since, when, as naval critics repeatedly pointed out, this spick-and-span condition was obtained at the cost of something far more important, when necessary drills were subordinated to the production of a needless spotlessness and high polish. But this is no longer the case. Our ships are still smarter than those of other nations, but nothing is neglected that can make our men efficient. Whatever will have to be done in the hour of battle is diligently rehearsed in time of peace. A British man-of-war in commission is certainly the busiest of the world's ships; and one soon realises that of all this constant work there is none that is not useful; work has not to be made in order to find occupation for the men and maintain discipline. There is more gunnery practice in our Navy than in any other; our blue-jackets do more drill in everything that is essential than those of any Power, with the possible exception of Germany. One cannot but

think that with all this constant and thorough practice we shall find in time of war that not only is our Navy the more powerful, but that our crews will prove themselves as of old the most efficient.

For the passenger a long sea voyage has always been regarded as a blissful experience of perfect restfulness. He is compelled to live the most regular of lives in the purest of air, and the fact that there is no post to bring him letters saves him from all the distractions and worries of ordinary existence on shore.

But one who has travelled on a ship provided with wireless telegraphy apparatus realises with dread that Signor Marconi has taken the first step towards destroying the greatest charm of the ocean voyage for us, and that in a few years' time, when every liner will be provided with this fatal thing, she will have all the latest news and even private correspondence wired to those on board from every headland, and there will be no more peace at sea. The weary man who now goes to sea for the benefit of his health will know no rest; the merchant will be daily worried with the market quotations, the jaded statesman on his sea holiday with the latest cornering or escape of De Wet.

The 'Juno' never omitted an opportunity of conversing with ship or shore by wireless telegraphy. Thus when steaming down the Atlantic, we communicated with his Majesty's ship 'Andromeda,' which

was at Gibraltar ; we called up Malta in the middle of the night at nearly forty miles distance, and received the latest news—somewhat alarming it was, too—from China ; and while going through the Suez Canal we kept up an animated conversation with the ‘ St. George.’ But when one is travelling down one of the more frequented ocean high roads it is not only by wireless telegraphy that one receives the news of the world ; thus, when we were in the middle of the Red Sea we passed the Peninsular and Oriental steamer ‘ India ’ homeward bound, and by means of her semaphore she gave us an account of the defeat of Delarey’s commando at Petersdorp.

CHAPTER III

LIFE IN ADEN—ARRIVAL OF THE 'OPHIE'—RECEPTION OF THE
DUKE AND DUCHESS BY THE POPULATION—A VISIT TO THE
TANKS—NATIVE REJOICINGS—ACROSS THE ARABIAN SEA

It was oppressively hot for the season of the year when the 'Juno' and the 'St. George' came to an anchor off Aden at a distance of about a mile and a half from the shore. It was an uninviting-looking place, indeed, as seen from the ship. We were abreast of the western side of Steamer Point; brown utterly barren peaks towering above an equally barren beach, with small red-roofed houses scattered over the arid lower spurs of the hills, composed the picture before us. It was the springtime, but few signs of vernal freshness were to be discovered in this burnt-up spot, and there was no verdure visible. The piled-up volcanic crags were glowing as from internal fires, and it looked as if it must be much hotter on land than even it was on board, so that those who had not visited Aden before felt little tempted to go on shore. But those of us who had had former experience of the place were aware that it is not nearly so unpleasant as one would judge it to be from the

anchorage ; and we knew, moreover, that it is not unusual here to find it much cooler on land than in one's ship, more especially if the ship be a black-painted iron one, which is ever an effective store-house of caloric under tropical suns, bottling it up by day, and not allowing much of it to escape by night, so that the land breeze that often blows here after sunset has little effect in cooling down the cabins.

We had ample time to explore Aden and its neighbourhood, for we awaited the 'Ophir' here for six days, which were occupied on board these two ever busy men-of-war in adjusting and cleaning engines, painting the ships throughout, and so forth. Aden has acquired a bad name ; facetious stories are told concerning it, in which it is made to compare unfavourably with a still hotter place. But this evil reputation is by no means deserved. I have visited all the important ports down the length of the Red Sea and Gulf of Aden, and can conscientiously assert that this is the most pleasant, or rather the least unpleasant, of them all. As a matter of fact, for a great part of the year it is not uncomfortably hot at Aden, and a fresh breeze is generally blowing. The hot season was now but commencing ; in truth, the British played their last football match the day before we came in, and had abandoned the winter game for cricket. The young British officers and officials—and the middle-aged ones, too, for the

matter of that—here, as in other tropical stations, exercise themselves energetically in various sports, and consequently look fit and hard. I know of stations not far from here, belonging to other European Powers, where the life of the white community is far different, where officers engage in no sports, but pass much of their time in lying on hammocks and sipping absinthe, consequently waxing fat, slack, nervous, and bad-tempered.

There are, indeed, many worse places than Aden. With the officers of the garrison, the telegraph officials, the merchants, and others there is a sufficiently large British society to make life agreeable, and the fair sex forms quite a considerable proportion of the community. There is a capital club, too, conducted in the Indian style. The busy settlement of Steamer Point, the Port of Aden, has a cheerful appearance, and by means of sparing irrigation which does not waste a drop of the fluid so precious here, trees and flowers and even pleasant little groves relieve the forlorn aspect of the land. But, despite these attractions, I have only heard of one Englishman who ever lived here by choice. This was an officer who had once been stationed here, and who, on retiring from the service, returned to Aden, built himself a bungalow, and passed the rest of his days on this cinder heap. It is a healthy place for its latitude, it is true, the climate being too hot and dry to suit the average bacillus; but few will feel an

inclination to follow the example of the above-mentioned officer.

Still, this formidable fortress of Aden is a very interesting place to visit. It has been termed the Indian Gibraltar, more appropriately than is usually the case with these often forced comparative designations of towns and countries. This is the nearest to England of the ports under the control of the Indian Government; and as soon as one steps ashore here, on one's way to the East, one feels as if one were breathing the Indian air once more, so largely Indian is the aspect of the place. Most of the familiar features of the Indian town are here—the carts drawn by complaining camels or sleek little oxen, the Sepoys of our Indian regiments, the Parsee merchants, the crowds of Hindoos in the dusty streets. The currency is Indian, and every official receives his pay in the shape of so many rupees *per mensem*. The Tommies in khaki have the Indian tan on them, for it is from the East and not the West that they have come hither; it is the custom, I believe, to keep homeward-going regiments here for a year, to cool them down, as they facetiously put it, and prepare them for the rigours of the British winter.

But Aden is not wholly Indian, but a place of various races which do not intermarry, the cheery and wiry Somalis who have emigrated from the opposite coast forming the bulk of the population,

while the more dignified Arabs, Yemeni and of other tribes, are also very numerous. There are no less than four thousand Jews in the town. It is a civilised-looking place, with smart native police, well-built houses, splendid macadamised roads; and it is curious to consider that this is a tiny territory of a score square miles or so only, and that beyond it lies the almost unknown, a land of wild fanatical people and peril for the white men. Were one to walk but a few miles inland, perhaps only to the hills that one sees beyond the bay, one would be carrying one's life in one's hand. This little territory was the very first that was acquired during the reign of Queen Victoria, and an interesting and an important acquisition it has proved to be; for not only is this the mighty fortress and most important of coaling stations, but under our rule it has become far the most prosperous trading centre on the coast, the great emporium of the trade between Arabia and Africa, the port to which are brought the coffee and spices of Arabia, its imports and exports being now estimated at about six millions a year.

The preparations that were made at Aden for the welcoming of the Duke and Duchess of Cornwall and York to this westernmost port of the Indian Empire do credit to the enterprise, the good taste, and the loyalty of the native community. The whole line of route along which their Royal High-

nesses were to drive, from the landing-place, through the settlement of Steamer Point where are the business-houses of the merchants, to the Crater and the Tanks—a distance of about five miles—had been decorated in a simple but effective way quite in harmony with the surroundings—the dazzling glare of the sky above and the road below, the Oriental buildings, and the picturesque crowds of Arabs, Indians, and Africans. Arches, constructed for the most part of the green branches of date-palms and stalks of maize, with the ears still unripe, crowned with appropriate scrolls of welcome, and bright with many-coloured flags, spanned the road at intervals. Bunting, too, was waving from every public building, from the merchants' stores, and from the bulk of the private houses, while the route was bordered with tricoloured poles from which the streamers were flying gaily. It was soon made apparent to a visitor that the whole native community was taking a keen interest—an intelligent interest so far as the Indians were concerned—in the royal visit, and that all were ready to give an enthusiastic reception to their Royal Highnesses. Even the Arabs and Somalis were full of excited expectation, for they all knew that it was the 'Son of the Emperor of India' whom they were about to see in their streets. The population of Aden is a prosperous, well-ruled, and happy one, and this condition is conducive to loyalty.

As this is the western outpost of India, it was fitting that the Indian community should initiate the plan of reception of the Duke and Duchess as far as the civil population was concerned. The Parsees are the wealthiest merchants of Aden, and they promptly organised the welcome to be given by the inhabitants as soon as it became known that the 'Ophir' would call here.

Punctually at the appointed time—seven o'clock on Good Friday morning—the 'Ophir' arrived, the Royal Standard flying at her main, at her fore the flag of Trinity House, of which the Prince is Master. The 'Juno,' the 'St. George,' and the 'Raccoon,' the guardship lying off Aden, were manned and dressed, and as the 'Ophir' steamed by us to her anchorage, about a mile to the eastward of the escort, the 'Juno's' twelve-pounders, the guns of the other ships, and those of the battery on shore, thundered out the Indian royal salute of thirty-one guns. The stay of the 'Ophir' at Aden was but a short one, for we sailed that night. The Duke and Duchess landed at the Prince of Wales Pier at four in the afternoon. The landing-stage had been converted into an extensive pavilion roofed with British flags, decorated with palm branches, and carpeted with native carpets. On either side were enclosures for the privileged ladies and officers off duty and many of the leading European inhabitants. Here also, lending touches of bright colour to the black- or white-clad

British throng, were native merchants, Parsees, Hindoos, and Mohammedans, Parsee and Hindoo ladies, and gorgeously robed Arab sheikhs of importance, the sultans of Lahej and Fadhli being the most conspicuous of the Arabian notables who had come in to do honour to the son of the Emperor of India.

As one looked out of this palm-sheltered enclosure one saw on one side the blue sea rippling in the breeze with all the merchant ships at anchor gaily dressed with flags ; on the other side was the guard of honour of the West Kent Regiment, the men in their white uniforms and helmets drawn up in a double rank, with their tattered colours, to be dipped to the ground in salute as the Duke and Duchess passed. And behind the guard of honour rose steep and rugged rocks of considerable height, over all of which were perched in crowds, like sea birds on a desert oceanic isle, a multitude of the poorer natives—men, women, and children ; Arabs, Somali, and Indians.

Before leaving the 'Ophir' for the shore the Duke distributed the South African medals among all the blue-jackets and marines belonging to the 'Juno' and 'St. George' who had served in the South African War.

While the boat was making her short voyage the blue-jackets on the 'Raccoon' heartily cheered as only sailors can, and from men-of-war and shore

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batteries the guns fired the royal salute. And then the motley multitude of natives perched on the rocks behind raised their voices in welcome according to the fashion of their several races, some imitating our cheers, some raising hoarse shouts, others shrilly 'lulu'ing,' and many clapping their hands and waving their arms. Theirs was indeed an enthusiastic welcome, curiously free from the usual Oriental apathy.

I shall not describe again here the ceremony of the reception, the addresses, the Duke's replies—as usual, exactly meeting the occasion, and delivered in that remarkably distinct voice, making itself heard far through the crowd outside, which impressed his listeners in every colony we visited. The ceremony over, their Royal Highnesses, accompanied by some of their suite, drove off to the Tanks, the Aden troop of lancers forming their guard of honour. As their Royal Highnesses passed each unit the troops guarding the route presented arms, and along all that rocky way the natives were gathered to shout their welcome. The carriage drove rapidly over the smooth hard road that leads to the Tanks, for a considerable distance skirting the shore. They passed the sheltered bay which forms the dhow harbour, on this day crowded with these picturesque craft, for the most part flying the crescent flag of Turkey; then, turning to the right, left the sea to ascend

the rocky pass that pierces the volcanic ridge ; and as they reached the summit of that narrow defile, and opened out the weird scene that lies beyond it, the guns of the saluting battery at the Crater fired their salute. Often has the view from this pass been described, but no description can convey an adequate idea of its strange and almost uncanny character. From here one looks down on the crater of the extinct volcano, a cup formed by bare volcanic crags furrowed with multitudinous gullies. On the plain that forms the bottom of the cup stands the old town of Aden, with its teeming narrow-streeted Arab and Indian quarters and its British cantonment beyond them. Were it not for these habitations of man, one could easily imagine oneself to be gazing at some burnt-up hollow in the dead moon, so utterly and hopelessly lifeless are the riven peaks that surround that bare plain. Their Royal Highnesses drove through the town, and were here received by the people with the same enthusiasm that had marked their reception at Steamer Point.

They visited those wonderful fifty ancient Tanks, which are but the chasms of the mountain side ingeniously dammed in, of various fantastic shapes, and so fed by little conduits which follow the irregularities of the crags that no rain that falls on the hills is wasted, but must find its way into one or other of these reservoirs. The Tanks are

now let out each year to the highest bidder, who farms out the water to the natives. Of late it had rained little. We found all the tanks empty save one, at the bottom of which was a small pool of green water. Near this pool a banyan tree of considerable size contrives to support a precarious existence, and it was then covered with large yellow blossoms. The royal party drove back in the cool of the evening to the landing-stage, and, the cannon once more thundering out salute, they re-embarked on the 'Ophir.'

That evening a reception was held on the royal yacht; and on shore, meanwhile, the entire native population was taking holiday and admiring the illuminations, for rows of coloured lanterns festooned the beach and the main streets. The town was crowded, throughout the night, with natives from outside, conspicuous among whom were the Arabs forming the bodyguards of the sultans and sheikhs who had come in to do honour to the son of their Suzerain Overlord—proud, wiry, wild-looking Bedouin, some riding wonderfully beautiful horses of purest Arabian breed, horses with which no king's ransom could persuade them to part, and all with their sashes stuck full of richly ornamented pistols and yataghans. After dark a number of these picturesque desert warriors joined in a wild Arab fantasia. Taking each other's hands, they formed a line

right across the main street, and, marching up it with rhythmical swayings of their arms and bodies, shouted and sang extemporised psalms of praise, in which they called on Allah and declared their homage and welcome to the Duke. Though Aden is a small and unimportant place when compared with the dominions which we were about to visit, the loyal and sincere welcome which their Royal Highnesses received here from all races and classes, and the impression made by their personalities and gracious manners on all who met them, augured very favourably for the success of this tour.

After the reception on the 'Ophir' we all returned to our respective ships, and before midnight struck we had weighed anchor and were slowly steaming out of the illuminated harbour into the darkness of the Gulf beyond, to begin our voyage of two thousand one hundred miles across the hot Arabian Sea to our next port of call—Colombo. It was now that the 'Juno' and 'St. George' began to act as royal escort, and henceforward between port and port the two men-of-war were always to be in close attendance on the 'Ophir.' When outside the harbour the three ships took up the positions which they observed throughout the voyage to Colombo, the 'Ophir' leading, the 'Juno' and 'St. George' steaming on her port and starboard quarter respectively, each maintaining a distance of from half a mile to a mile from the 'Ophir.' The three ships

thus formed an isosceles triangle, of which the 'Ophir' was the apex.

To vessels passing us at night and not knowing who we were the squadron must have been a cause of wonder, for rarely does a ship sail the seas covered with such a blaze of light as did this mighty 'Ophir.' Along nearly her entire length ran the two rows of electric lights illumining her uninterrupted line of double-storied, balconied, white deck houses; and the dazzling light streamed out, too, from her large square window-like ports; so that she looked like a street with the houses illuminated within and without on some night of public rejoicing. As one walked the deck of the 'Juno' and gazed out at the squadron—whether by day, when one clearly saw that stately white-painted ship and the two attending grim black-hulled men-of-war rapidly traversing the smooth dark-sapphire waters of the Arabian Sea, or in the moonless nights, when the Southern Cross was raised in the heavens on our right, and the two men-of-war loomed dimly, their regulation lights alone showing save for here and there a gleaming through their small ports, as they silently followed that long column of white light which was the 'Ophir'—the spectacle was a strangely impressive one, appealing strongly to the imagination, and tending to keep ever in one's mind the great significance of this cruise. When one pondered on the import of it, on what may be the out-

come of it, one gazed almost with awe at that silent procession across the lonely seas of those fine ships, which were carrying the heir of the great ocean Empire the whole world over, that he might visit our far-scattered dominions and the loyal peoples who were eagerly waiting to welcome him in every climate and under every constellation—a cruise of forty thousand miles, in the course of which he was to call at many a port on continent and isle, but not at a single one over which the British flag does not fly—long journeyings from colony to colony that the Duke might bear witness to them of Great Britain's gratitude to our kinsmen beyond the seas who nobly and loyally came to her succour in the hour of danger, and whose sons went forth to fight so bravely for their Sovereign and the Empire; and that he might give expression to the sympathy of our free people with the national aspirations of the free Australians. And, moreover, as the watching world fully realises, and as our enemies dread, it was a tour likely to further much the consolidation of the Empire and the permanent unity between the peoples of British blood.

Those of us who had travelled much within the tropics were agreed that never had we experienced a heat so oppressive as that which prevailed during the last three days of our voyage to Colombo. Not that the thermometer indicated a very high temperature—90° Fahrenheit was about our maximum, but

the mercury used to attain that height on deck at eight o'clock in the morning, and it was as hot by night as by day. It was the dampness of the air, the sticky clinging steaminess of the heat, that made it so oppressive. With 120° in the shade (when there was shade) in the dry Soudan, one used to feel quite comfortable and even found the climate bracing. At this season, before the south-west monsoon breaks, this is a windless gulf, with scarce a catspaw to wrinkle the oily smoothness of the sea, and consequently one does not see a single Arab dhow or other sailing craft when making this voyage in the early spring.

At dawn on April 12, the coast of Ceylon and the harbour of Colombo lay before us, and as we approached the land and the light strengthened we saw a shore that looked deliciously green and beautiful to us who for weeks had gazed only on the barren seas and the still more barren rocks of Arabia. Cocoa-nut and other palms fringed the beach; behind these were slopes of lush grass and great trees. Here and there the dome of a temple rose above the foliage. As we got still nearer we passed through fleets of quaint little fishing catamarans. Then we steamed inside the great breakwater, and took up our berth within a short distance of the 'Ophir.' We could see before us the streets of stately buildings in the town decorated with bunting, and crowds of bright-clad natives were

gathered on the beach and breakwater to look at the royal yacht. The 'Highflyer' and other ships of the East India squadron were in the harbour, and these, a transport which had disembarked Boer prisoners, and all the merchantmen had dressed ship, and long lines of coloured flags were waving everywhere in the morning breeze.

CHAPTER IV

AT COLOMBO—PROSPERITY OF CEYLON—JOURNEY TO KANDY—
THE CEYLON VOLUNTEER FORCES—PRESENTATION OF WAR
MEDALS—THE DUREAR

UP to this stage of the royal progress the 'Ophir' had visited no colony, having called only at the fortresses of the Empire—Gibraltar, Malta, and Aden—places in which our race is practically represented by our garrisons alone. But now, at last, in Ceylon we found ourselves in a British colony; not, indeed, one like those great home-ruling colonies which we were shortly to visit, where the men of British blood compose the immense majority of the population, the native element being of small importance; for in Ceylon a small minority of our countrymen dominate several millions of natives. But for all that, Ceylon is essentially a white man's country. In this, the largest and most important of our Crown Colonies, some six thousand men of British blood are settled, and are engaged in planting and in commerce. It is a colony of which we may well be proud, for it was a splendid thing that these men did, proving the pluck and energy of the breed,

when the coffee plantations were attacked by the devastating fungus, which all the efforts of science failed to exterminate, and the planters were face to face with ruin. Realising the position, they did not give way to despair, though they saw all the fruits of their enterprise vanishing. They diligently set themselves to introduce the cultivation of other products, and converted their now useless coffee plantations into tea gardens, an experiment which was rewarded with all the success it deserved, the value of the tea now annually exported being between three and four millions sterling. The planters also cultivate cinchona, cacao, cardamoms; the production of rice, the cocoa-nut palm, and cinnamon being in the hands of the natives. So, because the planters were men of grit, prosperous days have once more come to Ceylon, and it does not astonish one who has followed the developments of the island effected by their energy, to learn that the planter volunteers, who served by the side of our troops in South Africa, did splendid work and won the admiration of all who saw them in the field.

Very beautiful did this green island of perennial summer seem to us after the dry Arabian wastes on which our eyes had recently been gazing. Colombo itself, with its fine streets, stately buildings, and lovely gardens, where tropical vegetation in its most luxuriant form affords a grateful shade, is of Oriental cities one of the most pleasant to look on. The city

was taking holiday, and nearly the entire population of a hundred and sixty-five thousand was in the streets eager to welcome the son of their Sovereign and his consort. The town consequently presented a most animated appearance, and even at an early hour in the morning a large crowd was collected round the jetty at which their Royal Highnesses were to land—a picturesque crowd, Cingalese, Tamils, Moormen, in raiment of all colours, from brightest scarlet and blue and pink to mellow browns and purples, but always pleasing to the eye and harmonious. Through the throngs walked with dignified step the shaven yellow-robed Buddhist priests. The town had been decorated in the most complete manner; the scheme of the decoration was admirable, and the effect was beautiful in the extreme. It is doubtful whether any other city, even in the gorgeous Orient, could have so arrayed itself. It need scarcely be said that the aspect of any European city in its most splendid holiday dress for some great occasion would be sordid in comparison. The tropical sunshine, the magnificent vegetation, the great flowering trees, the character of the architecture, the brilliant white or delicate terra-cotta tints of the buildings, all lent themselves to the scheme of decoration; but it was the marvellous imagination and the perfect taste of the natives of the island to which credit is chiefly due for the conversion of this fair city into a veritable fairyland.

The streets were lined with arched decorations constructed of the young branches of the cocoa-nut palm, of a beautiful tender light green. Characteristic arches or 'pandals' spanned the streets at intervals. These were large light structures of bamboo decorated with foliage, fruit, and flowers, the lotus flower gleaming from many an arch. The white painted pillars of the pavilion at the jetty were surrounded with creepers, and every portion of this edifice was covered with foliage, cocoa-nuts, and other fruit, and flowers most tastefully arranged. Bunting, of course, was flying everywhere, and the native banners with their quaint devices draped the streets. One feature of the decorations was peculiarly Cingalese. This is a Buddhist country, and grotesque Buddhist masks and images painted on large sheets of cardboard hung from the 'pandals' and the house walls, giving a weird character to the streets.

As their Royal Highnesses drove through the town to the station on their way to Kandy, all this wealth of colour, not only in the decorations, but in the raiment of the dense crowds, produced an indescribably brilliant effect. The native crowd was very well behaved, but its eagerness and enthusiasm were extraordinary. The Cingalese are a contented, amiable people, and are perhaps more wholly loyal than most of the communities under our rule in the East, insomuch as they are for the most part

Buddhists, and Buddhism is a creed that does not know the fanaticism which sets up a barrier of hatred between the followers of some other religions and ourselves.

Early in the afternoon their Royal Highnesses landed at the jetty, and took their seats within the beautiful pavilion that had been prepared for their reception. Punkabs waved above them, and behind their scarlet-covered chairs stood two small native boys clad in scarlet silk 'combors' and white silk jackets, who swayed two great golden fans. Here the Duke received and replied to the numerous addresses. With the bright uniforms of the European officers and the gorgeousness of the dress of the native notables the scene within that pavilion of verdure and bright flowers was wonderfully picturesque, while outside stood the men of the 9th Madras Infantry, who formed the guard of honour, the eager native crowd pressing closely behind them. It had been arranged that the royal party should make no stay in hot Colombo, but should proceed at once to somewhat cooler Kandy, which is eighteen hundred feet above the sea; therefore as soon as the ceremony of the reception had come to an end there was the procession to the railway station, the escort being formed by the Ceylon Mounted Infantry, a splendid-looking body of men. These planter volunteers— young athletic Englishmen of good family—volunteered, I believe, almost to a man for service in

South Africa. It need scarcely be said that they are all good riders.

The decorations at the station were remarkably effective, the grotesque Buddhist masks, images, and banners combining with a profusion of fruit and foliage to form a unique spectacle. Drawn along the platform were two bands of weird-looking creatures. The first was composed of Buddhist devil-dancers, wearing the ingeniously hideous and horrible masks that are employed at those strange ceremonies to be witnessed here, as in that other Buddhist country, fantastic Ladakh, at the extreme north of British India. The other band was even more uncanny to look at, consisting as it did of men wearing magnificent costumes, and having yellow wigs on their heads, and faces painted white and pink; some were attired as men, some as women, and they were intended to represent the ancient kings and queens of Kandy. As their Royal Highnesses walked down the platform to their saloon in the special train, little girls sprinkled burnt rice before them, a ceremony which is supposed to bring good luck.

The train occupied three hours in reaching Kandy. Surely there is no lovelier railway journey in the whole world than this. One looks out on the richest tropical vegetation clothing hill and dale. Great forest trees with exquisite blossoms of various colours towered above the lower jungle growth. Beautiful lianes festooned the branches. We passed

through miles of cocoa-nut groves, and there were cleared glades in the forest where the vivid green of the young rice covered the carefully irrigated soil. We passed, too, plantations of tea and cocoa and groves of bananas, while here and there were slow-flowing rivers of red-brown water brimming full, washing the lush vegetation on either side, and broad lagoons palm-encircled. We often commanded most extensive and magnificent views, landscapes wonderful in their colouring—rich green in the undulating foreground, purple on the hills in the middle distance, and blue on the lofty far-off peaks. Showers fell during the journey, the atmosphere was saturated with moisture, and the sun shining through the thin haze on the wet vegetation produced an effect that called to mind some of Turner's pictures. It looked like some happy enchanted land.

In the evening we reached Kandy, the beautiful and interesting ancient capital of the island. After further presentations of addresses, their Royal Highnesses and the suite drove to the King's Pavilion, the residence of the Governor in Kandy. Kandy was decorated in the same lovely fashion as Colombo, and here the people gave the Duke and Duchess quite as enthusiastic a reception as did the inhabitants of the seaport. In the evening, after dinner, there was a 'perahera' or procession of elephants before their Royal Highnesses in the private grounds of the pavilion. The traditional method of conducting this

ceremony has been handed down from generation to generation for ages, and many an ancient king of Kandy has been honoured by his people with exactly the same fantastic and picturesque performance that we witnessed that night. Before the stately pillared pavilion of pure white, and between the huge wide-spreading forest trees that adorn these beautiful grounds, the long procession slowly passed. It was a dark night, but wild-looking men bearing great torches marched with the procession and threw on it and on the lower branches of the trees an uncertain light that intensified the weirdness of the scene. Two by two marched the great elephants, with their magnificent trappings and howdahs. Cingalese in various fantastic dresses, or nude save for their loin-cloths, accompanied them. Parties of dancing men, too, who whirled unceasingly round in strange measures and with wild gestures, chanting and clapping their hands; and at frequent intervals throughout the length of the procession marched the musicians with their tomtoms and bagpipes, playing that monotonous but often strangely impressive music of the East which was quite in harmony with this barbaric ceremony.

We certainly had a very bustling time during our four days' stay in Ceylon. In a steaming, debilitating climate, with a temperature of 94 degrees in the shade from shortly after dawn until sunset, and with the nights but little cooler, it was for the Duke and

Duchess of Cornwall and York one constant round of journeying, receptions, and ceremonies, and for the Duke the replying to a long succession of addresses. It excited the admiration of all that their Royal Highnesses, despite the fatiguing nature of the duties which they performed so graciously, ever appeared fresh, unwearied, in the best of health, and keenly interested in all they saw. The day after our arrival, April 13, was one of the most crowded with functions of the whole tour.

But I should like to dwell, because of their political import, on two of that day's spectacles. The first of these was a most interesting ceremony, which we were to see repeated on several occasions and in many lands, since one of the chief objects of this tour was that the Heir to the Throne should convey the gratitude of Great Britain to the men from across the seas who fought for her. It was on this afternoon that his Royal Highness presented the King's colours to the Ceylon Mounted Infantry and distributed the South African medals to such officers and men of the Ceylon Volunteers as had served in the war. The presentation of colours to a regiment is always an imposing ceremony, but never has it appeared to me more impressive than on that occasion. The beauty of the surroundings combined to make a spectacle quite unique. The ceremony was performed on the lawn fronting the King's Pavilion, where the Duke and Duchess were

residing. A lovelier spot it would be difficult to find. The many-columned mansion, from the roof down to the foot of the flight of steps that led from the portico, gleamed pearl-white above the ruddy earth. The lawn was of freshest green, and over it were scattered tropical bushes, graceful bamboos, and huge trees, massive of trunk and towering high, their far-spreading branches covered with richest foliage of various tints, dark green being the prevalent hue, and some of them bearing brilliant blossoms. But these grand trees did not obstruct the view from the pavilion, for between their trunks one looked down over the lower hills and dales, a rolling sea of verdure, backed by lofty purple cloud-capped peaks. All the tones were soft and tender, the white pavilion alone standing out a dazzling spot, in admirable contrast to its setting. Once more was it forcibly brought to my mind how much a red soil like that of Ceylon enhances the beauty of natural scenery, and how much, too, it lends itself to decorative and spectacular effects. The enchanting beauty of the red streets of Colombo and Kandy as we saw them, arched and festooned with the tasteful delicate native decorations, would be impossible of production in a city of glaring-white dusty streets such as Aden.

The troops engaged in the ceremony were drawn up facing the pavilion, the great trees and the far mountains forming the background to the scene. While the colours were being presented, dark

masses of cloud rolled over the peaks behind the troops; the lightning flashed vividly, and the thunder pealed among the hills. Fortunately the threatening rain—and when it does rain here it literally pours—did not reach us, but the wild aspect of the heavens and the distant storm imparted a peculiar grandness and solemnity to the scene. To omit the minor details of a ceremony with which so many are familiar, the troops formed three sides of a hollow square, of which a detachment of the Duke of Cornwall's Light Infantry were on the further side, and detachments of the Planters Rifle Corps and the Ceylon Mounted Infantry the left and right sides respectively. When the Duke advanced into the square to address the troops, the privileged spectators, closing in, practically formed the fourth side of it. The new colours were brought up by the guard of honour and unfolded. The Bishop of Colombo came forward and invoked the blessing of the Almighty on their dedication, and then Major Gordon Reeves, in command of the detachment of the Mounted Infantry, approached the table, and kneeling on one knee received the colours from the Duke, who said: 'I confide these colours to your trust. May they ever be an incentive to everything that can conduce to the honour of your regiment!' The Major rose to his feet, thanked the Duke briefly, and the troops saluted the new colours, the playing of the National Anthem bring-

ing this most impressive ceremony to a close. Next the officers and troopers of the Ceylon Contingent, who had returned from South Africa, were brought up in turn to receive their medals from the Duke's hands, his Royal Highness shaking hands with each. Many of the colonial spectators, who so far had maintained a complete silence as they watched the proceedings with deep interest, now cheered their friends as each came up and received his medal.

That same evening I was present at the durbar, held in the old audience hall—a spectacle that was extraordinarily picturesque and weird. It was more than that, for it had its impressive story to tell, and was full of significance to one who meditated on it. For here one saw, as in a picture, the ancient days and the modern brought together in strong contrast—the beneficent rule of Great Britain and the cruel tyranny of the old Kandyan kings represented side by side. This ancient audience chamber of the former kings of Kandy, in which they used to receive the foreign ambassadors by night, is a long low-roofed hall, with elaborately and quaintly carved teak pillars and a beautifully carved roof. On this occasion festoons of electric lights brilliantly illumined this dark teak chamber. Long before the playing of the National Anthem by the band outside announced the arrival of the Duke and Duchess, the Kandyan chiefs who were to be presented lined each side of the passage

that had been kept clear from one end of the hall to the other, while all the space between them and the walls on either side was occupied by tiers of seats filled with the spectators who had the privilege of attending the durbar—British officers in uniform, Government officials and other Europeans, a number of English ladies, brilliantly arrayed native notables, and the wives of some of the chiefs in their gorgeous national dress and flashing with jewels. Among the spectators I noticed Arabi Pasha, grey, but cheery-looking, and apparently in good health. The Kandyan chiefs themselves, descendants of the chieftains who resisted us, still hereditary lords with magisterial power vested in them, as they lined the approach to the platform in their double ranks, presented a superb appearance; for they were all clad in their traditional state dresses such as their ancestors had worn before them from time immemorial, their richly embroidered robes and curious square-topped voluminous hats gleaming with gold and bright colour, and flashing with gems.

Each chief had an enormous length of 'cummerbund' wound round his middle, a sign of rank, so that each seemed to be the possessor of an enormous paunch that Sir John Falstaff might have envied. This, from the European point of view, somewhat detracted from the dignity of their appearance. At one end of the hall was a red-carpeted platform flanked with great elephant tusks,

where stood the scarlet-draped native chairs on which their Royal Highnesses were to sit, the beautifully carved chair intended for the Duke having been the state chair of the last king of Kandy. By the side of the chairs stood Kandyan pages clad in white silk, holding long-handled fans and fly-whisks. At about half-past ten the Duke and Duchess, the military staff, and the suite entered the hall, the military band outside playing the National Anthem, and as their Royal Highnesses passed down the whole length of the hall between the ranks of Kandyan chieftains and the large assembly of standing spectators to their seats on the platform the spectacle was indeed a magnificent one. The ancient dark carved teak pillars and walls, the Oriental pageantry, the gorgeous dresses of the natives, the diamonds, sapphires, and other jewels that were flashing all over that electricity-lit hall combined to produce a remarkable scene. Were it not for the European uniforms and costumes here and there, one might have imagined oneself to be in one of those enchanted palaces hung with priceless gems of which one reads in the 'Arabian Nights.' The chieftains and some of their wives, who appeared to be very shy, having been presented, the function closed, and their Royal Highnesses went to the Dalada Maligawa, the Temple of the Tooth, where the yellow-robed Buddhist priests displayed to them the famous relic that gives

the temple its name—the tooth of Buddha preserved in its sacred shrine.

Afterwards there was a display of fireworks, a military tattoo, and an illumination of the entire town and of the shores of the beautiful lake. Their Royal Highnesses drove round the lake and through the streets, encountering enormous happy crowds everywhere, which with difficulty opened a passage for the carriages—crowds ever cheering and filled with an enthusiasm that knew not weariness. Wherever their Royal Highnesses were expected these multitudes of brown, mild-eyed, gentle, loyal people were patiently awaiting them. During the railway journey to and from Kandy it was not only at the stations the people assembled to catch a glimpse of the Duke and Duchess as they passed, but even at remote jungle-grown spots on the line, to which the peasantry had tramped from far inland. The aspect of Kandy during the royal stay was wonderful in the extreme. It was a veritable ‘debauch of colour,’ to quote the expression of a French writer. Over the red earth, under the blue sky, through the brilliantly decorated streets, and between the rich tropical foliage, were ever pressing to and fro those crowds of people robed in every bright tint. It was like the movement of a huge kaleidoscope. On the 15th their Royal Highnesses returned to Colombo, and there was another round of receptions, public rejoicings, and illumina-

tions. The whole harbour was illuminated, the break-water was lined with torch-bearing, cheering natives, and the men-of-war were outlined with their electric lights. And so ended our four days' stay in Ceylon. In no other place in the course of the tour did our eyes gaze on such a magnificence of pageantry. One felt bewildered by it at times, and half expected to awake suddenly as from some fantastic dream.

CHAPTER V

A VISIT TO THE BOER PRISONERS' CAMP AT DIYATALAWA—
THROUGH THE TEA DISTRICT—THE HAPPY VALLEY—CONDI-
TION OF THE BOER PRISONERS—SOME OF THE BOER LEADERS
—VIEWS OF THE PRISONERS.

THE authorities at Colombo intimated to the correspondents attached to the royal escort that they were at liberty to visit the camps of the Boer prisoners in Ceylon if they desired to do so. April 14, falling as it did on a Sunday, was a quiet day in Kandy, with no important functions to claim our attention; so Mr. Maxwell, of the 'Standard,' and myself, who happened to be the only war correspondents of the South African campaign in our band of journalists, decided to avail ourselves of the permission that had been given to us, and to occupy our day of rest in travelling to far the largest and most important of the Boer camps, Diyatalawa. Many contradictory accounts of the condition of the Boers in Ceylon have appeared in the papers, so we considered that it would be interesting to discover for ourselves whether, as some few pretend, the prisoners are being treated

with undue severity, or whether, as other critics maintain, they are being pampered in a ridiculous manner. It has been stated, for example, that three grand pianos were supplied to the prisoners, that a yacht was chartered to take some of them on picnics round the coast, and—this is the main grievance of some of the local people—that the band of a British regiment, instead of being kept in the city to charm the ears of the loyal community, was sent to Diyatalawa for the gratification of the spoilt Boers.

It was acknowledged by all that for the treatment of the prisoners—whether it was correct, or harsh, or foolishly kind—the Governor was principally, if not wholly, responsible. To him was due the praise or blame for what was being done. Sir Joseph West Ridgeway has been Governor of Ceylon for the last five years. During that time he has devoted himself to the conscientious performance of his manifold duties, displaying an extraordinary energy, and giving his own personal attention to every detail of administration. Sound of judgment, it was he who initiated a bold and vigorous policy of railway extension—notably the extension towards the extreme north of the island—and proved that these railways, by opening out rich districts, not only are of the greatest benefit to the colony, but are profitable to the Government that owns them. He it was, too, who originated

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a new special Irrigation Department with most satisfactory results; and he has most successfully set himself to the suppression of crime, more especially of the murderous use of the knife—a frequent offence on the part of the generally amiable but at times fierce-tempered Cingalese. Now the Governor is the leading spirit in the general management of the Boer camps; he has given his constant personal supervision to this matter, and it is pleasant to be able to record that the opinion I formed after my visit to Diyatalawa was that this camp is being admirably managed, that the Boers are most certainly not being harshly treated, and that, so far as I could ascertain, they are not being pampered. In short, they are well treated, as prisoners of war should be, and as most civilised Powers—I speak from experience, for I have been a prisoner of war myself—do treat their prisoners.

It is a nine hours' railway journey from Kandy to Diyatalawa, for though the distance as the crow flies is not great, the line throughout winds and zigzags along the mountain sides, while the grade is often steep, necessitating slow progress. Thus we left Kandy at two o'clock in the morning, arrived at our destination at about eleven A.M., had two hours to visit the camp, and then we began the return journey, reaching Kandy at ten P.M.

When we awoke at dawn we found ourselves in

the middle of the tea district, a pleasing country of hills and vales and streams, a country clothed with the magnificent vegetation of tropical Ceylon—great trees and dense jungle, where the lianes intertwining formed an impenetrable growth of verdure and brilliant flowers. The roads and paths winding along the hillsides formed streaks of red that pierced the elsewhere universal green. Here and there great tracts of the jungle had been cleared, and the slopes were covered with the symmetrically planted little tea bushes. Near each tea garden we saw the 'lines,' the long low buildings, separated into compartments, where dwell with their families the Tamil coolies employed on the estates; and the large lightly built factory of several stories where the tea leaves pass through the various stages of preparation, the machinery as a rule being driven by water power, so that one but rarely sees here the coal smoke pouring out of factory chimneys to defile the pure air. And occasionally, too, we caught a glimpse of some pleasantly situated bungalow, where the planter dwells alone among the heathen, often with a considerable journey between him and his nearest neighbour. It was not only a land of flowers and gorgeous butterflies, but of singing birds as well; for this is not like some sultry sad lands I have visited, where no bird has a song. Many sweet-singing birds enliven the groves of Ceylon, and here, too, abound the thrush

and the robin, and many other birds of our own country.

We gradually ascended, leaving clearings and plantations behind us, into a highland forest country, frequently crossing steep ravines down which rushed foaming torrents, and occasionally passing beautiful cascades falling sheer over rocky ledges into deep fern-shaded pools. Everywhere where it could get a footing was luxuriant vegetation, but it was now the vegetation of a somewhat cooler zone, tree ferns, rhododendrons, and flowers that we know in Europe. As we travelled in a south-eastern direction we had frequent glimpses on our right of a far range of purple hills, and saw, towering above the lesser heights, a remarkably steep and majestic mountain. This was Adam's Peak, the famous mountain of the Sacred Footprint. At about nine o'clock we reached the summit level, our highest point, and were six thousand two hundred and twenty-five feet above the sea. Then we passed through a long tunnel, and came out into an entirely different country. We had left behind us on the other side of the tunnel steep mountains, forests, and jungle. But now we looked down on a lower land lying far beneath us, an open grass country, where trees and bushes were scarce, crumpled into dales and steep rolling hills of no great height, so that it presented the appearance of a confused sea over which gales from different directions had been blowing. It is

said that if it rains on one side of the tunnel that pierces this dividing chain it is always fine on the other side. We were fortunate, for it rained on neither side that morning. And now, on our left, two thousand feet beneath us, and about two miles distant, we perceived on an open plain between low hills a glistening space, which at a distance might have been taken for a lake; but this was the Boer camp, with the corrugated iron roofs of the prisoners' quarters shining in the sun's rays. Near as was the camp, the train did not bring us into the camp station for another hour, so long and numerous were the loops and zigzags by which the line descended to it.

At last we reached the station, and here we met Colonel A. C. Vincent, of the Scottish Rifles, the commandant of Diyatalawa, who had been apprised of our coming, and who, after we had breakfasted in the mess, kindly took us round the camp itself. Before recounting my own experiences it will be well to give a general description of this camp. The Diyatalawa camp is in the Province of Uva, at an elevation of four thousand feet above the sea. The climate is therefore comparatively cool, and the situation is a very healthy one. This used to be known as the Happy Valley, and a reformatory once stood here, the only building in the neighbourhood. All the buildings connected with the camp are of recent construction, having been erected since the

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first batch of prisoners was sent here in August, 1900. At the date of our visit there were four thousand three hundred and forty-eight prisoners in the camp, of whom the majority were burghers of the late Transvaal Republic and Orange Free State. The camp is divided into two laagers, one, which has been dubbed Krugersdorp by the prisoners, being occupied by the Transvaalers; the other, known as Steynsville, by the Free Staters. As there was a good deal of friction between the burghers of the two States, who used to indulge in mutual recriminations that might have led to frays, this separation became advisable. Towards the close of last year there were three hundred and forty other prisoners in this camp, foreigners who belonged to twenty-four nationalities—there were Turks and Greeks among them, as well as subjects of France, Germany, and the other European Powers—so that as all their letters have to be examined by Mr. A. C. Allnutt, of the Ceylon Civil Service, who is in direct charge of these prisoners, and acts as censor, this gentleman, master though he is of several tongues, has a difficult task to perform. But these foreigners, coming as so many of them did from the dregs of the European capitals, caused so much trouble by their insubordination, their squabbings, and their frequent attempts at escape, that they were turned out of this camp in January last, and are now at Ragama Camp, nine miles from Colombo, Diyatalawa Camp being

practically reserved for the Boers, who are distinctly better behaved and more amenable to discipline, and who moreover entertain little love or respect for their disreputable allies. Colonel Jesser Coope is the officer in charge of the prisoners at Diyatalawa, acting, so to speak, as the intermediary between the commandant and them. The camp is surrounded by a stout barbed-wire entanglement, and is guarded by the Duke of Cornwall's Light Infantry. In reference to the charge that the Boers have been allowed a military band for their amusement, it is true that, the whole regiment being stationed here, its band is with it, according to the usual custom. Though the soldiers are not in evidence in the camp itself, a careful watch is kept on it. The few prisoners who attempted to escape were all recaptured, and the natives, whose vigilance it is difficult to elude, prompted by the rewards that are offered, keep a good look-out for fugitives.

After breakfast Colonel Vincent accompanied us to the camp. We passed through the well-guarded gate of the wire entanglement enclosure, and found ourselves in a scattered settlement of huts and tin-roofed sheds and tents, not at all unlike one of those newly established townships one comes across in Rhodesia, or some other young colony, but tidier and better ordered generally. And, indeed, it is a township. For this Boer prisoner community, as I soon discovered, controlled by their own officers,

manage everything for themselves, have among them their own tradesmen and artificers of every sort, their shops and their schools and churches, all within the limits of the wire enclosure. As we walked from the gate towards the first of the buildings two men approached us; they were smartly dressed in white duck and had red puggarees on their hats; they might easily have been taken for young Englishmen of good position. They saluted the colonel and wished him a good morning. He exchanged a few cheery words with them, and when they had passed he said to us: 'Those are two Boer officers, burghers of the Transvaal.' Then he went on to explain that the Boer officers are here distinguished by the red puggarees they wear in their hats, and that they are permitted to go beyond the inclosure on parole, but have to keep within certain bounds. Every other day, I understood him to say, an officer is allowed to take ten burghers with him on these excursions on parole. Then we came across other groups of Boers walking or standing and chatting, and to all appearance they were not only in good health but were quite contented and happy. It was only now and again that one saw some sour old Dopper irreconcilable or ill-conditioned youngster of the loutish Boer type, who glared sullenly.

It was evident that the colonel was liked and respected by the bulk of the prisoners; their faces often brightened as they saw him, as if they were

meeting a friend. A few of the prisoners wore yellow puggarees round their hats. This, we were informed, was the distinguishing badge of those of the better educated men, who had been appointed to certain posts in the camp, working as clerks in the offices, for example, or as surgeons in the hospitals, for not a few of the Boer doctors, as will be remembered, acted in the war in a manner altogether inconsistent with the professions implied by the Geneva Cross which they carried on their sleeves, and so could not lay claim to its privileges when captured. Knowing the Boers of old, I was astonished to observe how clean and decently dressed most of the prisoners were. This was partly due to the fact that it was Sunday, and we met them as they were flocking to church with Bibles and Prayer-books in their hands, but largely also to our insistence on their observing cleanly habits as long as they remain in our hands. Numbers of the prisoners had to be fumigated on their arrival here. New clothes were served out to them, but these they were with difficulty persuaded to wear, so attached were they to their dirty old rags, in which they had fought us. The burghers are quartered in long sheds roofed with galvanised iron, each shed containing fifty-eight men. We passed through several of these sheds, which are cool and well ventilated; there is no overcrowding. The prisoners are, in short, huddled much as our own

soldiers are in a permanent camp. We found many of the prisoners within the sheds, lying on their pallets, reading Bibles and religious works; most of them were ready to chat with us in a friendly way. Boer officers are in control, and scrupulous cleanliness is observed. I need scarcely say that the prisoners do their own cooking, washing, and so forth. They are treated in almost every respect as our own soldiers are; their rations are the same, and their punishments are practically the same if they are insubordinate.

Among the prisoners we were pointed out several bearing well-known names, members of the former Volksraad, lawyers and others, and we saw one of Paul Kruger's sons and a nephew of the slippery De Wet. Some of the prisoners were very old men, while others were boys scarcely in their teens. There were two hundred and fifty children, too, in the camp; these had been captured with their fathers, and were allowed to accompany them to Ceylon, as they had no other relatives to look after them. They attend school regularly, Dutch teachers having been provided for them at the expense of the Dutch South African Fund. We passed a body of them trooping to school, looking as happy as children can. The Boers have done a good deal of work in this camp. We saw a large recreation hall which they have constructed, roofed with matting, which is also used as a chapel and a school, a large oblong bathing-place, which they

have dug out and cemented. As we passed it it was crowded with youths splashing about and laughing merrily. Next we visited the well-ordered hospital sheds, under the charge of Dutch and Boer doctors. We found but a hundred cases or so in the hospitals, none of them serious, chiefly wounded men and those recovering from enteric. The germs of enteric were brought to the camp from South Africa, but the vigorous measures that were here taken soon stamped out the epidemic. Since the establishment of the camp only eighty-four men had died, nearly all from enteric, a small proportion when one recalls the condition of many of these men when they surrendered at Paardeberg. The little stores which some of the Boers have set up, and at which they are allowed to sell articles of clothing and small luxuries, were of course closed, the day being Sunday; but we saw the cooking places and a good deal of the internal economy of the camp. The prisoners appear proud of their camp and of their work, and are evidently pleased to show it to visitors who had not come to see them out of idle curiosity; not that permission to visit the camp is readily given by the authorities. I gathered, too, that the fact of Mr. Maxwell and myself having been in the war served as a passport to their good-will. In one of the sheds were packing-cases full of the curios which the prisoners had manufactured while away their time, as has ever

been the custom of war prisoners all the world over. These curios were not for sale; but, as a courteous Transvaal officer, who insisted on having them unpacked so that we could see them, explained to us, they were to be sent to Holland to be placed in some museum. The prisoners have certainly displayed a great ingenuity. Not having tools, they made planes out of table-knives, saws out of barrel hoops, and with the aid of these and other similarly rough instruments they have manufactured out of ebony, beef bones, and other material, a variety of articles that display excellent workmanship, such as inlaid cabinets, pipes, paper-knives, models of artillery, and toy ox-wagons.

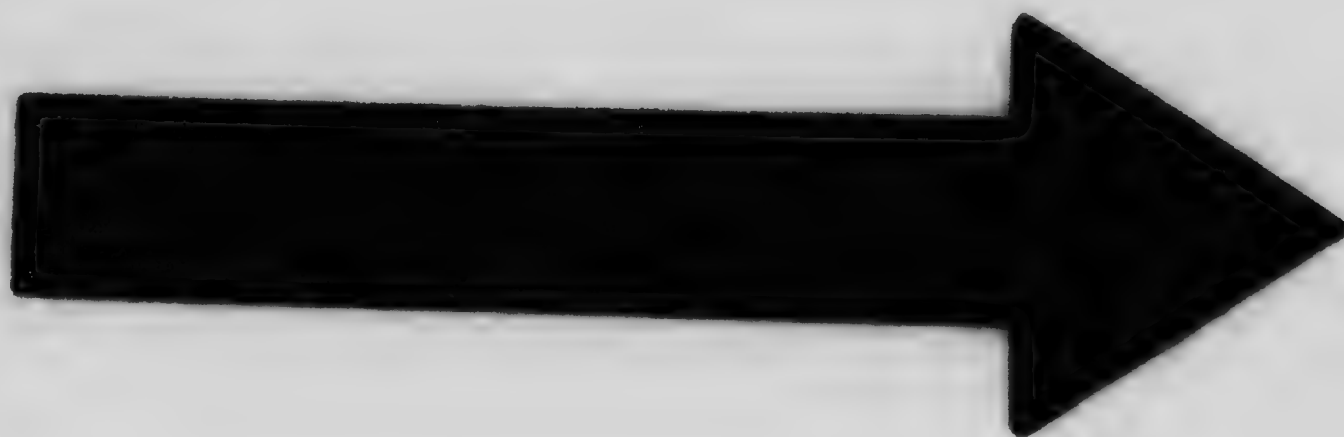
The following facts connected with the disciplinary regulations of the camp may be of interest. So as to prevent the possibility of the prisoners bribing people outside to facilitate their escape, the amount of cash in the camp is strictly limited to a quarter of a rupee per man. But this by no means represents the limit of their purchasing power, for the prisoners have received considerable sums from their friends. These funds are deposited for them in a bank at Colombo; they had already drawn out 27,000 rupees, and 74,000 rupees still remained to their account; but they can draw their money only within the camp enclosure and in the form of special 'good-fors,' notes printed by the Government, on which it is explicitly stated that they are

current only within the enclosure and payable at the office of the officer in charge of the prisoners of war. Outside the enclosure this paper money is valueless, the very presentation of it would ensure arrest; and consequently it is of no use to an escaped prisoner. The burghers are allowed small rations of spirits. An officer is allowed three measures of spirits daily, or beer if he prefers it, one glass of beer counting as one glass of spirits. As showing what considerable funds are at the disposition of some of the prisoners, I may mention that a group of them have petitioned that when the time comes to liberate them they may be permitted to charter a vessel to carry them back to South Africa, as they would rather not return on our Government transports. If they like to travel at their own expense instead of at that of the British taxpayers, there is apparently no reason why their taste should not be gratified. With regard to the tale of the three grand pianos, by the way, the Government has supplied no pianos to the prisoners, but did permit them to hire a piano with their own money.

It was a motley crowd of prisoners that was collected in this camp: some refined and highly educated, others of mean intelligence, as ignorant as their Kaffir herds; many honest, excellent fellows, some 'slim' and treacherous; a few unmitigated scoundrels with evil histories behind them; some chivalrous enemies, others violators of the flag of

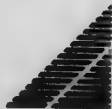
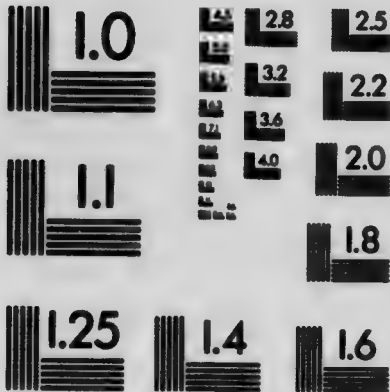
truce, breakers of the oath of neutrality, assassins rather than soldiers, who, according to all the rules of war, ought to have been shot as soon as captured. But they all have to conduct themselves well in this admirably ordered camp : during the previous month two only had to undergo punishment. The Boers are not a truthful people, and they put small faith in the words of others. Consequently the prisoners refused to believe any statement that was shown them in the British newspapers ; they still considered themselves invincible, and laughed at the accounts of our successes. But now, at last, many of them are beginning to realise the situation. Some, recognising the futility of further resistance, openly declare themselves anxious for peace ; others are irreconcilable and are for fighting to the death. General Roux, the fanatical fighting clergyman, is the leader of this party in the camp. I did not see him, for he finds it difficult to speak civilly to an Englishman, regards us all as sons of Belial, and is confident that the Lord will yet bring about our destruction by His chosen instruments, the Boers. Then there are the timid people, who in their hearts desire peace but dare not say so. One thing is pretty certain ; were the prisoners now sent back the majority would promptly fight us again, some of their own free will, others because they would be compelled to do so.

We were able to converse with some of the Boer officers, who, of course, have their separate quarters.



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We visited General Olivier, a sturdy, frank-looking Boer of amiable disposition, who chatted with us in a very pleasant and unrestrained fashion. In one tent we found five Irish-Americans, officers of the Irish Brigade. Among them was O'Reilly, who, I believe, was one of the chief organisers of the brigade, and Menton, once chief detective in Johannesburg. One would have expected that these Irish-Americans would have been, of all the prisoners in the camp, the most difficult to control. But the reverse was the case. Of all the prisoners they were the most amenable, the most ready to assist the authorities and to make themselves useful in the management of the camp. When on parole in the neighbourhood of the camp some of them employed their time in prospecting for gold. One showed me specimens of the quartz which he had found, and which panned out fairly well; another had made a fine collection of butterflies and moths. O'Reilly recognised me and addressed me by name; we had met in Rhodesia during the first Matabele war, when he was fighting on our side in Ralph's column. But the time had arrived for us to leave the camp for the railway station to undertake our nine hours' journey back to Kandy. Are the prisoners pampered or not? I will leave the facts I have given to speak for themselves, and it must ever be borne in mind—some seem to forget it—that prisoners of war, as such, are not criminals. I should have liked to

visit the camp at Ragama, where the three hundred and forty quarrelsome foreigners are, but time would not allow. There had been no attempts to escape from Ragama. Some of the French confined there complained that the 'Comité Français pour la Conservation de l'Indépendance Boer,' which sent them out, dumped them down at Delagoa Bay without giving them any further assistance, and left them there to shift for themselves. I understood that there were several British subjects among the prisoners in this camp, including a London medical student and other Englishmen. Not a shadow of an excuse can be put forward for some of these who took up arms against their own countrymen, and yet they were treated as prisoners of war when they fell into our hands! We may suffer in the future for this sentimental tolerance of treason. On the other hand, there were some British subjects confined here who could with some justice plead extenuating circumstances—men who, with their wives and families, had long been settled in the Transvaal, and who, though perhaps loyal to their country at heart, when the field cornet gave them the alternative between joining a commando and the forfeiture of all their property—and bearing in mind, too, how the British Government of old, after all its solemn assurances, deserted the Transvaal loyalists—found themselves between the devil and the deep sea, and so fought, or pretended to do so, against us.

CHAPTER VI

ACROSS THE INDIAN OCEAN—THE 'OPHIR' REACHES SINGAPORE—
PRESENT CONDITION OF THE COLONY—FOREIGN TRADE COM-
PETITION—MARVELLOUS DECORATIONS—THE SULTANS OF THE
EAST DO HOMAGE

THE 'Ophir' and the two ships of the royal escort left Colombo on April 18, and steamed eastward across the smooth waters of the Indian Ocean, bound for Singapore. The damp oppressive heat was not alleviated by the frequent tropical showers which poured down on us, still further saturating the air with tepid moisture. On our fourth day out we saw land again on our starboard hand, the forest-clad headlands of Sumatra, a coast steaming and sultry, and ever green with the profusely luxuriant vegetation of the torrid zone. Then we entered the broad Straits of Malacca, which divide the island of Sumatra from the mainland, and steering in a southeasterly direction until we were hard by the equator, we saw before us, early in the morning of the 21st, our destination, the little island of Singapore, its low green hills veiled but not concealed by a thin silvery haze, through which the sun's rays piercing,

gloriously illumined the lush foliage; an equatorial land, where the temperature does not vary appreciably from year's end to year's end, where there is no winter or spring or autumn, but an everlasting summer of fierce suns and warm rains.

Singapore is the seat of the government of our valuable Crown Colony, the Straits Settlements. It is one of the most commodious and most frequented of the world's ports, and is the principal port of call for vessels trading to the Far East and to Australia. It is a great emporium of trade, exporting every form of tropical produce, and tin—a large proportion of the world's tin coming from this colony and its dependencies—and importing our manufactures and those of our trade rivals. It is a free port, only the alcoholic drinks and the opium consumed in the colony paying duty—the trade in these, by the way, being farmed out to the Chinese. And, lastly, and to Great Britain the most important fact of all, it is the greatest coaling station in the East, the only one that can supply a sufficiency of coal in time of political crisis, when the fleets of the nations gather in these waters, as was forcibly brought home to the Powers during the complications of 1898. Nearly eighty years ago we purchased the island of Singapore from the Sultan of Johore, the important native State at the heel of the Malay Peninsula, which is divided from Singapore by a channel under a mile in breadth. Under our rule it

has grown into one of the most prosperous places of the world. According to the census of 1891, the city contains a hundred and sixty-three thousand inhabitants, but of these only thirteen hundred are Europeans; while the Chinese number ninety thousand, the Malays twenty-five thousand, and the Indians twelve thousand.

Singapore affords an instructive object-lesson of the strength and weakness of our colonial methods. We founded this wealthy city in the good old days when we practically monopolised the Eastern trade. Men made fortunes easily then, and, having made them, the Singapore Britishers have shown a tendency to sit idle and allow the bulk of the trade to slip into other hands. The British community in Singapore is regarded as the most conservative and least go-ahead in the East. The British here have not the enterprise and energy of our people in Hong Kong, Shanghai, and other trading centres of the Far East. Consequently others are now reaping where we have sown. 'Trade follows the flag.' Where another flag than our own flies our trade is generally boycotted and has to go. Madagascar affords a good example of this law. We can trade freely only under our own flag; and now, even under that flag, such is our tolerance (never reciprocated) of foreign competition—a tolerance that was all very well in the old days when we monopolised the across-seas commerce—that the bulk of our trade in



SINGAPORE: COLLYER QUAY.

Singapore has fallen into the hands of the foreigner, who does not love us while he profits by our generous treatment of him. The youngest German clerk in Singapore smiles if he hears an Englishman speak of this as a great British trading centre.

It is true that the coaling is in the hands of two great British firms; yet, this business apart, by far the greater proportion of the Singapore trade is conducted, not by British merchants, but by the rich Chinese and German firms. The Russians, too, are creeping in, though their trade so far is confined to supplying the ships of the Russian Volunteer Fleet, of which this is a favourite port of call. A few years ago vessels flying the British flag far outnumbered all others in this harbour. This is not now the case, and the German flag is especially conspicuous. If the old pioneers of our commerce in Singapore could revisit the scene of their former enterprise, it would astonish them to find the British flag still flying over Government House, while foreigners were taking the trade on shore and foreign bottoms were carrying away the produce of this rich tropic coast. In the Singapore Club you will hear German and Dutch spoken almost as much as English. The head of the Entertainment Committee which received the Duke of Cornwall and York in the Town Hall was a German. The apathy of the Colonial Government and of the British community is largely responsible for this state of

things. The old people here who have made their fortunes and lead British society are lacking in enterprise. It is these who have seats on the Legislative Council, with the result that the Government does not move with the times and has no initiative.

To take one concrete example. So greatly has the number of vessels that call here increased that the wharfage room has become altogether inadequate for the shipping. Vessels entering the harbour often find no accommodation, and have to await their turn, wasting a considerable time before they can coal. The result is that many vessels have abandoned Singapore as a port of call, and repair to the Dutch coaling station of Pulo Wai. The increasing prosperity of that place is likely to affect Singapore in the near future, for vessels that have gone there once go there again. Now, it would be quite easy at small cost to construct miles of wharves and throw out piers all along the sheltered shore at Singapore. But the Government will not initiate this necessary work, and the coaling companies, which are represented in the Legislative Council, earn large dividends and are not anxious to increase their business, though they are jealous of others who would come here to compete with them. In this community every man's hand is against the newcomer. Unenterprising themselves, the people here, regardless of British interests, dog-in-the-manger-like, discourage the

introduction of new and more vigorous blood into the colony, and it is such new blood that is most needed. It would be well if this colony had a race of sturdy planters like those of Ceylon to give it backbone.

On landing on the wharf I engaged a queer looking hackney carriage, driven by a Malay coachman, and went round the town to view the decorations, the arrangement of which had happily not been undertaken by the Government, the British community, or the Germans, but had been left to the Asiatic inhabitants, who, the Chinese more especially, spared no effort and put themselves to great expense in order to make the city present as gorgeous an appearance as possible during the progress through the streets of their Royal Highnesses, and they succeeded well. First we followed the wharves, which extend for a great distance along the shore, closely lined with the steamers of all nationalities, and all dressed with flags in honour of the Duke's coming. Farther out at anchor was a host of shipping, steamers and sailing vessels, from the great full-rigged ship and the handsome Yankee schooner down to the picturesque Chinese junk with its battened sails, and the Malay coaster. One realised the magnitude of this equatorial Liverpool. We had the shipping on our left hand, and on our right were the rows of shipchandlers' shops, marine stores, and sailors' grog shops and dancing-rooms;

but the inscriptions over the doors of these were in Japanese, Chinese, Russian, Armenian, and other foreign characters. There were few signs to show that it was a British city.

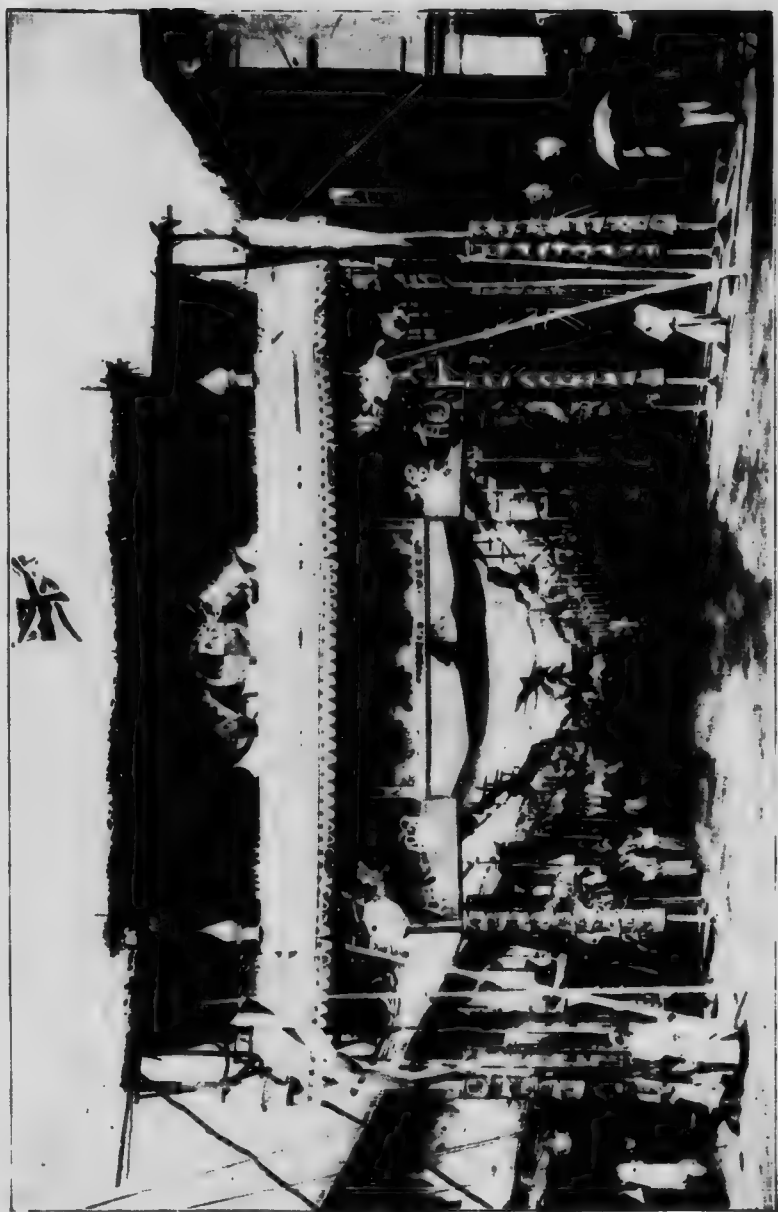
Then we left the water-side and passed through the white main streets teeming with people of many races, some attired in all the colours of the rainbow; bright-coloured crowds that went to and fro under the fierce sunshine; Chinamen of all ranks, from the silk-clad merchant to the sweating, ever-running, half nude rickshaw coolie; Malays; Klings and other natives of India; Dyaks from Borneo; and others; the Europeans being few and far between. The places of worship that one passed testified to the number of creeds and races, for here were the mosques of the Mussulmans, the joss houses of the Chinese, the temples of the Hindoos, the churches of the three great divisions of Christianity, and the chapels of the various Dissents. I saw remarkably few women in the streets: as a matter of fact, in Singapore there are four times as many men as women. Then we crossed a foul-smelling canal, whose shores were lined with mat-roofed sampans, where the Chinese families live and multiply and fish as on their own rivers. Everywhere it was a bright tropical life, bathed in sunlight, and in every street were the decorations and a profusion of coloured bunting. Here - there, too, in gardens and open places there blazed out brighter than all

else that flowering tree which is a feature of this city, the 'flame of the forest,' the flamboyant acacia, with its glory of scarlet blossoms.

The Chinese town had been decorated in a marvellous fashion, and most effectively. The fronts of all the shops were hung with festoons of silk and wreaths of flowers. Innumerable paper lanterns depended from the eaves or spanned the streets, some of these representing huge grotesque fish and other hideous monsters. There were weird triumphal arches, too, up whose columns enormous dragons wound their scaly folds. There were clock-work models of queer figures that nodded their heads or performed other antics. These streets, moreover, were roofed entirely over for miles with thin, very transparent Chinese silk, of pink, light green, and other delicate tints, through which the vertical sun shining cast a diffused but very brilliant light over all this wealth of grotesqueness and bright colour. This same night all these thousands of lanterns were lit, and the Duke and Duchess drove in ricksha through these tunnels of light and colour and fantastic forms. The effect was extraordinary in the densely crowded silk-roofed streets. One could easily fancy oneself to be in some subterranean City of the Magicians. The dwelling-houses, the theatres, and the joss houses all stood wide open, so that one could see a good deal of the—to us—fantastic life of the Celestials as one passed through.

The ceremonies in which their Royal Highnesses took part in Singapore were deeply interesting, appealing to the imagination and having considerable political importance. Connected with the reception of the Duke and Duchess at the landing-place there were some features worthy of record. Here the guard of honour was formed of blue-jackets and marines from the ships of the China squadron that were in the harbour. All these men had served throughout the recent fighting in North China, and tough and well they looked after it. All the world over we found that the necessities of the South African War had stripped our possessions of their British garrisons, leaving their defence to our native troops. Thus there was no British regiment in Singapore, and it was the 16th Madras Infantry that formed the guard of honour outside the landing-stage, while the streets were lined by the local Volunteers and the Penang Volunteers. These corps were patriotically raised when the South African War broke out and the regular troops were withdrawn. The native-born white men of Singapore and Hong Kong were the first of our colonials to volunteer their services for that war. Their offer was rejected ; later on, no doubt, it would have been gladly accepted.

Their Royal Highnesses drove to Government House in the elaborately ornamented state carriage of the Sultan of Perak, and the fine horses that



SINGAPORE : A SILK-ROOFED STREET.

drew it were ex-racers of his, bestridden by English jockeys in the Sultan's employment, and wearing his uniform; for, like all other important Malay Sultans, the ruler of Perak is a keen sportsman and owner of racehorses. He also provided the escort of lancers that rode in front of the carriage—time-expired Bengal Lancers who have enlisted in his service. On the following day, at the Town Hall, after the addresses of the British community had been presented, the Sultans of the Federated Malay States, headed by the Sultan of Perak, and the representatives of the Arab, Malay, Chinese, Kling, and Hindoo inhabitants—a most picturesque group, exhibiting an extraordinary variety of racial type and sumptuous national costume—came up in turn to present their addresses to the Duke, bearing with them costly gifts, characteristic and often symbolical, beautiful specimens of native work. All these chiefs rule important States which are either under our direct control or under our protection. They were evidently much impressed by the sincere tones of the Duke's reply to their loyal addresses, and were highly gratified by the gracious tenor of his words when they were translated to them. It is these things that bear good fruit in the East. The Duke invested the Sultan of Perak with the K.C.M.G. It is interesting to remember that the State of Perak gave us more trouble formerly than any of the other Malay States. There was some

tough fighting between us and that fierce race. The predecessor of the present Sultan was suspected of complicity in the murder of Mr. Birch, our Government Agent in Perak. We accordingly deposed him and put in his place the present ruler, who had made overtures to us and promises of friendship, which he has faithfully observed. The deposed Sultan was exiled to Singapore, and, curiously enough, was present in the Town Hall on this occasion, and saw the man who he considers has usurped his rule receive the order of knighthood from the hands of his Sovereign's son.

The long broad esplanade that fronts the sea is the favourite promenade of Singapore in the cool of the evening after working hours. It then presents a wonderful, not to say an instructive, spectacle, and helps one to a fuller realisation of the fact that Singapore is not really a white man's city. We remained two days at Singapore, and each evening at about six o'clock I happened to be walking down the esplanade when all those who could afford it were driving up and down to take the air. The Chinese merchants, the wealthiest men in the island, were the most conspicuous, for there passed me a great number of their expensive and luxurious landaus and other carriages, with splendid horses, retired racers probably—the Chinese here are devoted to the turf—driven by Malay coachmen in gorgeous livery. In each of these carriages reclined the calm,

inscrutable-visaged Chinese capitalist, clad in rich silks, or, in some instances, in a partly European dress, generally in lonely state, and in no case accompanied by his wife. There were fast young Chinamen of fortune driving smart dogcarts, while the less wealthy Chinese and many Indians and Malays were taking the air in hackney carriages, the still poorer in rickshaws drawn by perspiring coolies. Young Chinese clerks, too, employed in the counting-houses of their rich countrymen, were riding bicycles, their pigtailed sometimes flying out beneath British straw or soft felt hats. The fair sex was not wholly unrepresented, for trim Japanese girls and Malays with long, flowing black hair, and women of other eastern nationalities, all brightly dressed and with faces painted without stint, were driving up and down unabashed, in rickshaws and hired carriages. And in all this throng of people there was scarcely a European man or woman to be seen.

In the streets, when the Duke and Duchess drove by, the crowding natives, though evidently deeply interested, raised few cries, for these are by nature a much less demonstrative people than the Cinghalese. But the Asiatic inhabitants of Singapore are quite contented and loyal to us. The Malays and Indian natives are, of course, our subjects ; and of the Chinese who flock here, because they know that they are well off under our flag, a considerable number remain to become our subjects, the rich men more

especially, for they appreciate the fact that here they will be allowed to keep the wealth they have accumulated and need not fear the rapacity of the mandarins.

The Chinese, Malays, and Tamils not only decorated and illuminated the city on a magnificent scale, but organised a wonderful procession of lanterns, which passed through the grounds of Government House, before the Duke and Duchess of Cornwall and York, on the night of the 22nd. It was an enormous procession of weird masks, of transparent monsters illumined from within, of long crawling dragons, of which the hundred feet were the feet of the men concealed in them, of cars bearing models of illuminated ships and temples, of quaintly attired dancing and leaping figures—an orgie of monstrous shapes, bright colour, quick movement, fire, and the din of cymbals and drums and shoutings. Much of it was symbolical. Each little district had supplied its own section of the spectacle, and the result was amazing. The Chinese part of the procession alone was as huge and elaborate as any of the great processions that take place in China itself on festival nights. On this same afternoon their Royal Highnesses, while driving back to the city from the Botanical Gardens, were witnesses of a pretty scene that had been prepared by the clergy of different denominations. Five thousand little school children had been collected together to

see the Duke and Duchess as they passed. They were all Chinese, Malay, Indian, and Eurasian children. The boys were smartly dressed, and the little girls were resplendent in frocks of white, pink, light blue and green, and bright sashes. One of the girls presented a bouquet to the Duchess, and then all these mission babies commenced to sing lustily ' God save the King ' in quaint native accents that produced a strangely pathetic effect.

CHAPTER VII

AMONG THE ISLANDS OF THE EASTERN SEA—CROSSING THE LINE
—NEPTUNE VISITS THE SHIPS—ON THE AUSTRALIAN COAST—
THE HARBOUR OF ALBANY—ITS PROSPECTS—LOYALTY IN
WESTERN AUSTRALIA—THE VOYAGE TO MELBOURNE

IN the afternoon of April 28 we steamed out of Singapore harbour, bound for Albany in Australia. We had a voyage of two thousand five hundred miles before us, and we had now done with the gorgeous East, for throughout the remainder of the royal tour we were to visit those new worlds where no ancient civilisation confronts our own without mingling with it—regions where our own countrymen are not only the rulers, but the toilers and the delvers of the soil.

During the two miles passage of the royal barge to the ship a great number of small native boats hoisted their sails and, favoured by the strong breeze, hovered round her like a swarm of flying-fish, tacking, and running, and reaching, on all sides of her, each boat crowded to the gunwales with fantastically clad natives, who waved their arms and cheered and chanted their farewell to their Sovereign's son and his consort. The boats were apparently

being sailed in the most reckless manner; masts were carried away; at every moment a capsize seemed inevitable for one or the other of them, as she heeled over to some sudden squall until half her great leg-of-mutton sail was in the water. But these amphibious careless people seemed not to mind this in the least. To them a capsize and a long swim through the shark-infested water was all in the day's pleasure. It was a water carnival and masquerade that formed a fitting conclusion to the gorgeous ceremonies that the Chinese, Malays, and other Asiatics of Singapore had organised to welcome their Royal Highnesses.

For the first three days of this voyage we had land always in sight and generally close to. We were sailing over smooth, dark green, hot, land-locked waters. First entering the Rhio Straits, we passed through an archipelago of low green islands. Throughout the 24th we were coasting along the shores of Sumatra, leagues of rolling hills clothed with dense dark forests, and here and there a narrow strip of gleaming sandy beach, like some flashing Malay kris, cleaving between the dark green of the sea and of the forest. We traversed the Straits of Banka and came out into the Sea of Java, and on the 25th dawn found us steaming through the beautiful and narrow Straits of Sunda, which divide Sumatra from Java. On either side of us the tropical forests sloped to the water's edge, both shores being

apparently uninhabited, for we saw no signs of human life; but a few little native craft with strange-shaped sails were here and there skimming over these erst pirate-haunted waters.

We had crossed the Equator on the previous day, and we all remembered the message that the 'Ophir' had signalled to the captains of the 'Juno' and 'St. George' while we were on our way from Colombo to Singapore. The message was as follows: 'His Royal Highness received a telegram while at Colombo from Mr. and Mrs. Neptune expressing their intention of visiting the ships of the squadron on April 25. His Royal Highness hopes that you will permit this visit, and as there must be many young men on board your ships who have not yet had the honour of a personal introduction to this old Sea Dog, he trusts that you will allow the ancient custom of the Service to be carried out for the entertainment and amusement of the ship's company.' When the time arrived we were sailing out of the last narrows of the Straits of Sunda into the long swell of the open Indian Ocean. There was no land now between us and Australia, and after the stifling heat of the land-locked waters we had recently been sailing, it was pleasant to find ourselves again rolling on a freer sea, and to breathe into our lungs the sweet fresh south-east trade wind that came to us from cooler regions across thousands of miles of pure ocean.

Punctually at the appointed hour, we heard a hoarse voice hail the ship, and next we saw Neptune and his queer court advancing along the main deck with a distinctly nautical gait. There was great Neptune himself—in ordinary times John Roberts, A.B. of his Majesty's ship 'Juno'—in dishevelled, tattered, many-coloured garments representing seaweed, with a wonderful wig of yellow tow on his head, and, like all his suite, with face and arms and legs stained with yellow ochre. With him were Mrs. Neptune and her two daughters, very rough and tough-looking ladies with red stockings, wild-flowing tow-hair, and bright dresses of a cut that may be fashionable beneath the waves; Neptune's burly son; the sailor who was drowned at sea, who acts as Neptune's clerk, sad-looking and clad in mediæval nautical dress; Neptune's quack doctor; Neptune's barber and the barber's assistant; the two policemen and Neptune's six bears. These weird-looking creatures ascended the after-bridge, and Neptune, in the gruffest of voices and with an amusing assurance and air of sovereignty, reported himself to the captain and introduced him to Mrs. Neptune, her offspring, and his suite, each in turn shaking hands with the captain. Then Neptune, in his gruff tones, reeled out the following speech:

'Captain Routh, officers, and ship's company of his Britannic Majesty's ship "Juno"—It is with

infinite pleasure, not to mention fiendish delight, that I and my suite welcome the "Juno" to Equatorial waters. It is with much greater pleasure I hear there is on board the exceptionally large number of nine officers and three hundred and twenty-four young seamen who have not yet crossed the Line. As you all know, it is and has been the custom from time immemorial for all budding Nelsons to pay tribute and be made freemen of the sea on entering my domains. We trust that the ceremony about to take place will be accepted in the spirit in which it is meant. While the performance will be carried out in as amiable a manner as possible, we trust that should any unforeseen accident occur the person or persons concerned will take it in good part and bear no malice. On coming on board I noticed that with one exception the "Juno" was as smart a ship as ever entered my dominions; it is not my usual custom to remind commanding officers of their duty, but I think on this occasion I am justified in saying that the main-brace of the "Juno" requires splicing.'

Then Neptune took his seat on his throne, his wife on one side, his clerk on the other; and one by one the young officers and men who had not before crossed the Line came up, were presented to the Sea King, and submitted to the time-honoured ordeal. Neptune's doctor gave each his huge bolus and passed him. Then the candidate mounted the

steps to the platform that had been erected above a large canvas bath brimming with sea water. The barber and his assistant lathered him profusely with whitewash and blacklead, and gave him the traditional shave. The two bears on the platform tilted up the stool on which he sat, and backwards, head over heels, he fell into the bath, where two huge mermaids and others of Neptune's 'bears' pulled him under water and baptized him thoroughly and repeatedly before they allowed him to escape, an electric shock which he received on grasping a bar to help himself out of the bath completing his initiation. Each of the three hundred odd men who were now crossing the Line for the first time were thus treated. It was boisterous play, but no one received the slightest injury, and good temper was displayed by all concerned.

In the 'Ophir' and 'St. George' the ceremony was performed in like fashion. The Duke himself, though he had of course crossed the Line on several previous occasions, at his own wish went through the ordeal. When Neptune had completed his labours on board the 'Juno' he signalled the following message to the 'Ophir':—'From Father Neptune to His Royal Highness the Duke of Cornwall and York. In compliance with your wish I have to-day mustered the officers and ship's company, and all those who have not previously crossed the Line have been duly made freemen of the sea. The only thing of importance

I noticed was that the main-brace of the "Juno" requires splicing.' The following reply was signalled from the 'Ophir':—'His Royal Highness noticed that the main-braces of the "Ophir," "Juno," and "St. George" require splicing, and hopes this may be done this evening.'

I need scarcely say that the main-braces were spliced later on with good navy rum in all three ships. That night the men gave an excellent concert on the 'Juno's' quarter-deck. It was the holiday of the blue-jackets: they enjoyed the traditional license of Neptune day; the arrangement of all the proceedings was left to them, and they carried everything through in admirable fashion, and with a delightful zeal and cheeriness. The crossing of the Line with the royal escort was an experience one would not have missed.

We steamed on towards the South, each day being cooler than the last, as we left the sun further behind us. On the morning of April 30 we were off the Australian coast, but could not distinguish it on account of the thickness of the weather. There was a leaden sky above us, from which the rain descended steadily; around us was a leaden-coloured sea, rough, and with a big swell coming up on our quarter, causing us to roll rather heavily. It was dismal weather indeed, but it was homelike, reminding one of the Channel in November. Later in the day the weather cleared, and on our starboard hand there

appeared a long line of undulating coast, the shores of West Australia. At dawn on May 1 we steamed into the broad entrance of King George's Sound, and saw before us the town of Albany on the hill slopes at its further extremity. Slowly we passed up the great, landlocked bay, and came to an anchor at about a mile from the town. This was my first visit to Australia, and on this lovely morning the conditions under which its shores presented themselves to our gaze were certainly such as to give one a very agreeable first impression of the land. All round us were boldly shaped hills clothed with low trees and scrub of brownish green. Here and there white or ruddy-coloured cliffs rose sheer from the smooth waters of the sound, and little rocky capes enclosed tiny inlets. The stone-built, slate-roofed houses of the town are picturesquely scattered over the steep wooded hillside. Two jetties extend from the beach, alongside which some sailing vessels were lying. Anchored round us were about a dozen large sailing vessels and steamers. The sky above was pale blue; there was the thinnest autumnal haze, and the light breeze had a keen bite in it. In short, it was as if we had woke up suddenly to find ourselves in a broad Scottish loch on some fine September morning; for the quite British appearance of the little town, the colouring of the hills, sky, and water, the sharpness of the pure air, all united to complete the illusion of home—a pleasant country indeed it looked to us men of a northern

clime after the enervating, sultry, soft, equatorial islands we have recently visited. We had reached a true white man's land at last.

The 'Juno' and 'St. George' were to coal at Albany; but the 'Ophir' which had gone in advance of us to make the necessary arrangements, after anchoring for a few hours outside the bay, proceeded at once for Melbourne. None of the royal party landed at Albany—its turn was to come later; for, according to the programme laid down, Melbourne was to be the first Australian city to welcome the Duke and Duchess. The ships of the squadron were to follow her so soon as they had coaled. We thus had but a short time to explore the little town that was so pleasantly English-looking from the sea. On landing the illusion was not dispelled; one was startled by the extraordinarily English appearance of everything around. If there were any difference it lay in this being a brighter and a cleaner-looking place than is generally found in smoky England and in our northern climate. The streets were unmistakably English; the shops were just such as one would find in our own towns; the names over the shops were English; English advertisements confronted one on the walls; there were the numerous places of worship to meet the requirements of our numerous sects. English was the only language one heard—an English that had no provincial accent, free from Cockney corruption or Yankee twang,

an English that at once struck one as being remarkably pure and refined in intonation.

The people were, if possible, more British-looking than the British themselves—a tall, bright-eyed, sturdy, fresh-complexioned people ; and men, women, and children were all well dressed and contented-looking. There were no signs of poverty or anything sordid or miserable to be seen in these happy streets. Of course, all this has been said innumerable times before ; but one is so forcibly struck by first impressions of a Western Australian town that one feels compelled to give expression to them. However many and graphic may have been the descriptions of this land which he has read the visitor is likely to be vastly astonished when he first puts foot on shore here. It comes as a sudden revelation to find the character of his surroundings so completely British at the opposite side of the globe. In other colonies which I have visited this home-look is often wanting. Another point which the stranger who comes here cannot fail to observe is the pleasing courtesy of the Western Australians. This air apparently softens the manners of the Anglo-Saxon, which improve here and do not roughen as they do under New England skies and in some British possessions. Albany is but a little town, its population at the last census numbering a little over three thousand ; but it is well laid out, and contains some handsome buildings. Its magnificent landlocked

harbour could without difficulty be slightly deepened by dredging, so as to make it capable of accommodating a large number of vessels of the deepest draught. This is undoubtedly the natural harbour of Western Australia ; but as the country to the back of Albany is a poor one, producing little, and as Fremantle is the nearest port to Perth, the capital of the colony and the head-quarters of the wealthier colonists, Fremantle, where, but a few years ago, vessels found only an open and insecure roadstead, has now at great expenditure been converted into a fairly commodious mole-protected harbour, at which the mail steamers call, instead of at Albany as heretofore.

Yet Albany will still remain an important coaling station. We found a good many vessels at anchor in the harbour on our arrival, discharging coal into the hulks or taking it on board. When the Duke of Cornwall and York and his brother, as midshipmen, visited Albany in 1881, during the cruise of the 'Bacchante,' the young Princes in their diary noted that Western Australia, enjoying a perfect climate and being so close to India, would make an excellent sanatorium for our British troops ; and quite recently it has been suggested that Albany should be made a primary strategic base. We are likely to hear more of this proposal when the scheme for Federal Defence comes to be considered. Having so poor a country behind it, Albany until recently was little else than a coaling station, the

supplying of the shipping which visited the port being practically the one business of the population; but it now participates to no inconsiderable extent in the prosperity of the new goldfields, which have led to the introduction of two flourishing industries. There are some excellent fishing grounds near Albany, and now that a good market has been secured, the fish are being caught in large quantities, and are despatched, packed in ice, by train to the diggings. Moreover, the greater portion of the vegetables consumed at the diggings is produced in the market gardens round this town, chiefly by our own people, though some Chinese and Japanese are also engaged in the industry. There are very few of these aliens, by the way, in this district, and it is practically a white man's country. I may mention that Albany can also boast of one export; for on the average two ships a week are loaded here with the timber of the karri tree, the one valuable product of the neighbourhood.

The town presented a somewhat lively appearance when I saw it, as the streets were full of troopers from all parts of Australia and New Zealand, who had just returned from South Africa on the White Star liner which was going off the town, and were passing a few hours on shore while their ship was coaling before proceeding to Adelaide and Melbourne. They were a tall, hard-looking lot of youngsters, apparently as fit after their long

campaign as they were when I saw them eighteen months ago on their arrival at Orange River. To judge from what I saw at Albany, Australia is very proud—and rightly so—of her volunteer soldiers who did such excellent work for the old flag. The large bulk of the Australians entertain no silly notions concerning this war; they wish to see it carried through with determination. So many Australians have worked in the Transvaal as miners, and in other capacities, that they have come to know the Boer and understand what we are fighting for. The troopers who have fought out there and the people who have stayed behind are of one opinion on this matter. The sickly sentimentalists or political adventurers who at home champion the enemy's cause and slander our own soldiery would not be tolerated out here. I looked through the local papers of various shades of opinion, and found that, much as they differed with regard to Australian politics, they were of one mind as to the justice of our cause in South Africa. Very pleasant, too, it was for an Englishman to read in these papers contributions from Australian officers and men who had served in the war, and to note the appreciative terms in which they always spoke of their comrades in the British Army. Those tales of friction and discontent, and what not, put forth by malicious people at home, find no echo here among the men who have done the fighting. I entered into conversa-

tion with several of these troopers. They were all glad that they had had this great experience of war, and were evidently quite ready to volunteer again to defend the Empire should the occasion arise. I did not hear one jarring note in Albany that day.

Those who would know if these colonies are loyal should read the West Australian papers which appeared at about this time. There was nothing in them but keen delight at this visit of the Heir to the Throne, an anxiety to give him the most cordial of welcomes, expressions of affection for the Royal Family, a generous patriotism, and an intense pride in the great Empire of which the colony forms a part. This was all the more satisfactory, seeing that Western Australia was the most democratic colony of the Commonwealth, the Labour Party being supreme, the Democrats of an advanced type having secured a large majority at the recent elections. The democracy of Australia, however, is of a robust character, and is not inconsistent with patriotic and Imperial views. It is not the malignant lie-fed democracy of Battersea Park. I took a drive for a few miles along the road to Perth to see what the country looked like. It was a region of loose white sand, which was yet covered with rank grass, scrub, and gum trees. Near the town were the pretty little villas of the citizens with gardens round them such as the British love. A little further out, too, I saw the market gardens, irrigated by water pumped up

from the wells by windmills, where the vegetables are produced which supply the town, the shipping, and the distant diggings. Then it was time to bid farewell to friends on shore and to get on board the ship again; for the coaling was almost completed and the anchor would soon be weighed.

The 'St. George,' having coaled first, steamed out of the harbour early in the afternoon; but the 'Juno' did not get away until late in the evening. The 'Ophir' therefore had a twelve hours' start of us, but the 'Juno' is the fastest ship of the three, and it was expected that we should overhaul the royal yacht before she reached our rendezvous off Mornington, in Port Phillip Bay, about thirty miles from Melbourne. We had a voyage of, roughly, thirteen hundred miles before us, and had to cross the Great Australian Bight, which, at the antipodes, enjoys much the same reputation as does the Bay of Biscay in the northern hemisphere; for bad weather is often encountered here. We were fortunate in meeting with no strong wind; but, as usual, there was a big swell in the Bight, in which we rolled steadily as we ploughed our way eastward. Then we had some weather of a distinctly British character, and yet by no means pleasing to us on that account—twenty-four hours of cold dense fog, compelling us at times to steam slowly, our siren, at frequent intervals, shrieking its warning to the invisible passing vessels around us, whose fog-horns

or steam-whistles were occasionally to be heard sounding in the distance. Then the fog lifted and we were again steaming fast across a smooth sea, the sky blue above us, and a breeze blowing that was cold as an easterly wind on the North Sea in the early spring, delightfully refreshing after the depressing heat of Singapore. On the morning of the 5th, having crossed the Great Bight, we were in sight of land again, the undulating bush-covered shore of Victoria, and over our port bow was visible a stately white ship, to be recognised at once as the 'Ophir,' which we were rapidly overhauling. We had passed the 'St. George' two days before. The 'Juno' had given the other two ships a good start, and by thus overtaking both before Melbourne was reached had proved that she was anything but the 'lame duck of the squadron,' as certain London papers had termed her. Before midday we steamed between the Heads, and the broad gulf lay before us. Here four men-of-war of the Australian station, the 'Royal Arthur,' the 'Ringarooma,' the 'Mildura,' and the 'Wallaroo,' came out to meet us. They passed us in single line ahead, each in her turn firing a royal salute from her guns, and then, following us, accompanied us to our anchorage off Mornington. For the completion of the voyage to Melbourne and the official landing of the Duke and Duchess were not to be until the morrow.

CHAPTER VIII

MELBOURNE'S MAGNIFICENT WELCOME TO THE PRINCE AND PRINCESS—AUSTRALIAN CROWDS—THE CITY'S TEN DAYS' HOLIDAY

THAT Melbourne would give a magnificent welcome to their Royal Highnesses the Duke and Duchess of Cornwall and York, on May 6, we all knew well; but the splendour of that reception far exceeded anything that our imagination had conjured up before we reached this beautiful city. It was a day of splendid pageants, stirring and impressive, and the extraordinary enthusiasm of the ovation given to the Duke and Duchess by the hundreds of thousands of Australians who packed the streets along the entire eight miles of route must ever stand out vivid in the memory of all who witnessed it. It was a perfect Australian autumn day. The sky was cloudless, and a cool breeze was blowing from the south across the sea. The aspect of the bay, as seen from St. Kilda Pier at the time of the landing of their Royal Highnesses, was itself strikingly imposing. The great white 'Ophir' lay at anchor on the blue water, and round her was collected a goodly fleet of fighting ships, our own seven

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men-of-war, and the foreign warships which had come to honour the Heir to the British Throne—the American cruiser 'Brooklyn,' the Russian 'Gromoboi,' the German 'Hansa,' and others. A multitude of little yachts and boats were ever sailing round the warships, and a bank of morning mist, which formed the background to the scene, veiling the distance, brought out the anchored ships in stronger relief, making the effect more impressive. Of the landing at the St. Kilda Pier while the cannon fired their salute, of the first official welcoming of the Duke and Duchess of Cornwall and York as they set foot on Australian soil, of the procession through the decorated crowded streets, of the sights on the way, notably that prettiest sight of all, the thirty-five thousand school children who lined the slopes of the Domain, and sang 'God save the King' as their Royal Highnesses drove by, I will not retell the story but will confine myself to some description of the aspect of the streets in the heart of Melbourne itself on this day, and to the view I obtained of the procession from the roof of Parliament House.

The police regulations were admirable. Barriers lined the route of the procession to keep the people from overflowing on to it; but there were no vexatious restrictions, no unnecessary closing of roads and interference with traffic hours before the arrival of the procession; and up to the very last moment

those who had police passes could move quite freely. From a very early hour on May 6 the streets were crowded with people viewing the decorations. The excursion trains brought in tens of thousands of visitors from all the neighbouring country. From all parts of Australasia people had been pouring into Melbourne for days, and it is estimated that upwards of a hundred thousand strangers were in the town. So far as the local and suburban traffic was concerned it was a 'record' day, for the railway officials estimate that three hundred and seventy-five thousand passengers travelled by the trains which entered the city stations at frequent intervals. A better behaved crowd it would be impossible to find in any country. The police, mounted and foot, had no difficulty in controlling the traffic.

It is difficult to convey any adequate idea of the decorations of the Melbourne streets. Our attempts at the adornment of London on great occasions look sordid in comparison. It is true that, at the Diamond Jubilee, St. James's and a few other streets were well decorated; but the general effect produced in Melbourne was wanting in London, while the many triumphal arches which spanned the Melbourne streets were such as we had never seen in England. The whole scheme of the decorations was admirable, and the masses of colour produced an unfailingly harmonious effect. It is true that the broad straight streets of Melbourne lend themselves well to public



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decoration ; but it was chiefly due to the keen loyalty, generosity, enterprise, and good taste of the citizens that their city had thus been made so beautiful to welcome the King's son.

To Englishmen one of the most interesting features of the day was, of course, the gathering of so large a force of colonial soldiers representing every State of Australasia. It also included a contingent from New Zealand—a colony which, though refusing to join the Federation on account of its own remoteness from Australia, and its independent resourcefulness, rejoiced in the opportunity of welcoming the Sovereign's son, and of doing honour to the new Commonwealth. The route of the procession was lined by nearly twelve thousand troops and cadets. To one who had not seen them before, the appearance of these splendid troops came in the shape of a pleasant surprise. One was lost in admiration of their soldierly appearance and wonderful physique. Few Englishmen realise what a fine and effective little army is now possessed by the Australian Commonwealth, and the day is not far off when it will be an army formidable in numbers as well as in material. An 'At Home' was held at Parliament House that afternoon, and it was from this point that I viewed the procession. In the spacious chambers of this stately building, and in the beautiful grounds, a large number of guests were assembled, making a representative gathering ; for

one met the leading men of all Australasia. Here, too, were the officers of the foreign men-of-war in uniform. It did one good to watch the faces of some of them as the mounted Australian troops rode by in the procession. The German officers understand what soldiers should be like, and they did not disguise their admiration.

It was high up on the summit of the Parliament roof that I took up my position to see the procession pass, and the spectacle as viewed thence deserves a detailed description. It was both beautiful and imposing. Below me, running along the front of the Parliament House, was Spring Street; and branching at right angles to this, just facing me, and leading directly away from me, so that I could look down the whole length of it, was Bourke Street, one of the principal commercial streets of the city, through which, after turning from Spring Street, the procession was to proceed. For quite a mile before me there stretched away that broad, perfectly straight street profusely decorated from end to end with Venetian masts, festoons of flowers, hanging drapery, and innumerable flags and banners, while two magnificent triumphal arches spanned it. Up to the barriers lining each side of the line of route the space was full of people; but the feature which made the aspect of this street so entirely different from anything I have seen in London was that at least two-thirds of the spectators were not in the streets at all, but in the stands

which formed an unbroken line on each side of it. These stands in no way impeded the traffic, for they were built above the pavements, the pedestrians walking under them. They sloped up to the second or third stories, and they appeared to be packed as closely as the people could sit. As nearly all the spectators were dressed in mourning, no bright costumes relieving the sombre tints, these stands formed two sharply defined black belts dividing the brilliant colouring of the houses and decorations, and extending down the whole long street. It was not only Bourke Street which had this enormous stand accommodation. It would be no easy task to persuade our authorities in London to sanction the erection of stands on so huge and extensive a scale on a great holiday. The experiment has now been tried in Melbourne with complete success. The charge made for a seat in the stands was not high; so that the great bulk of the spectators took their places in them. They sat there patiently for hours, the majority having taken the precaution to provide themselves with lunch baskets. The result of accommodating such great multitudes in the stands was that there was no dangerous congestion in the streets. Every stand had been examined and passed as safe by the authorities, and, so far as I have heard, not a single accident occurred in connection with them. Most decidedly they do these things well in Australia.

From the height at which I stood I looked over the whole city, a grey flat expanse of house-tops and smoking chimneys, with here and there a dome, tower, or spire rising above them, extending towards the distant sea, where the warships could be seen lying. The smoke formed a thin haze which lent a softness to the distance. In this climate dense smoke fogs are unknown, but if we burnt Australian coal in London the place would probably become absolutely uninhabitable. Bourke Street looked like a great river of colour cleaving the grey waste of the myriad housetops, a river of light and movement; for all the flags and festoons and draperies were fluttering in the breeze, and there was a perpetual flashing as of shaking gems amid the decorations. That one line of bright life athwart the grey made one of the strangest and most beautiful scenes imaginable. The spectacle, as seen from that high roof, was most impressive; the magnitude of the landscape formed a noble frame to the pageant without withdrawing one's attention from it. Patiently the people waited in the hot sunshine, listening to the excellent military bands stationed in the street and watching the troops as they marched by to take up their several positions on the line of route, the majority in the khaki uniform now so familiar to us, and one regiment—the Victorian Scottish—in kilts.

At about a quarter past three the cathedral chimes

In the distance pealed out, announcing the passing of the procession at that point. A little later we heard a distant murmur like the sound of the sea on the beach, ever increasing in volume as it neared—the cheering of great multitudes. Then the head of the procession itself came in sight in Spring Street, and for a short period a complete silence fell on the expectant crowds beneath me. First rode by a body of police mounted on grey horses ; and then, squadron after squadron, the splendid Mounted Infantry and Mounted Rifles of Victoria, New South Wales, Queensland, South Australia, Western Australia, Tasmania, and New Zealand, forming the advance part of the escort, passed by—all well-knit men, mounted on most businesslike-looking horses, which they sat like men who have ridden from babyhood. They were clad in serviceable uniforms, some of the regiments in khaki and some in brown cloth, and all were wearing the felt hat turned at the side and adorned with emu or cock's tail feathers, or other distinguishing badge.

It was not until the three carriages containing the members of his Royal Highness's suite had driven by, and the carriage in which sat the Duke and Duchess came in sight, that the people cheered. The cheer seemed to accompany and to follow the royal carriage all down the street, but not to precede it. It was taken by each successive group as it caught its first glimpse of the King's son and his

consort. That glimpse, indeed, was like a match to a train of gunpowder, for it exploded a tremendous outburst of enthusiasm. It was a wonderful roar of sincere welcome that rolled down the long streets. The procession turned from Spring Street into Bourke Street, and I watched it fill the whole length of that great thoroughfare, and then gradually disappear in the distance in the dust raised by the thousands of hoofs. Every man's hat was off as the Duke and Duchess passed, while the thousands of representatives of the fair sex who occupied the stands rose to their feet and waved their handkerchiefs with energy, so that the black double belt of spectators of which I have spoken became mottled with innumerable fluttering patches of white. It was a magnificent welcome indeed, and one which evidently came straight from the hearts of our generous Australian kinsfolk. After the royal carriage came more troops—the New South Wales and Victorian Artillery with their guns, the New South Wales Lancers in the fawn tunics with red breasts and pipings now familiar to Englishmen, the Australian Horse in their myrtle-green tunics, and more Mounted Infantry and Mounted Rifles from the various Australasian Regiments. There were fifteen hundred of these men altogether in the procession, and they were well worth looking at.

In the evening the city was illuminated, not in the straggling fashion we see in London, but on

a splendid scale. The glare from the myriads of electric lights in Melbourne that night must have been visible at an immense distance. As one of the newspapers suggested, such a huge flood of light may well have attracted the attention of the Martians, and somewhat alarmed them. Every triumphal arch blazed with coloured light. The public buildings had every detail outlined with electricity, and many a dome and minaret was a solid mass of dazzling white, or ruby, or amber light. As I looked round from a high housetop I could recognise every important edifice in Melbourne by its fiery tracings. It looked like a city of enchanted palaces built of light and fire.

The crowds in the streets were much denser than they had been by day, as the people were now concentrated within a narrow area, and the stands were empty. Vehicular traffic had not been stopped, and at certain points it became almost impossible to move along either on foot or in a carriage, but it was still the same good-natured, admirably behaved crowd. There was no 'rowdyism,' though there was plenty of honest merriment; there were no rushes of young roughs, for the 'larrikins,' who formerly terrorised Melbourne, no longer exist, or, rather, they have been compelled to amend their ways. The most stringent measures were taken to suppress them. Very severe flogging—not mere birching—had the most salutary effect. There is little of that false

humanitarianism in Australia which shudders over the whipping of a murderous brute. Perhaps some day we shall have the sense to deal with our 'Hooligans' as the Australians deal with their 'larrikins.' Thus it happened that in Melbourne the respectable majority of the people was able to view the illuminations without risk of molestation from the small minority of the ill-conditioned. I noticed, too, that there was practically no drunkenness on this occasion, and that by midnight the streets were almost clear.

And now we began to experience that Australian kindness and hospitality of which we had so often heard from those who had visited this generous land. Australians are ever anxious to give Englishmen a hearty welcome. These people are not cynical, but warm-hearted, and all these fervid expressions of loyalty to the Crown and pride in the Empire were perfectly sincere. Englishmen at home would do well to read the 'Argus' and others of the Melbourne newspapers of this time. To do so would help much towards the cementing of our friendship, and towards our understanding and appreciation of the national aspirations of the Australians, which are compatible with the most fervent loyalty. One of the things of which Australia is proudest (and this sentiment is being repeatedly expressed in the press and in conversation) is that she will always, when the rights of

Great Britain are questioned, when the Empire is in danger, send her gallant sons, well trained to arms and riding, in their thousands to fight by the side of their kinsfolk of the British Isles.

Throughout the ten days of their Royal Highnesses' stay in Melbourne function followed function, pageant succeeded pageant. These I will not describe anew, interesting though they were. But with the opening of the Federal Parliament by the Duke, which was the central object of this royal progress, and the great review at Flemington—both historical events of great importance—it is right that I should deal at some length.

CHAPTER IX

OPENING OF THE FEDERAL PARLIAMENT—AUSTRALIA'S ARMY AND
NAVY—THE COMMONWEALTH DEFENCE BILL—REVIEW OF
AUSTRALIAN TROOPS AT FLEMINGTON—THE CADETS

THE crowning ceremony was over ; the Heir to the Throne had opened the Federal Parliament of Australia ; a continent of rival and bickering colonies had been made a united nation that will have full power to work out its mighty destinies. Surely this is the most momentous historical incident since Prussia's King became the Emperor of a United Germany. This Federation, which has now become an accomplished fact, gives a dignity to Australia, making it one of the Powers of the earth that will have to be taken into account in the Councils of the Nations ; and it is not merely a union of States that has been effected, but also a closer union between these States and the Mother Country. Very significant were the proud articles that appeared in the Australian papers, breathing patriotic devotion to the Crown and Empire. A leader in a recent number of the 'Melbourne Argus,' which hails the Federation of the States

as a long step towards the greater Imperial Federation which will consolidate the Empire's power, and looks forward to the day when that larger union will be accomplished and the British peoples will possess one Parliament and one customs law, as well as one Sovereign, one flag, and one literature, well represents the feeling now prevailing in Australia. 'It may be,' said the article, 'the happy fortune of the Duke of Cornwall and York, who opens the first Parliament of Australia, to open other Parliaments in which all parts of the Empire will be directly represented. We sincerely hope that this honour will fall to his Royal Highness. No Emperor of the Old World, no Cæsar, no Alexander, could even imagine so wide a sovereign sway; no Czar, no American President, can hope for a realm so wide extended as that which a Federated Great Britain will fuse into a whole. And the union of Australia brings Imperial Federation close to the line of practical politics. It is the next step.' The petty jealousies of the Australian Colonies—jealousies that took active shape in the framing of hostile inter-colonial customs tariffs—the bitter feelings engendered by this suicidal legislation, the short-sighted narrow political outlook of the local Parliaments, will now be things of the past; for Australians are taking a broader and more imperial view of their duties and responsibilities.

The opening of the first Australian Parliament, on May 9, was certainly a most imposing function, and chiefly so because it was obvious that the vast multitudes who had collected to fill the great Exhibition Building or to line the streets along which the royal procession was to pass appreciated fully the import of the occasion. To the ends of their lives the people present will talk with pride of their presence here on that day. Men, as they waited, talked to each other seriously, speculating in awe as to what might be the far-reaching results of this act of Federation, realising the great responsibility that has now been entrusted, for good or evil, to the Australian democracy. The crowds assembled on the line of route were as dense as on the day of their Royal Highnesses' entry into Melbourne, and as loud and sincere as ever was the enthusiastic cheering that ran up the long streets to welcome the Prince and Princess who, since they had been here, had so completely won the affections of this warm-hearted people. Within the Exhibition Building itself twelve thousand people were accommodated, people who had come from every portion of Australia that they might witness the great inauguration. They represented the intellectual aristocracy of Australia, for this assembly included nearly all those who had distinguished themselves in the different States, whether as statesmen or men of business, or in the various professions—the



Photo: Melbourne Times Agency.

MELBOURNE: OPENING OF THE FIRST AUSTRALIAN PARLIAMENT.

Church, the law, literature, art. It was a most representative gathering of Australians; and as one looked round and saw the number of remarkably fine heads, the serious impressive faces indicative of energy and capacity, when one observed the wonderful physique of men and women, and the healthy beauty of the majority of the latter, it was brought forcibly home to one that in such a favoured land, with such a people, there may be a mightier future in store for Australia than any of us can even guess at now, and that the motto 'Advance, Australia' that faced one over many a triumphal arch or decoration in Melbourne's streets was no idle aspiration.

The interior of the Exhibition Building, in which the ceremony took place, is remarkably graceful. The colouring of the walls, roof, and dome is harmonious and effective. The delicate blue of the roofs of the transepts, the golden yellow which is the prevailing colour in the decoration of the roof, the light chocolate which predominates in the colouring of the walls, and the scheme of decorations, produced a bright and pleasing appearance. The whole floor of the building, the transepts, and the galleries were packed with the waiting thousands who had been favoured with tickets of admission—a crowd in which the black and white and purple hues of the universal mourning were brightened here and there with the blue, scarlet, and gold of British and foreign uniforms, military, naval, and official. The

raised platform from which the Heir to the Throne was to deliver the King's message was in the middle of the building, underneath the golden glory of the great dome, where the three main transepts of the Exhibition meet, one facing the royal platform, and the other two branching to the right and left. Immediately facing the platform was a space reserved for the members of the two Chambers of the first Federal Parliament. The Senators took their seats early. It was not until after the royal party had arrived that the members of the House of Representatives, led by the Prime Minister, Mr. Barton, entered the building.

Shortly after noon we heard the strains of the National Anthem sounding afar off and the ever-increasing murmur of the cheering in the distant streets. Then the heralding trumpets near the platform announced that their Royal Highnesses were entering the building. As they walked up to the platform the National Anthem was played by the admirable orchestra, and sung by a large chorus of able professional singers from the opera. Then followed the singing of the 'Old Hundredth' and the reading of the prayers by Lord Hopetoun. The Nonconformists, who in Australia work in harmony with the Established Church, were willing, nay anxious, that the Anglican Archbishop should read the opening prayers on this great occasion; but the well-organised Roman Catholic minority

raised an angry protest. The performance of the duty by the Governor-General, however, settled this delicate question in a dignified manner. There was the profoundest silence throughout the great building while his Royal Highness, in his usual distinct voice and impressive tones, read the King's message, which the Melbourne press has rightly hailed as gracious, kindly, and dignified. Every Australian who did not hear those words has now read them, and they have gone to the hearts of this people. As his Royal Highness brought his delivery of the King's message to its conclusion with the words: 'I now, in his name, and on his behalf, declare this Parliament open,' the Duchess, by touching an electric button, gave the signal for the hoisting of the Union Jack on all the schools in the colony. This was the signal also for the despatch of the Duke's telegram to the King announcing that he had delivered his message, and in his name opened the first Parliament of the Commonwealth of Australia.

The Duke, having spoken the words that gave Australia her Federal Parliament, stepped back, taking off his hat, the trumpets in the building blared, and, without, the guns of the Field Artillery fired a royal salute. Then the Duke, stepping forward again, announced that he had received a telegram from the King. He read it in a loud voice, which carried its meaning to the ends of the hall: 'My

thoughts are with you on the day of the important ceremony. Most fervently do I wish Australia prosperity and great happiness.' And now the assembled people, who had so far maintained so complete a silence, moved by the King's gracious words, raised a spontaneous cheer, which was repeated over and over again through all the aisles, galleries, and transepts, starting afresh in different parts of the building, a cheering that was so sincere in its ring and signified such strong feeling that it thrilled one to listen to it. I need not describe again the remainder of the ceremony, the swearing-in of the members by Lord Hopetoun, and the playing of the 'Hallelujah Chorus.' Then through a lane of cheering multitudes their Royal Highnesses drove back to Government House. The great ceremony was over. The Federation of the continent had become an accomplished fact.

Of all the questions before the Federal Parliament the most important—and certainly the most interesting to Englishmen—is that of Federal Defence. Australia will now have its united army and its united navy. Sir John Forrest, the first Minister of State for Defence in the new Federal Parliament, has within the last few months introduced to the House of Representatives his admirable Commonwealth Defence Bill, which, as a London paper has observed with justice, is an object-lesson to the Empire. By this measure, which is warmly

welcomed by the people, democratic Australia imposes upon herself what practically amounts to modified conscription. With a few necessary exemptions all male British subjects between the ages of eighteen and sixty years will be liable to serve in the Defence Forces when called upon to do so by virtue of this Act. Those liable to serve will be divided into four classes—the unmarried men of between eighteen and thirty years of age forming the first class; unmarried men of between thirty and forty-five years of age the second class; married men, or widowers with children, of between eighteen and forty-five years of age the third class; and men of between forty-five and sixty the fourth class; and, when it is deemed necessary, they will be called out in this order. The Defence Forces are to be kept up by voluntary enlistment in ordinary times, but, in case of emergency, all men liable can be called upon to serve by proclamation of the Governor-General. The active forces will be composed of :—(a) Permanent forces consisting of officers and men bound to a continuous naval or military service for a term; (b) Militia Forces; (c) Volunteer Forces, Naval and Military. There will also be Reserve Forces, consisting of :—(a) Officers and men who have served in the active forces; (b) Members of Rifle Clubs constituted in the manner prescribed. The Permanent Forces will be liable to serve beyond the seas in time of emergency. The Bill provides for both naval

and military defence ; but it is with the latter that we are principally concerned. The formation of powerful colonial navies, each to act only in its own waters, is not a scheme that commends itself to those who have thought the matter out, either at home or in the colonies. Small local fleets are of course necessary for certain purposes ; but for many years to come, at any rate, the naval defence of the Empire should surely be left in the hands of the mother country. This is too large a subject to be dealt with here ; suffice to say that the Australians I have met with, who support this view, are anxious that a scheme should be devised by which the colonies would contribute their full share towards the expenses of the naval defence of the Empire. They hold that the average contribution per head of the population should be the same in Australia as in Great Britain.

But to put these questions aside, the most interesting functions in which the Duke of Cornwall and York took part on this tour were those connected with the colonial troops. There was one most graceful and agreeable duty which his Royal Highness had to perform in nearly every British possession visited—the presentation of war medals to colonial soldiers who had returned from South Africa. Thus five hundred Victorian soldiers received their medals from the Duke's hands in Melbourne on May 8, to the great satisfaction of the troops themselves, as well as to Englishmen present, emphasising,

as the ceremony did, Great Britain's gratitude to the Australians who had fought so stoutly for the old flag. The last man having stepped up to receive his medals the Duke, followed by the royal party, walked to where three men were seated on a form. One had lost his leg at Eland's River, while the others had received serious injuries. The Duke gave the medals to the wounded men, and both he and the Duchess conversed with them for some time in a sympathetic way that evidently went to their hearts. It was pleasant to observe how their faces brightened with pride and happiness. It was an impressive ceremony, for it meant so much. Nothing is more calculated to cement the ties between ourselves and our colonies than the fighting side by side of Britons who have come together from all regions of the earth; to be followed by the receiving, all the world round, the honours they have so well earned, from the hands of the son of their common Sovereign.

But the military ceremony that appealed most to the British visitors, which was the most instructive to us and the most suggestive of the possibilities of Australia from the defensive point of view, was the review of the troops on May 10. Up to the present time each State has had its own little volunteer force. Now Australia will have its one consolidated Army, and of what sort of material it will be composed we were on this occasion afforded an excellent

opportunity of judging. Flemington, which is four miles from Melbourne, is an ideal race-course, and it is equally well adapted for a great review. 'Raw, squally, and wet' was the forecast of the Government meteorologist, and it proved correct. During the day a cold and gusty wind blew over the sea from the Antarctic, and heavy showers swept across the broad expanse of the Flemington flats. But this was the first occasion on which the troops of the different States had been brought together in a review on so large a scale. The people wished to see their Army, and were too keen to trouble about wild weather. The lawn was crowded with men in orthodox frock coats and silk hats, and ladies in smart dresses, braving the elements, and, of course, utterly spoiling their raiment. The accommodation in the stands at Flemington is very large, but though closely packed they held but a small proportion of the spectators, of whom it was estimated nearly a hundred thousand were present.

As one looked round, one was able to form some idea of what the scene must be like at Flemington on a fine Melbourne Cup day. This great lawn in the days before the national mourning, with the multitude of ladies in their bright summer frocks and hats, must have presented a wonderful appearance. I have seen no race-course that can compare with this one. Just behind the stands is a steep

ridge which, from a distance, looked this day like an upward continuation of the stands themselves, its slopes being covered with people patiently waiting in the rain. Looking from the grand stand across the course, one saw the masts and yards of far-off shipping in the harbour and the dim waters of the great bay beyond. On the right and left were low ranges of hills, which accommodated tens of thousands of spectators, who thence were enabled to command a good bird's-eye view of the review. It was a gigantic natural amphitheatre, round three sides of which, tier above tier on the hillsides, the myriads of spectators overlooked the great flat on which the troops were manoeuvred. The royal reserve, with the royal pavilion draped scarlet and purple, was on the lawn at the edge of the course. When I reached Flemington, shortly after midday, I found the troops, numbering about fifteen thousand, already massed in review order, the infantry facing the course in line of quarter columns, the mounted troops behind them in quarter column of divisions, and behind these again, forming a third line, the Field Company Engineers, the New South Wales Army Service Corps, the Victoria Army Service Corps, the New South Wales Army Medical Corps, and the Victorian Ambulance Corps.

The splendid little force now massed before us consisted of representative detachments of the permanent troops and volunteers of all the Australian

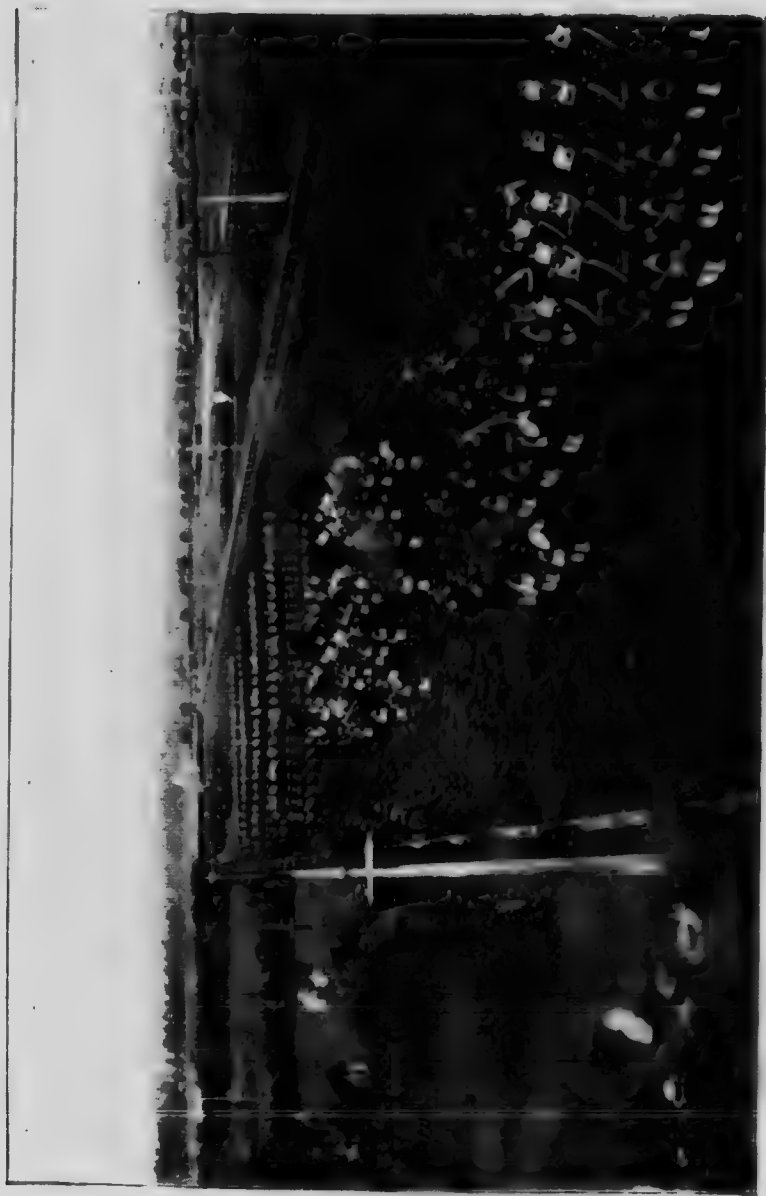
States, regiments till now in the service of separate governments, but for the future to be united as the territorial regiments of the great Federation. Many of the spectators present, notably some of the foreign officers, appeared to realise for the first time that Australia was already in possession of an Army that no Power could afford to despise. At the present moment there are in Australia over sixty thousand well-trained men in the prime of life, who are either serving in the different regiments or, having served in them, may be regarded as forming the Reserve. These sixty thousand men could be put into the field for defensive purposes within a few weeks; but they are far from representing the whole fighting strength of Australia, as I shall show. One of the most important and suggestive features of this day's review was the presence of nearly five thousand boys of the various Victorian cadet corps. Australians appreciate, perhaps better than the people of the United Kingdom, the necessity of preparing for war in time of peace, so that they may be able to defend themselves against sudden attack. They are ready to devote a fair proportion of their time to military training, and, having the true soldierly spirit, they are apt and quick in attaining efficiency. Every State school of any size in Australia has its cadet corps. The boys do not play at soldiering, but take keenly to it. It is no perfunctory training they are put through. They have to go into camp with the

troops each year, to do their piquet and other duties like the men, and they are instructed in the use of the rifle in a most thorough manner. Sir Frederick Sanford was the father of the cadet movement, and Australia owes much to him. The local governments supply the uniforms and rifles to the cadets.

The cadet movement is ever growing, and a very large percentage of the Australian youth will have had a sound military training which they can never forget before they begin the business of life. This early discipline may partly account for the undoubted good manners of the people. I understand that quite two-thirds of the Australians who so distinguished themselves in the South African war, had, as boys, passed through these cadet corps, and had therein acquired their taste for soldiering—a sufficient proof of the great utility of the movement. I have explained that Australia could at once put in the field sixty thousand men who have served in the State regiments, but the men who have gone through their cadet training without afterwards joining these regiments vastly exceed that number. In New South Wales alone there are at the present moment ninety thousand men of the right age for active service who, as boys, made themselves efficient in the cadet corps. A few months' further training would convert these men into as useful troops as could be found in any country. In addition to the troops from the various States and the boys of the cadet corps there were

paraded on the course about a thousand officers, blue-jackets, and marines from our warships in the harbour, and over five hundred men of the Australian Navy. In sharp contrast to the darker uniforms of the massed troops was one short line of white, the Fijian Native Constabulary, these Pacific Islanders looking very odd in their white cotton dress and with their bare feet. They were not the only natives who took part in the review, for among the New Zealand mounted troops was a contingent of Maoris, whose fine physique and soldierly bearing attracted the attention of all, and drew much applause during the march past.

At two o'clock the royal party, preceded by a mounted escort, drove up, and the massed artillery bands played the National Anthem. The Duchess was accompanied by the Duchess of Hopetoun and attended by the members of her suite. The Duke rode to the course, attended by Prince Alexander of Teck, Major-General French, and members of his Royal Highness's staff. He wore the uniform of a colonel of the 7th Royal Fusiliers. As his Royal Highness entered the review ground the field artillery guns fired a royal salute. The Duke rode down the front of the cadets, who were drawn up in the straight of the race-course facing the grand stand, and then down the three lines of the massed troops, receiving the royal salute from each regiment as he passed it. Having completed the inspection he



REVIEW AT FLEMINGTON.

and his staff cantered to the saluting base, where, facing the Royal Pavilion, the Royal Standard was flying. The massed artillery bands struck up lively airs and the march past commenced. The first to pass the saluting base were the cadets, who, to the stirring strains of the 'British Cadriers,' marched by with a fine swing and preserved an excellent alignment. They presented the appearance of very tough young soldiers, and they exhibited no signs of fatigue after a trying day, in the course of which they had been standing for hours with soaked clothes in the heavy rain. They looked very businesslike in their khaki uniforms and felt hats.

During the march past I was in a pavilion reserved chiefly for British and foreign naval officers. The German and American officers were much struck by the physique and soldierly qualities of the Australian troops, but they spoke with unreserved admiration when they saw these cadets. After the cadets the mounted troops of the different States rode by, each regiment being loudly cheered; but none were more heartily greeted than the ever-popular blue-jackets and marines of his Majesty's Navy, who followed the troopers. Then came the smart Colonial Artillery, and next the Infantry regiments and the other details. After this the mounted troops marched past at the trot; and, lastly, all the troops, taking up their original formation, came to the

present as the Duke rode off the ground. It was all admirably done, and set us all thinking and talking of that possible greater Federation of the Armies and Navies of Great Britain and her Colonies for the defence of the Empire.

CHAPTER X

AUSTRALIA'S DEMOCRACY—ITS IMPERIALISM—BY TRAIN TO
BRISBANE—QUEENSLAND'S WELCOME—AUSTRALIAN SCHOOL-
CHILDREN—AFTER SIX YEARS OF DROUGHT.

MELBOURNE'S ten days' holiday had been brought to its close. The memorable and splendid pageants were over; in all the principal streets men were occupied in taking down the decorations, the Venetian masts, the festoons of flowers, the bunting, and the brilliant draperies. The streets were strewn with remains of triumphal arches, leaves and faded blossoms and torn ribbons, recalling in some way the morning following a wild masked ball, when the floors are littered with broken gauds and fragments of finery. The myriads of electric lights no longer converted the sober public buildings into fairy palaces, the last firework had spluttered into darkness, the tens of thousands of visitors from the various Australian States had returned to their homes, and the camps of the soldiers had disappeared. The curtain, in short, had been rung down on the great historical drama, the audience had dispersed, and the lights had been extinguished.

The citizens of Melbourne had played with energy, and with a like energy they now returned to their usual avocations, a little weary at first, perhaps, after so long a rejoicing, but happy and contented, because they felt that they had good reason to be proud of having so well accomplished the labour of love they set themselves, and of the noble reception which Melbourne had given to the King's son, who had come to put the copestone to the Constitution that makes of Australia a united continent of free men. All the more loyal are they because they are so free.

I am being frequently asked what my impressions of Australia are. As a matter of fact, Australia comes as a revelation to the Englishman who visits it for the first time. There are so many things here that open one's eyes and give one cause to think, so many problems that appear incapable of solution at home that have yet apparently been satisfactorily solved in Australia. But one of the strongest of one's first impressions, and it is strengthened as one wanders from State to State, is that the Australians as a body are more loyal to Great Britain than are the people of Great Britain themselves. Their patriotism is more fervent, and the Imperial sentiment is truer. All classes—with the exception of the least intelligent in the great cities, whose politics resemble those of Battersea Park—look beyond provincial interests to the larger

interests of the Empire, and are more jealous of Great Britain's rights in directions which do not immediately concern them—in India, in Africa, in China—than are ordinary Englishmen. The cynical indifference to the affairs of the Empire so often affected by the people of Great Britain of all classes is rarely found in this younger-minded, more enthusiastic, and generous people. It is refreshing, indeed, to travel among them. They are less provincial than ourselves, more breezy, and they affect no foolish cynicism. They live in a wider land and in a clearer atmosphere, and their minds reflect these conditions. It must be remembered, too, that this loyalty burns steadily. It is no mere flash of passing sentiment stirred by this great occasion. Great Britain's so-called statesmen long neglected or snubbed these people who loved our country so well. Richly we deserved in those days to forfeit all the warm attachment of these colonies as we did forfeit their respect. But, as the Australians so frequently tell one, a brighter day has dawned for the British race. The British democracy has come to realise the selfish narrowness of the doctrines of its old political teachers; and this South African War, which Australians frankly hail as the happiest thing that could possibly have happened for the Empire, has brought us all together, so that the dwellers in Great Britain now fully reciprocate the affection which Australians

undoubtedly entertain for us. An Englishman cannot but fall in love with Australia. He finds himself quite at home here, but in a brighter and more joyous home than his own.

On Saturday, May 18, at about midday, their Royal Highnesses left Melbourne by special train for Brisbane. It was a journey of thirteen hundred miles across the States of Victoria, New South Wales, and Queensland, which carried one from the cool south through 10 degrees of latitude to close to Capricorn and a region of tropical vegetation. As each State has its own gauge for its railways, that of Victoria being 5ft. 3in., that of New South Wales 4ft. 8½in.—which is the standard gauge of the world—and that of Queensland 3ft. 6in., the Duke and Duchess had to change trains twice in the course of this journey—at the Victoria and New South Wales border, and at the New South Wales and Queensland border. Had this been an ordinary train, there would have been an examination of baggage by the Custom House authorities at the borders; but for those who were permitted to travel on this privileged train these formalities were dispensed with. It is now under consideration to introduce the standard gauge on the Victorian and South Australian lines, a conversion which will cost about two millions sterling, so that the rolling stock of the two States and of New South Wales can be carried on the railways of the three. Federation, will, no doubt, tend to bring

about the use of this standard gauge on all the Australian railway systems.

It was a delicious morning, with bright sunshine and a cool bracing breeze, when the special train started. As we steamed out of the station some hundreds of paraded school-children sang the National Anthem with zest, in their fresh trebles, and thousands of the people lined the railway to cheer the Duke and Duchess.

Throughout all those thirteen hundred miles of journey, whenever we passed a town or little settlement or mining camp, or even some lonely homestead standing in a little clearing in the virgin bush, the people had collected in their thousands or their hundreds, or in their little groups, as the case might be, to shout their welcome to the son of their Sovereign and his Consort. Here it was a crowd of sturdy miners, here a dozen stockmen, sometimes a comely matron and her baby coming out of a log hut, and sometimes it was the population of a whole thriving township. Along the whole line the people had gathered, many having come from considerable distances on horseback or in traps, merely to catch a glimpse of their Royal Highnesses as they passed them on the rapid train. We were thus enabled to acquire a fair idea of the general appearance of the various populations through which we passed on this long journey across some of the richest territories of the Australian States. Strong

and comely and wholesome to look at were these men and women and children, and all were well dressed. It was obviously a land of comfort, where no man who can and will work need be poor.

Yes, the first strong impression one receives in Australia is that given by the aspect of its people. In some colonies our type degenerates. In nearly all it undergoes a gradual change, modified by new climatic conditions, and this change, even in temperate climates—in the Eastern States of America, for example—is often not for the good. But when one looked at these Australian people, and attempted to discover in what direction the old type was changing here, one found oneself at a loss. The majority of them looked more English than the English do themselves in some parts of England. One began to wonder whether up till now there had not been rather a reversion than a change of type in our brethren in Australia, whether, in happier conditions, with purer air and better food, these people have not become what their ancestors were before them in the Merry England of old, when the struggle for existence was not so severe, when the men and women did not crowd from the country into the cities and factory towns to degenerate. The farmers I have met here, the ‘selectors’ in their bush clearings, are like what our own sturdy yeomen must have been of old. Even in the Australian cities it is rare to see a ragged person. Such a person, as a

rule, is ragged because he is worthless ; so far I had not come across a single beggar. Here men not only earn good wages, but respect themselves. The artisans enjoy the comforts of the British lower middle classes. In the city suburbs they dwell in comfortable little houses—villas the English house agent would call them—not herded together, but with one home, and often with one little garden, to each industrious happy family. There is room for millions more of the British in the unoccupied lands of Australia. Artisans are wanted ; intelligent men, too, with some small capital are wanted ; but the 'waster' is not required ; neither is the clerk in this country where all are educated.

Of exceeding interest indeed is this land of which we caught but a glimpse during this rapid tour. One would fain come back to it for a prolonged stay, so that one could study at leisure its problems and possibilities, of which a flying visit only teaches one enough to whet one's appetite for further knowledge. After passing the English-looking suburbs, we got out into the open country, for the most part just as it was before the white man touched these shores—a rolling wilderness of grass and bush and close-growing gum trees, the trees, as a rule, leaning to the south-west, and indicating the direction of the prevailing winds. Here and there portions of the bush were enclosed, homesteads stood among the clearings, and little villages had grown around the

rare railway stations. At six in the evening we reached the border, changed trains, and throughout the night were whirled past the bushlands, the wine-producing districts, and the agricultural regions of New South Wales.

At dawn on the 19th we were in a hilly wooded country, the tree tops gleaming like gold as the first rays of the rising sun fell on them, and shortly afterwards we skirted the banks of the beautiful Hawksbury River, with its lakelike expanses of blue water enclosed by wooded heights. Then we traversed the great coalfields of which Newcastle is the centre. We skirted the suburbs of that seaport, and saw its shipping in the distance. We passed many of the mining camps and villages which have grown around the mines. It was Sunday, so all the population was free to crowd each station platform and line the railway to welcome the Duke. The green country, with the unflecked blue sky above, bore little likeness to our English colliery districts, and still less did this mining population resemble ours. Men, women, and children were all well clad—not foolishly so; there were no tall hats on the men's heads nor feathers on the women's; the children were all clean and prettily dressed, the girls generally in spotless white, many of them going barefooted, not on account of poverty, but because their mothers were sensible. It was another revelation of Australian life, and I noticed that on

our return journey, when it was a week-day, and the tall chimneys were pouring out their black smoke and the men were at work, the women and children who collected to greet again the passing train were as nicely dressed as they had been on the Sunday. So we travelled on throughout the day, at about the rate of sixty miles an hour, under the blue sky, sometimes for hours through dense bush, with only at long intervals a small clearing with its homestead, and sometimes through rich agricultural districts, such as the Hunter's River Valley, where great cleared plains and valley bottoms were covered with maize and other crops. We passed green vales with pleasant villages scattered over them, and backed by wooded hills, which reminded one of the fairest portions of our English countryside. Then we crossed great stretches of rich short grass, affording pasture to multitudes of sheep; and towards evening we reached the highland country, and, winding up the timber-clad hillsides, reached a point about four thousand feet above the sea, which commanded a vast but melancholy-looking landscape, leagues after leagues of hills and deep ravines clothed with forest extending to the purple horizon.

Shortly before midnight we crossed the Queensland border and again changed trains. On the following dawn, after the silvery haze had lifted, we looked out on a tropical land, the cactus grew among the bush, the palms raised their graceful

feathery heads above the lesser vegetation, and flocks of red-breasted parrots hovered over the woods. As the sun rose we felt that the climate was likewise tropical, the temperature being considerably higher than that which we had experienced at Melbourne ; but it was a green and rich land, with large flocks of sheep on the pastures and excellent crops in the broad clearings. At eight o'clock the train entered Brisbane Station. The long journey had come to an end, and we were now to be spectators of the welcome that the fair capital of Queensland was to give to her future King. In no part of the world could a long railway journey have been made under more comfortable conditions than was this one. The well-appointed state carriage in which their Royal Highnesses travelled over the New South Wales line was built for the use of the Governor-General by the Railway Department of the New South Wales Government in its own workshops. The arrangements made for the journey by the Government railways of the three States were all admirable. There was no hitch and no delay. Careful rules had been laid down for the officials all along the different lines. Every precaution was taken to protect the train against the possible, if improbable, attempts of miscreants of the Anarchist type. Several of the best detectives in Australia accompanied the train. The whole thirteen hundred miles of the railway were constantly being

patrolled by two thousand five hundred men, whose beats were at regular intervals, and who were always in touch one with another. The large stations were well guarded; but, so far as the small stations were concerned, as a detective told me, the people who collected to see the Duke and Duchess could be relied on for adequate detective service. They all knew each other, and were certain to keep a sharp watch on any stranger who might come among them.

According to the original programme, the 'Ophir' and the men-of-war of the royal escort were to have come into this harbour, and their Royal Highnesses on disembarking from the 'Ophir' were to have landed at Kennedy Wharf and thence made their progress through the city. As bubonic plague had appeared in Brisbane there was a risk that the ships would be put into quarantine at Sydney should they call at this infected port, and as refusal of pratique would involve a delay that would put the programme of the entire tour out of joint, and cause great inconvenience and disappointment throughout our colonies in three continents, it was decided that the ships should not visit Brisbane, and that the Duke and Duchess should proceed thither by train. But Brisbane had made its arrangements carefully, and at considerable cost, to receive their Royal Highnesses at the wharf, which had been specially prepared for the ceremony of the recep-

tion, and, together with the streets along the line of route for the proposed procession, had been beautifully decorated. It was, therefore, arranged that the original programme should be adhered to as far as the reception and procession were concerned—that is, that their Royal Highnesses should drive quietly from the train to Government House, and that in the afternoon they should travel by water from Government House to the wharf, there receive the addresses of the Municipality, and then drive along the route the loyal citizens had prepared for them, escorted by a goodly number of Australia's magnificent mounted troops.

Kennedy Wharf is on the banks of the beautiful Brisbane River, Government House being also on its shores, but at a considerable distance from the wharf and not visible from it. At the shore end of the stage was drawn up a guard of honour, composed of men of the 1st Queensland Infantry Regiment, whose uniform, like that of several other Australian corps, is the scarlet tunic of the British Army, the traditional colour appealing to this loyal people. It is difficult when one meets these men walking in the streets to know whether they are colonials or men of an English Line regiment. Still more strongly, perhaps, does the man of an Australian Scottish regiment resemble one of our own Highlanders. It is touching, and it is no slight indication of the ties which bind these colonies to the mother country,

to find the uniforms in which British troops fought so many battles faithfully reproduced in the Australian regiments. Immediately behind the escort, facing the landing-stage and the broad river with its wooded further shore, was a grand stand which accommodated about three thousand people; but the central section of it was reserved for a thousand little school-children, the girls in white frocks with scarfs of red and yellow, the colours of Cornwall, the boys in white sailor dress and blue sailor caps, and each child carried a small Union Jack studded with the six stars of the Commonwealth. Beyond the enclosures a great crowd had collected to await the arrival of the Duke and Duchess. Punctually at the appointed hour, the Government yacht 'Lucinda' came alongside. The Duke and Duchess stepped on to the scarlet-carpeted stage, and the proceedings opened. It is unnecessary to describe again the details of the reception. The lovely wooded shores of the broad stream formed a fitting background to what was a very fine picture, and prettiest of all were those tiers of white-clad bright children, who, as soon as the Duke had delivered his reply to the addresses, sang 'God save the King' in the heartiest fashion in their young altos and trebles, following it with 'The British Flag of Freedom' and other songs as they waved their thousand little Union Jacks.

The assembled people were highly gratified to

observe how delighted the Duke and Duchess were with this touching welcome from the coming generation. The Australians' sympathies are quick, and it is partly by the keen appreciation of such incidents as these that their Royal Highnesses have so completely won the hearts of this people. At every city we visited in Australia, even at little stations at which the royal train stopped for a few minutes, the people proudly ranged their school-children thus in a conspicuous place to sing their welcome to the Duke and Duchess. Sometimes we saw them only in their scores or hundreds ; but sometimes as many as seven or eight thousand were collected to sing in unison or to march in procession. And of all the wonderful things we saw in Australia perhaps these gatherings of school-children were to us visitors the most interesting and suggestive. They were the children of the State schools, the equivalent of our own Board schools. Australia, like Great Britain, insists on the free education of her people, but what a difference there is in the result ! In the big Australian cities one gazes with amazement at these wholesome-looking, well-nourished, well-dressed, excellently behaved, joyous children of the free schools. Compulsory education is said to have considerably improved the manners of Australian children. The Australian working man is a self-respecting person. He has paid his share to the maintenance of the State schools, and feels that he is justly entitled

to profit by them. He considers it no disgrace to send his child to a free school. The more one sees of the children of the State schools the more one discovers features to admire in this system, and not the least astonishing feature of it is that in these schools one finds the children of lawyers and doctors learning by the side of the offspring of the poorest and even the least respectable members of the community. The poorest children, at any rate while in school, are decently dressed and well-behaved, and it is acknowledged by all that no contamination of the better class children results from this, to our eyes, strange fellowship in school hours. It is in these State schools, too, that the admirable Cadet Corps are raised of which I have spoken in previous letters. In these corps, which are as popular with the parents as with the boys, the bulk of the Australian boyhood acquires a very fair military training. It would be well if we could introduce the Cadet Corps system into our own Board schools; but what an indignant howl of 'Militarism,' that boggy of the Little Englander, would be raised by some of the parents! So far as I have seen them, the Board school-children in our big centres of population are unhappily very different from the children of the Australian free schools. Of course, some of the reasons for the difference are obvious enough, depending on the entirely different conditions of life in the two countries; but in Australia free education has produced

such satisfactory results that one would much like to find time to make a thorough study of the methods pursued.

The Duke's reception at Brisbane was of the heartiest description. Money was spent unstintingly to decorate and illuminate the city, despite the prevailing financial depression caused by the six years' drought, which has converted thousands of miles of rich pasture into dusty wilderness. Brisbane is an exceedingly bright and pretty city to look on, while palms and other tropical foliage in gardens and open places give a very pleasant aspect to the streets. The streets, being narrower, were much more closely packed with spectators than were those of Melbourne during the ceremonies in that city. But it was the same happy well-behaved crowd that I had seen in Melbourne, a little more boisterous perhaps, and more demonstrative in its welcome to the Duke and Duchess.

It was pleasant to mix with the crowd and overhear their remarks. It would have gone hard with any man who had uttered a disloyal or disrespectful word in the streets of Brisbane that day. To attempt a verbal description of street decorations is a thankless task; but I saw two triumphal arches which were so ingeniously constructed and so strikingly original that they are well worthy of mention. The first, the 'Aboriginal Arch,' was covered with rough tea-tree bark, with ferns, palm-fronds, staghorns, kangaroo

and emu skins, boomerangs, and other native weapons. The arch was constructed in a series of steps like the successive ledges on some rocky mountain buttress. On these ledges were perched native dwellings and sixty wild-looking aborigines in full war paint (their black bodies striped with white and red ochre, their heads decorated with emu feathers) and bearing spears, together with some gins and piccaninnies; thus forming a human arch of a most fantastic description. The other arch was a very graceful structure, topped by a huge golden crown. It represented all the products and industries of Queensland, and each portion of the State had sent in its tribute of decoration. The staple produce—wool and cattle—was represented by the wool which covered the greater part of the framework, and by the heads and horns of oxen; the cereals by great sheaves of wheat and rows of corn cobs. There were pineapples and sugar-cane, and lines of glittering pearl shells reminded one of Queensland's rich pearl fisheries. The gold and the precious stones of the country were also indicated.

For five days the Duke and Duchess remained at Brisbane, and, as at every other place visited in the course of this tour, the programme of ceremonies was a very full one. The Duke held a review of 4,000 of the State troops one afternoon; and there was a presentation of medals to the Queensland

soldiers who had returned from the South African war.

Among my first impressions of Brisbane, and I think this one is not at fault, is that there appears to be here in proportion to the population an extraordinary number of men of good breeding, brain-power, and energy. These are partly men from home and partly descendants of the adventurous pioneers of the old days, and they form a class from which this democracy, if it is wise, can easily find its best representatives in the Federal and local Parliaments.

Brisbane is a somewhat remote city of about the size of Southampton. It is true that it is the capital of a naturally rich State bigger than the British Isles, the German Empire, France, and Spain put together; but the population of this huge region numbers only half a million, the bulk of the territory awaiting population and capital to develop it. Well, in this comparatively small city of Brisbane there are several good clubs. I was an honorary member of three of these, and I think I can safely say that in no town of Brisbane's population in England would it be possible to bring together so many men of what I may term the intellectual classes as I met in those clubs. There is nothing provincial about Brisbane, and one finds exactly the same sort of men as in the best London clubs where professional men congregate, for this is no

land for the mere idler. In the Brisbane clubs one meets politicians, lawyers, doctors, merchants, journalists, squatters owning territories as big as British counties, men who would not only be leaders in their respective professions at home but who take a keener interest in matters outside their daily work than we do. I met old friends, too, among them, who had been with me at public school or university or Inn of Court; and it is the fact, and an instructive one, that of the professional men who come here from the Old Country, with the intention of returning home after they have acquired a sufficient fortune, the majority stay here, or, even if they have returned, yearn for the pleasant land of their adoption, pack up their belongings again, and sail for Australia to settle down in it with their children and found colonial families.

The six years' drought has brought Queensland face to face with ruin, but the cycle of rain is approaching, if there be any truth in the theories of the meteorologists, and, having learnt useful lessons from adversity, such a people in such a land cannot but quickly recuperate. The Government itself, owning as it does more than nine-tenths of the lands of the State, will be in a strong position in the near future. As for the people, they bear their disasters with an admirable cheery fortitude. The all-but-ruined squatters never complain, but hopefully discuss the

methods they must employ in the cycles of plentiful rain to store the water for the days of drought. Even in the old Australians there is a wonderful buoyancy of youth. They apparently never feel that they are old.

CHAPTER XI

**SYDNEY AND ITS HARBOUR—ANOTHER TEN DAYS' REJOICINGS—
SOCIALESTIC LEGISLATION—CONCENTRATION OF POPULATION
IN CITIES—THE LABOUR PARTY—NEED FOR IMMIGRANTS—
THE ALIEN LABOUR QUESTION**

ON the morning of May 24, the Duke and Duchess of Cornwall and York left Brisbane by special train for Sydney. Many thousands of the inhabitants of Brisbane crowded the railway station in order to give their Royal Highnesses a hearty send-off from Queensland's pleasant capital. The long journey to the south was agreeably broken by halts at interesting places; once the train was brought up for an hour opposite an extensive clearing in the bush, a portion of a typical sheep station of 35,000 acres, where the Duke and Duchess partook of damper and 'billy' tea cooked in bush fashion, and witnessed the rounding in of some thousands of head of cattle by the stockmen. There was also a halt at Newcastle, where the colliers gave their Royal Highnesses a splendid reception. On Saturday the 25th we reached Hawksbury, and once more saw the 'Ophir' and 'June' lying at anchor in the broad estuary.

Here their Royal Highnesses left the train, as it had been arranged that they should pass the Sunday amid the beautiful scenery of the Hawksbury River, and proceed to Sydney in the 'Ophir' on the Monday. But the journalists attached to the royal escort did not stop here, but proceeded to Sydney, reaching it that afternoon.

There is a fascination in exploring alone a city that is new to one, and Sydney is a particularly interesting city to the English visitor, it is so peculiarly English in its aspect. It has not the magnificence of stately Melbourne, whose straight broad streets were all planned out before a house was built. Sydney, on the other hand, like Old London, grew up haphazard, and therefore irregularly, its streets being narrow and crooked. It is much more English-looking than Melbourne, especially in the old quarters by the waterside, which remind one of bits of Portsmouth or other English seaports, having the same narrow lanes, old inns, and low two-storied stuccoed houses. In all directions one recognises the same strong resemblance to the Old Country. One long street in an unfashionable suburb which I traversed in a tram was, so far as houses and shops were concerned, a replica of Hammersmith Broadway.

Again, in the pretty suburbs overlooking the harbour the residential suburbs of London are faithfully reproduced amid more beautiful scenery

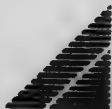
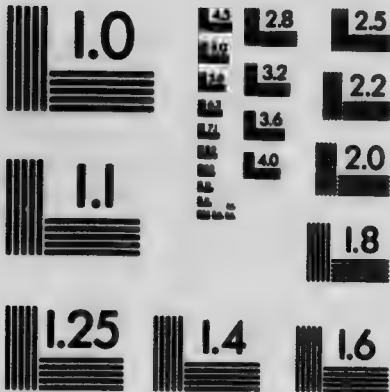
and under a kinder sky. Here are the little villas one sees at Gunnersbury or Wandsworth, the homes of middle-class comfort; and here, too, standing in extensive grounds, the more pretentious mansions of the rich merchants, such as look down on the Thames at Richmond. I was taken for a thirty-mile drive along the beautiful sinuous shores of the harbour, past the South Head to now almost deserted Botany Bay, of sorrowful memories. For many miles outside the town we drove by these scattered residences of the wealthy citizens, and some of them appeared to me to be as enviable homes as any I have seen in any portion of the world, each set in its beautiful groves and gardens, each with its own little inlet, opening into the majestic gulf, or with its own little pier or artificial haven, and each from its wooded slope commanding one of the loveliest views of land and water that any harbour in the world can show. Each, too, had its flotilla of steam launches, sailing yachts, and rowing boats. Happy indeed are the citizens of Sydney in possessing such a harbour, surely the Paradise of water-loving men.

Every man and boy in Sydney can, and does, sail a boat, whether it be the stately fifty-ton cutter or the tiny canvas cockle-shell in which the small boys boldly take their first lessons in the art of seamanship. In every book I have read on Australia or on the Brazils the question is raised as to whether



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the harbour of Rio de Janeiro or of Sydney is the most magnificent in the world. I know the harbour of Rio well, and now I have seen that of Sydney, and I confess that I fail to see how any comparison can be instituted between the two. Both are beautiful ; but there is no likeness between them, save that in both there is a narrow entrance from the ocean, between two capes, opening out into an inland sea with many inlets, promontories, and islets. The scenery is entirely different. The shores of Rio Bay are grand, mountainous, and clothed with luxuriant tropical vegetation, whereas Sydney Harbour is enclosed by low gently sloping hills covered with the trees and vegetation of a more temperate climate, the dark stately Norfolk Island pines towering conspicuously above the lesser growth. These shores resemble rather those of some of our West Coast harbours. Indeed, one can form a very fair idea of what Sydney Harbour is like by picturing to oneself half a dozen Plymouth Sounds opening out into one long central gulf. Sydney itself is built on rolling ground ; its streets are often steep as well as narrow and sinuous ; so that frequently, when one reaches the top of one of these undulations, one commands, through the frame of some street sloping steeply to the shore, a picturesque view of this grand harbour. One is never far away from the water in this fair sea city, for the winding arms of the gulf penetrate it and the suburbs, and the masts and

yards of the shipping face one in unexpected places as one wanders through the busy thoroughfares.

On the day following our arrival (Monday, May 25) we had a good opportunity of admiring this land-locked sea, for the officials kindly placed at the disposal of the journalists attached to the escort squadron the harbour-master's steamer to take us down to the Heads, so that we could witness the entry into the harbour of the 'Ophir' and her escorting men-of-war, which were to sail from Hawksbury at an early hour that morning. There was a leaden sky above us threatening rain, and a haze obscured the shore as we steamed down the harbour and passed out between the grim weather-beaten Heads into the long swell of the Pacific Ocean. Here we found, just outside the Heads, the steam yacht 'Victoria,' her decks crowded with Ministers, members of Parliament, and State officials, all in silk hats and frock coats; for in this country the greatest demagogue dresses in a manner suited to the occasion. The flannel shirt and cricket cap which one of our own Labour members was wont to wear in the House of Commons would not be tolerated here. Our engines stopped and we lay rolling quietly in the long swell awaiting the appearance of the royal yacht. Soon we saw columns of smoke so black and dense that they were visible afar off, despite the haze—for it was the burning of the most smoky Australian coal that caused them—and

then some dark hulls loomed into sight, which were recognised as the 'Royal Arthur' and three other ships of the Australian squadron, coming in from the east to meet the 'Ophir.' Shortly afterwards the 'Ophir' herself hove in sight. The four men-of-war of the Australian squadron now formed in double column and steamed out towards the royal yacht, which was being closely followed by the 'Juno' and 'St. George.' The 'Ophir' and the two ships of the escort then steamed in line through the column formed by the four warships, which fired a royal salute. These four next altered their formation from double column to that of single line ahead, and all the ships thus passed through the Heads in a long line, the 'Ophir' leading with the Royal Standard at her main and the Trinity House flag at her fore, the yacht 'Victoria' bringing up the rear with her company of legislators.

It was a pretty sight to watch the ships thus manœuvre in the haze, and then, having formed into line, gently rolling in the swell, sweep round the square mass of the North Head into the tranquil waters of the great harbour. And then, just as the line straightened, pointing to the distant city, a strong wind sprang up from the north, drove the rain-clouds from the sky and the haze from the shore, and the sun's rays falling obliquely on the white sides of the 'Ophir' lit her up so that she suddenly became clearly visible all over the harbour. Sydney lay

before her, the details of its buildings easily distinguishable in the clear atmosphere, its houses gleaming white and red and yellow in the bright sunshine. There gleamed, too, the many little villages and pleasure towns and villas embowered in luxuriant foliage, which on either side lined the green slopes of the winding shore. Our boat steamed abreast of the warships into the harbour, but at some distance from them, hugging the shore. We passed close under green-capped rocky headlands, and looked into delightful coves with dazzling white beaches. On one bold cape we saw drawn up the boys of the training ship 'Sobraon,' waifs and strays, many of them rescued from the slums, who raised three ringing cheers as the 'Ophir' steamed by. Then we went past the great Russian warship 'Gromoboi,' whose guns fired their salute. At eleven o'clock the 'Ophir' reached her appointed berth in Farm Cove, facing the beautiful Botanical Gardens and the grounds of Government House. Their Royal Highnesses landed at Farm Cove that afternoon. A more lovely landing-place for a great seaport it would be difficult to imagine, for it is set amid the green sloping lawns, the thickets of various semi-tropical plants, and the groups of stately trees which beautify that corner of Sydney which is occupied by the Government House grounds, the Botanical Gardens, and the Domain. 'The royal yachts' land at this spot without catching any glimpse of the sordid surroundings of a modern

commercial port. It is such a landing-place as the people may have had in Carthage or Syracuse of old. Behind the rocky shore and the wooded slopes rise the domes and towers and steeples of the loftier city buildings, while as one looks outward there stretch before one the capes and bays of the wonderful harbour and the fleet of anchored merchantmen and men-of-war.

The decorations of the city were singularly harmonious. It is a revelation to find that the Anglo-Saxon under southern skies has developed an æsthetic taste which is undoubtedly wanting at home, if one may judge from our own street decorations on days of public rejoicing. Sydney had adorned itself magnificently; and, what is more to the point, the crowds assembled in the streets gave their Royal Highnesses the heartiest of welcomes. And here again a great city took a ten days' holiday. Function succeeded function; levees, presentations of addresses, State concerts, University commemorations, naval displays, reviews, demanded the Duke's presence. That his Royal Highness was at that time the hardest worked man in Australia was the often expressed opinion of the Australians themselves. The review of eight thousand Australian troops in the Centennial Park, on May 28, was a brilliant spectacle, and one of the interesting features of this review was the parading of veterans who had served in British regiments in various parts of the world. Those who had fought the

war of the Empire wore their medals, and amongst these were men who had served in the first Afghan war, in the Crimea, in the Indian Mutiny, in the first Transvaal war, in the Sutilej campaign, in the New Zealand wars, and in Ashanti. The Duke also presented medals to the New South Wales soldiers who had returned from the South African war.

In the course of the month we had spent in Australia we had visited three of its great capitals and many smaller towns. Everywhere we had found the same well-to-do, courteous, amiable people, well educated, speaking a pure English, a people of the most independent spirit, but who do not consider it necessary to assert that independence as they do in some countries, by a rejection of good manners. I can testify to the sincerity and heartiness of the welcome that was in every place given to the Prince and Princess who had come hither to represent the Crown of England on a momentous historical occasion. From what I gathered in conversation with men of all classes, and from what I overheard by chance daily in the crowded streets, I was enabled to realise what patriotic Britons these Australian people are. There can be no manner of doubt about their loyalty and Imperial spirit. If it were thus all over the British Possessions, well indeed would it be for the Empire. I know well that it is difficult for many home-staying Englishmen to realise this Imperialist feeling in our colonies. I think that most English-

men, on arriving in Australia, experience a pleasant surprise. The reason for this is not far to seek. An Englishman reads at home of the Australian democracies, of their aggressive Labour party, the petty squabbings of paid politicians, of rabid demagogues, of wild experiments in Socialist legislation, of many things that in the old country are not associated in his mind with loyalty, or patriotism, or Imperialism, or even, perhaps, with common decency and honesty. His memory recalls ugly and disagreeable pictures, the worst features of the European proletariat, and when landed in an Australian city, he half unconsciously expects to find there a sordid but rampant democracy, made up of the same sort of people that applaud at open-air meetings in European cities the treason and the falsehoods that are shouted to them by their demagogues. But one cannot apply European standards to this people; one must put European conditions and ways out of mind when picturing to oneself this Australian democracy.

In a land where life is so easy the sordid elements are wanting, and there is no real malignancy of class feeling. It is, of course, true that the democracy of Australia displays, as in other lands, a short-sighted selfishness, that the Labour party at times wages an unfair and suicidal war on capital, that Australian politics present some ugly features, and are not without dangerous possibilities; but it is quite certain that these democracies are now quite sound in their

convictions so far as the vital interests of the Empire are concerned. There is a far larger proportion of Little Englanders at home than of Little Australians in Australia. One cannot but think that in a country of such vast and yet undeveloped resources, and with such a prosperous, well-educated, self-respecting people, common sense in legislation will prevail at last, and that there is little fear of reckless socialistic experiments dragging the States to ruin; but a good deal of temporary harm may be done by wild legislation. It is not reassuring to hear, as I did, a leading politician in New South Wales, who is not a Socialist, but who for party purposes coquets with the Labour leaders, argue that it is safe with such an intelligent people to 'give them their head,' to allow them to test their socialistic theories; as, when they have discovered that they have made a mistake, they will be shrewd enough to undo the mischief by fresh legislation. People who talk thus glibly overlook the fact that no permanent injury can be inflicted on the country's important industries by experimental legislation, and that it is not so easy to take back what has once been given.

We who accompanied this tour were carried rapidly from country to country, paying but a flying visit to each, so that it would be absurd for any of us, after so slight an experience of the land, to attempt anything like a thorough inquiry into the complicated problems of Australian politics. If one tried to do

so, he would of a certainty display his ignorance by lamentably coming to grief sooner or later, to become the laughing-stock of the Australians. There are men who have written books on a country on the strength of having called for a few hours at one of its seaports while the steamer on which they were travelling was coaling, but this is not an example which it is wise to follow. Still one may, without much risk, touch superficially on some of the most obvious results of the absolutely democratic form of government as it is carried into practice in Australia. For example, one may take as a text a passage in a local paper which lies before me now, in which the writer rejoices, because, according to the late census, the population of the city of Sydney represents but 36 per cent. of the population of New South Wales, whereas, in Victoria, upwards of 41 per cent. of the population of the State are concentrated in Melbourne. It is true that in the last-named State the unsound conditions are being rectified, as the census shows that of the 55,469 people who have been added to Victoria in the last decade, only 3,060 have been gained by Melbourne. It is not satisfactory to find that so large a proportion of the inhabitants of each Australian State are thus concentrated in the great cities, where the conditions that lead to the degeneracy of the race will in time prevail as much as they do in the great centres of population in Europe.

I believe I am right in saying that when the United States of America numbered the same population as Australia does at the present time they did not possess a town of more than fifteen thousand inhabitants ; but here, in New South Wales, out of a population of 1,369,000, no less than 489,000 are congregated in Sydney. When one observes how well-dressed and prosperous-looking are the inhabitants of this city, and when one remembers that it is not a manufacturing town affording employment to myriads of operatives, but merely a great seaport and emporium of commerce, one marvels how all these men live, how all can find work to do. As is the case in Europe, people flock into the cities because they love the excitements of town life ; but in Australia a democratic Government encourages the country people thus to crowd the cities, and a foolish socialistic legislation tends to fatten the city mob at the expense of the country behind, that is, of the producers, of the backbone of the land, the cause of all its prosperity. The mob has too large a voice in the government of Sydney, and, through Sydney, of the State.

In this land of universal franchise and paid members of Parliament the demagogues have great influence, and it is unfortunate that there is a tendency among the better people to keep aloof from politics on account of the gross personalities and generally disgraceful tactics which characterise the

elections. The State Parliament cannot be taken as fairly representative of the people of New South Wales; while the ministers, as a rule, are not selected from the country members, as most of them should be, to represent the true interests of the State, but from the members elected by the metropolitan constituencies. They are therefore not uncommonly men who, while perhaps at heart altogether disagreeing with the Labour party, fear to irritate it by opposition and truckle to it to win the labour vote.

The Labour party is excellently organised, and succeeds in having its own way in most matters—hence the reckless expenditure in public works to give employment to the clamouring workmen; hence the costly socialistic experiments made at the expense of the producers in the interior. To take an example: recently the Hon. E. W. O'Sullivan, the Minister for Works, announced that the minimum daily wage for men employed by the New South Wales Government should be seven shillings. Coupled with this was the recognition of the Government's duty to provide labour for the unemployed in the city at this high rate of pay. Consequently every unskilled loafer considered that he now had a right to receive his seven shillings a day in return for very little work. The trade unions in the State naturally took their cue from the Minister for Works, and laid it down that no one should work for a private employer for

less than the Government minimum wage. Now, in Australia, one pound a week with food is the usual pay for boundary riders and others employed on similar work, and the employers certainly cannot afford to raise this to seven shillings a day.

The consequence is that the dictum of the minister has caused dissatisfaction with their condition among the workmen in the country, which is now being drained of the men who are so much needed there. Statistics show that, attracted by the Government relief works and the high pay offered, numbers are flocking into the city, many of whom have abandoned regular employment in order to do so. Some of the work which the Government has provided for the unemployed is in the country districts—for example, labour on the water conservation works and the clearing of crown lands that have been thrown open for selection. Mr. Schey, the Chief Labour Commissioner, informed an interviewer from a Sydney paper that of the unemployed registered on the city relief books the larger proportion refuse to take any country work that is offered them by the Government at seven shillings a day. They are not content with that wage unless their work is within easy reach of the city dissipation.

There is a section of the population of Sydney which, like the mob of ancient Rome, clamours for its *panem et circenses* as its right. The State needs strong statesmen who can lead the people in the right

direction instead of pandering to their whims. As a rule, a New South Wales Parliament contains some undesirable members who are the creatures of the populace. All this is reflected in the city life. The 'Larrikins'—who bear a family resemblance to our own 'Hooligans,' but are worse than the latter, insomuch as they are better fed, better clothed, and of more vigorous physique—still flourish in Sydney. Ruffians form themselves into organised bands—'pushes' they are termed—whose object is robbery with violence. The notorious 'Rocks push,' for example, has its common fund, and retains lawyers to defend any of its members who may fall into the hands of the police. These bands defy the authorities, and the intimidated juries often fail to find these scoundrels guilty when there is the clearest evidence against them.

As enormous tracts of rich country yet remain unoccupied in New South Wales calling for immigrants of the right description, the day must come when the breeders of sheep and cattle, the raisers of grain, the farmers who are what our sturdy yeomanry used to be in the old-time England, will take their proper place in the direction of the State, and the balance of power will no longer, as now, rest with the demagogue-led, pampered city mobs. As it is, the bulk of the people disapprove of the socialistic experiments that are being tried by their ministers; and as for the squatters, who form the

backbone of the State, there are, in the opinion of all who know them, no finer specimens of the British gentleman to be found in any portion of the Empire. Of what breed they are their sons have fully demonstrated of late on the South African veldt.

Immigrants are much needed, but Australians are determined that they shall be of the right sort. They wish to preserve their breed pure : they will not permit to flow into their new nation that impure stream of degenerate alien paupers that has already done so much to contaminate London. Many Australians are so vehemently British in sentiment that they would like, if possible, to exclude all foreigners, to establish a race at the antipodes that shall be exclusively British—Anglo-Saxons and Celts from the British Isles. There is but a small percentage of foreigners in Australia at the present time, and one cannot but feel that the increase of the foreign element in our possessions is not altogether desirable. There can be no doubt that a considerable proportion of the foreigners settled in our colonies, whether they be naturalised or not, are more or less anti-British at heart. For example, there are many Germans in Australia, who, though they dare not openly declare their strongly pro-Boer sentiments in that loyal land, while making their living among our tolerant and generous people, strive to stab them in the dark with anonymous contributions to the German press : those outrageously false

reports of colonial disloyalty, of the desire for separation, of the bad character of the Australians who volunteered for service in South Africa.

The new Federal Parliament is now engaged in solving that momentous problem, the question of alien coloured labour. This will afford a good test of this bold political experiment which intrusts to a democracy the rule and national development of an entire continent. Before the Federation each colony had placed its limitations on Chinese immigration. Thus, in Victoria, every fresh Chinaman who landed had to pay a poll-tax of 100*l.*, and vessels from China were not permitted to carry more than one Chinaman (other than Victorian naturalised Chinamen) for every five hundred tons of registered capacity. The Chinese have without doubt been of great service on the goldfields: they collected and saved every drop of water, and carefully tended their gardens by day and night as no white man would have patience to do. They thus succeeded in growing vegetables on desert soil, and by supplying the miners with green food, at moderate cost, they prevented much of the sickness that was the scourge of the camps in the early mining days. But now it appears that those who raised the cry of a 'white Australia' are to have their way. The immigration of both Chinese and Kanakas will be absolutely prohibited, provided that the Imperial Government sanctions such a measure. Throughout

the greater part of Australia the white man can labour in the fields as well as he can in England. But north of Capricorn it is otherwise; in that tropical region a class of white labourers would rapidly degenerate. Least of all can the white man cut the sugar-cane under the Queensland sun, and sugar-planting is the industry of Queensland, where Kanaka labour is necessarily employed. The interests of North and South are thus opposed.

Even in Queensland there is a considerable party that would do away with coloured labour. There are Australians who hold moderate views and maintain that the question can be solved by drawing a line, north of which coloured labour should be permitted under certain restrictions, and south of which it should be prohibited. There are some again who would admit these useful immigrants in moderate numbers, but would confine them to certain industries, not permitting them to engage in those which would bring them into competition with the white labour market. Thus we have coloured labour unpopular in the South, where it is unnecessary, and indispensable in the tropical north unless existing industries are to be destroyed; a position which, in a way, recalls the condition of things in the United States which led to the great Civil War. But, in Australia, of course the question is not a vital one as it was in America, and cannot lead to serious trouble in whatever way it is ultimately settled. It will

be interesting, however, to observe whether professional politicians will work on democratic passions and prejudices to enforce a law throughout the Commonwealth that will press hard on Queensland. Popular governments at times show little respect for the rights of minorities, and we have seen at home valuable and useful interests sacrificed as a peace offering to the god Demos.

CHAPTER XII

FAREWELL TO SYDNEY—VOYAGE TO NEW ZEALAND—AT AUCKLAND
 —NEW ZEALAND'S WELCOME—REVIEW OF COLONIAL TROOPS
 —VETERAN SOLDIERS AS SETTLERS—IMPERIALIST SOCIALISM

WE journalists attached to the 'Juno' and 'St. George,' after leaving our ships at Melbourne, had for upwards of a month, been on shore, living in the great Australian cities, travelling thousands of miles by rail, and attending manifold functions. Pleasant indeed it now was to change the land for the restful ocean again, to find ourselves once more in our homes; for as a home, indeed, did I, who had the good fortune to be her guest for six months, regard his Majesty's ship 'Juno,' and one of the happiest memories of my life will be the good fellowship I enjoyed in her ward-room.

On the morning of June 6 the Duke and Duchess of Cornwall and York, having brought their stay at Sydney at an end, rejoined the 'Ophir.' The people who crowded the waterside gave the royal visitors a grand send-off when the 'Ophir' and the two men-of-war weighed anchor at midday and proceeded in single line ahead down the harbour, which appeared

more than usually lovely on that splendid autumnal day of breeze and sunshine. As we steamed through the narrow Heads into the open ocean, New South Wales gave her final farewell to the Duke and Duchess, for the guns in the batteries on the South Head fired a royal salute, while, on a high bluff on the North Head, within the limits of the quarantine ground, several hundreds of people who were gathered round an ominous yellow flag, cheered and waved their handkerchiefs—unfortunate prisoners of the health authorities, the passengers of vessels lying in quarantine as being under suspicion of infection with plague or small-pox. From here we shaped our course eastward for the northernmost point of New Zealand, over a thousand miles distant. The sea ever got higher as we increased our distance from the sheltering Australian coast, for a strong north-wester was blowing. By sunset the Pacific Ocean was belying its appellation, and the men-of-war were rolling more heavily than they had done since we left Portsmouth. But the sky was cloudless, the breeze keen and bracing as that of our own North Sea, and to toss about a bit on the free ocean was a pleasant change after a month on shore of constant bustling in the streets of holiday-making cities.

On the morning of June 9, our fourth day out from Sydney, we saw land again on our port hand—the desolate, almost inaccessible Three Kings'

Islands, which lie to the north of New Zealand ; and before midday we were off New Zealand itself. We doubled its bare storm-beaten northernmost cape, and then steamed southward along the eastern side of the North Island ; so long as the weather remained clear enjoying a fine view of the grand mountainous coast scenery, and of the many picturesquely shaped islands that lie off the shore. But in the afternoon a mist enveloped us, concealing the land from our view, and the three ships had to slow down to nine knots.

On getting on deck the following morning I found that the mist had lifted. There was land now on either side of us : cloud-capped mountainous islands on our port side ; a mountainous mainland, also covered with rolling masses of vapour, on our starboard—both but dimly looming through the moisture-charged atmosphere. It was a universe of sombre grey : the sky was grey with rain-clouds from horizon to horizon, dark grey were the mountains, and grey too was the uneasy sea, save where the strong cold wind broke the wave-tops into plumes of white foam. From the aspect of land, sea, and sky, one could well imagine oneself to be sailing across some exposed frith on the west coast of Scotland on a sad autumnal morning. We had now entered the great Hauraki Gulf, a beautiful inland sea of many fiords and islands. On our left I perceived Little Barrier Island, its lofty peaks lost in the clouds, while further

distant other islands were visible, with the seas breaking white against their cliffs.

It was wet and dismal weather as the three ships steamed up the wind-swept gulf between the green shores of many a cape and island towards our destination, Auckland, which lies high up the gulf on the shore of a well-sheltered sound. Early in the afternoon we saw before us, appearing dimly through the drizzle, the red-roofed houses of Auckland in the distance; but as the 'Ophir' was timed to reach this port on the following day, and as the programme was always, if possible, rigidly observed, so as not to put out in any way the arrangements that had been made on shore for the reception of the Duke and Duchess, the 'Ophir,' 'Juno,' and 'St. George' came to an anchor for the night off the little town of Devonport, at a few miles' distance from Auckland.

On the following morning, June 11, there was a bright sunshine, and only a few fleecy clouds were driving fast across the blue sky before the strong cool wind. It was a perfect climate to an Englishman, recalling a bracing spring day in our own north country. Now that the veiling haze had lifted we were able to appreciate the beauty of this fair harbour. We saw around us hills of many forms, covered with groves and pasture, and sometimes with dark green wildernesses of high ferns; here and there steep verdant domes towered above the lower slopes, extinct volcanoes that, within historic times,

vomited fire and lava, and which may not improbably burst into action again some day, even as did Vesuvius after its long slumber. We caught glimpses of many pleasant country houses nestling on wooded slopes, and overlooking the smooth land-locked waters; and before us was the original capital of New Zealand, the pioneer city of its civilisation, fair Auckland, rising, from its long lines of wharves, in terraces of very English-looking houses, many of them of red brick, with the steeples of churches and lofty public buildings crowning all; while, forming the background to the pretty scene, was the verdant pyramid of Mount Eden, with its cinder-strewn crater and slopes of decomposed lava to tell its tale of fierce volcanic action in days gone by.

Shortly after ten in the morning the 'Ophir' and her consorts weighed anchor, and the men-of-war of the Australian squadron which were lying off Auckland fired a royal salute. The royal entry into Auckland was one of the prettiest sights of this tour, which has been so rich in picturesque spectacles. The sunlit shores made a noble frame to the scene. The 'Ophir,' 'Juno,' and 'St. George' steamed slowly past the long line formed by the six ships of the Australian squadron—the 'Royal Arthur,' 'Pylades,' 'Sparrow,' 'Archer,' 'Torch,' and 'Penguin'—and at a very short distance from them. Each of these ships was dressed rainbow fashion and manned, the blue-jackets and scarlet-coated marines lining the

sides, while such of the ships as possessed yards had these manned also; and as the 'Ophir' passed each ship its crew cheered with the stirring rhythmic cheering that one only hears from the company of a ship of war. The interest that was taken in the royal visit by the loyal New Zealanders was evinced by the number of excursion steamers—every little steamer in the harbour had apparently been also converted into a passenger boat for the day—which came out to meet the 'Ophir,' their decks packed with crowds of enthusiastic people. It was the first sign of that heartiest of greetings which the colony, that is behind none in the Empire in its loyalty, was about to give to the son of the King and to his Consort. Numbers of smart little sailing yachts also hovered round us, running and reaching and tacking at great speed, for the wind was strong, the boats quite up to date in their lines; and the men who sailed them handled them admirably, for nearly every man and boy in Auckland knows how to sail a boat, as, indeed, he should do, dwelling as he does on the shores of one of the most splendid yachting grounds that the world can show. The roaring of guns, cheering, and music heralded the approach of the 'Ophir' to the citizens of Auckland, who crowded every quay to see her and her escort enter the harbour.

I took the earliest opportunity of getting on shore. Though the landing of the Duke and Duchess was not to take place for three hours, I

found that all the wharves that were open to the public and all the streets along which the royal procession was to pass were crowded with spectators. As I looked at the people it struck me that the crowd was in some way different from the crowds I had seen in the great Australian capitals. At first I was unable to define the difference, though conscious of its existence. But at last I realised that it lay in the fact that the majority of the folk who filled the streets of Auckland that day were of what I may term a more countrified appearance. Auckland is but a small city, a homely and modest place, like one of our old towns in an agricultural district at home, and free from the feverish bustle of a metropolis like Melbourne. Moreover, a large proportion of the people who thronged the streets were not citizens of Auckland, but people from the country who had come here in their tens of thousands from all parts of the island—by train, by steamer, by coach—some having ridden for days over difficult roads that are quagmires at this season of the year. In an Australian colony upwards of a third of the population is concentrated in the capital, an undesirable state of things which does not exist in New Zealand. In this rich land the people do not flock into the cities as they do in New South Wales. The islands are scattered with pleasant homesteads, where a sturdy race live, as the yeomanry in England did of old. The laws regarding the tenure of land

in New Zealand—revolutionised as they have been by that remarkable man Mr. Seddon, the present Premier, who has developed the policy initiated by Sir George Grey and carried on by Mr. Vallance—have encouraged the occupation of the country by the farmer class; and, happily for the colony, there is no paralysing centralisation, no concentration of population in one big city. There is no one big city here, but there are many towns of moderate size, some in the interior, centres of agricultural industry; a healthier condition of things than that which at present prevails in some of the Australian colonies.

The 'Ophir' was moored along the wharf at the foot of Queen Street, the principal thoroughfare of the city, so that their Royal Highnesses had but to step on shore to find themselves surrounded by the loyal people who had gathered to greet them. In the numerous stands in Queen Street every seat was occupied, despite the heavy charges that were made. Every point of vantage, at window or balcony or on housetop, also had its group of spectators, while in the street itself a dense but orderly crowd filled all the space between the houses and the lines of New Zealand soldiery that guarded the route. The blue-jackets from the colonial men-of-war formed the guard of honour, and the Auckland Mounted Rifles the royal escort. As one looked at these fine troops one recalled that of all our

colonies there was perhaps none in which patriotic enthusiasm and a keen desire to fight for the old country were so signally displayed at the outbreak of the South African war as in New Zealand. Practically the whole manhood of the islands was eager to take up arms and go to the front. Men left their wives and families and abandoned their businesses to volunteer for service in South Africa. Many a young man sold all he had, bought a horse, and offered to fully equip himself and take passage to South Africa at his own expense. For every man who was chosen for service in the war twenty as good as he were rejected. Had we wished it a formidable force indeed might have been quickly raised in New Zealand. The Maoris, too, the bravest and most chivalrous of fighting peoples, flocked into the towns to volunteer, a thousand picked men offering their services as soon as it was known that Great Britain was about to engage in a serious war, and bitterly disappointed they were when our reluctance to employ coloured men against a white foe prevented us from accepting their offer. At that time New Zealand set an example of loyalty and patriotism which it will be to the shame of Englishmen if they do not always remember.

Of such stuff being the manhood of this country, it was not surprising that the progress of their Royal Highnesses from the landing-stage, through the main streets, to Government House, aroused in the

collected multitudes of men, women, and children an enthusiasm in which the feelings of the colony towards the Sovereign and the mother country were most unmistakably confessed. It was a magnificent reception, and the cheering had a sincerity in it that must have gone to the heart of every one who listened to it. Like Australia, New Zealand is proud of its system of State education, and here, too, as we saw them in several Australian towns, the school-children were paraded to sing the National Anthem as their Royal Highnesses drove by. The two thousand five hundred children were dressed in red, white, and blue, and were so arranged as to represent a gigantic Union Jack, the staff being formed by a number of children dressed in white. It was a somewhat tremulous Union Jack in consequence of the tremendous enthusiasm of the little folks who composed it. Their delighted excitement when the Duke and Duchess came in sight was a pretty thing to see. We had not yet been twelve hours in New Zealand, but in the course of such a tour as this impressions crowd on one's mind in a somewhat bewildering fashion. The first impression, and the strongest, after a very brief stay on shore here, was that this is one of those countries with which one falls in love at first sight.

June 12, the day following the landing of their Royal Highnesses, was crowded with ceremonies of various sorts, with one of which only will I deal

here ; for that was of Imperial importance, and was one of the many suggestive object-lessons afforded by the colonies to the mother country in the course of this tour. This was the review of the New Zealand troops, and the presentation of war medals to the New Zealand soldiers who had returned from the South African war. Upwards of four thousand men were present—Mounted Rifles, khaki-clad Infantry, Artillery, Engineers, and the Auckland Naval Brigade; while the British marines and blue-jackets from the ships of war marched by the side of their colonial comrades. In addition to these the newly formed Public Schools Cadet Corps, which owes its origin to the patriotic spirit excited by the South African war, took part in the review. Smart and of wonderful physique looked both men and boys, and of as soldierly bearing as any were the sturdy Maoris of the native corps. One had but to look at these stalwart well-trained Maoris—who, I am told, full of military zeal, acquire their drill more rapidly than the Europeans—to understand how it was that we found them such formidable foes. It was a most interesting review, and it had a deep significance, for these are no toy soldiers.

As I have already said, practically the entire young manhood of New Zealand was eager to fight the Empire's battles in South Africa. One of the ministers publicly stated that all the young men

could with safety be sent beyond the seas if Great Britain needed their services in time of peril, as the Maoris could be depended on, in their absence, to defend the island and the wives and children of the colonists against any possible foe—a saying that was carried throughout all the native districts, and was discussed with pride and satisfaction by the Maoris, who had been so bitterly disappointed because a sentiment, which they cannot understand, prevented our acceptance of their services in the war. It is probable that in no portion of the British Empire is the martial spirit so strong as in New Zealand. The reason is not far to seek. The bulk of the population are hereditary fighting men. In no colony is there so large a proportion of our old retired soldiers. Many who fought here during the long Maori wars settled in this fair land when their service was completed. Moreover, all the colonials who have attained middle age passed their early years amid perpetual danger. The Maori wars and the unceasing menace of the raids of these formidable warriors made the New Zealand settler of necessity a fighting man. The spirit is still in the blood, tradition keeps it up, and the young New Zealander is a born soldier. In these colonies of the antipodes all one's old ideas are upset. Here in New Zealand, for example, we have the most democratic of all civilised communities. What to us in Great Britain would seem

the wildest socialistic doctrines are carried into practice; and yet one finds in New Zealand above all countries a strong Imperialist sentiment, a universal and warm patriotism and loyalty to the Throne. There is no foolish talk here of the dangers of militarism, the abolition of war, and the brotherhood of nations. There are no pro-Boers; the socialists of this colony have little in common with those of Battersea Park, who would fare badly did they ventilate their theories in this country.

After the review the Government entertained at a banquet the veteran soldiers settled in the colony and the young troops who had returned from South Africa and had just received their war medals. The Duke made a most stirring speech on this occasion. In the course of it, while proposing the toast of these veterans, and of the troopers who had returned from South Africa, he used the following words, which aroused an indescribable enthusiasm: 'I am proud to think that I meet here to-day not only your fine old soldiers, who, after serving your Queen in various campaigns, chose your homes in New Zealand, but also your sons, who, inheriting the gallant spirit of their fathers, and keen to emulate their deeds, have, when their turn came, cheerfully given their services in defence of the old flag, . . . and if in the future, whenever and wherever the mother hand is stretched across the sea, it can reckon on a grasp such as New Zealand has given in the present, well, I think you

will all agree with me that the dear Old Country can look ahead with confidence.' The zeal with which the soldiers, old and young, sprang to their feet and cheered the Duke when he first entered the room was a grand thing to see. There were upwards of four hundred men present, all living in the part of the North Island in which we were. The veterans represented many British regiments, and the medals on their breasts showed that they had fought in nearly every one of our wars of the last fifty years. There were several Crimean and Indian Mutiny medals, but the New Zealand war medals were the most numerous. One of these old soldiers, named Royley Hill, was decorated with no less than eight medals, but he still yearns for war. Twice he volunteered for service in South Africa, but was not among the chosen ones. He therefore shrewdly took advantage of this favourable occasion to extract from Mr. Seddon, the paternal Premier of New Zealand, a promise that he should be allowed to join the next (the eighth) contingent of New Zealand troops if it were despatched to South Africa. There were also present several men of the 18th Royal Irish Regiment who had formed part of the guard of honour at Osborne on the day of the King's wedding. I understand that these veterans have prospered in the colony, and it would be to the advantage of the Empire to encourage the emigration to New Zealand of the better sort of our time-expired soldiers. They would

be welcomed, for the colony needs more of such men, and they ought to do well here.

During our stay I had the pleasure of making the acquaintance of all the members of the New Zealand Ministry, and had frequent opportunities of conversing with them—the very able man who is Premier, the Right Hon. R. J. Seddon; the Hon. J. G. Ward, one of the most clever and most justly popular men in the country, now Postmaster-General and Minister of Railways; the Hon. James Carroll, the Native Minister, himself a Maori and a man of great ability; and the other men who at present compose the Government of this flourishing colony. These are the men who have been chosen by the most democratic people under the British flag to represent them, in a land where the franchise is universal, every man and woman of age having a vote, and where the Maoris also from their own territories send their delegates to Parliament. The party that is now in power here is, moreover, what we should term in Great Britain an extreme Radical party; the Conservatives, who represent capital and the large landed interests, being in opposition. But these men who in New Zealand lead the democracy are not like the demagogues of the old world, like our Labour-party candidates, for example, but are men of good position, of the highest ability, of broad views, striving for the good of the commonwealth, men who in Great Britain would probably

have attained the highest rank in political life ; not faddists or adventurers, but men to whom one felt it was no dangerous thing to entrust the control of the affairs of a great colony, and always Imperialist to a man when it comes to a question of the Empire's larger interests. It must be remembered that the socialistic policy of Mr. Seddon and his colleagues is not like that of the democratic Australian Governments. In New South Wales, as I pointed out, the Government panders to the mob. Its policy tends to concentrate the population in the great cities, with manifold evil results. Apparently the ideal of the democratic leaders in that State is that the working man should, at the expense of the country's interests, do a minimum of work for a maximum of pay, within easy reach of the city dissipations. But in New Zealand the democratic Government pursues a very different policy. It opposes centralisation, and its aim is to prevent the concentration of people in the towns. By sweeping alterations in the laws affecting the tenure of land it encourages the occupation of the back country by a class of peasant proprietors or yeomanry—a policy to which just objections can be raised, inasmuch as there is a somewhat arbitrary dealing with established rights, but which in all probability tends to further the true interests of the colony.

CHAPTER XIII

THE NEW ZEALAND WONDERLAND—ROTORUA—THE HOT BATHS—
 MAORI WELCOME—GEYSERS AND MUD-VOLCANOES—THE GREAT
 MAORI 'HAKA'—THE DANCE OF PEACE—THE WAR DANCE

THE Government had arranged for the royal party a visit to the famous New Zealand Wonderland, and in the morning of June 13 the special train that was to convey their Royal Highnesses, their suite, the Governor, the Ministers, the naval officers from the 'Ophir,' 'Juno,' and 'St. George,' the correspondents attached to the royal escort, and others, to Rotorua, left the station at Auckland amid the cheering of the people. This is a nine hours' journey by ordinary express train, but on this occasion the distance was covered in seven hours, a record journey, I believe. Having traversed the cheerful suburbs of the town, we passed through a pretty undulating, cleared, and cultivated country where farms and pleasant-looking homesteads were frequent, the fields being enclosed by low walls made of volcanic stones that had been thrown up by the great eruption of Mount Tarawera in 1886. Clumps of pine crowned the green hills, and between the belts of cultivation stretched an

untilled moorland where our English golden-blossoming furze grew in profusion. This furze, like the sweetbriers that cover vast tracts in New Zealand, is not indigenous, but was imported from England, and has spread until, like the imported rabbits in Australia, it has become a nuisance to the farmer. In the clearings, too, that we passed, which had been conquered by man's labour from the primeval bush, the green pasture that nourished the flocks had also been raised from British grass seed, for of useful grass there is little in New Zealand, the surface of the ground being generally covered with a close-growing carpet of fern, which smothers all other growth, and which itself must be destroyed before the grass can be sown.

We travelled over rolling leagues of these fern wildernesses, dark-hued dreary wastes that under the leaden sky from which the rain was steadily pouring reminded one much of our own moorland country in rainy autumnal weather. Here and there the monotony of the fern fields was broken by patches of ti-tree bush—the stout scrub of which the Maoris used to construct their stockades in the war. For a while the line followed the banks of the Waikato, the largest river in New Zealand, which flows through magnificent scenery between lofty forest-clad hills. At each station that we passed the people had collected to welcome the Duke and Duchess, the British with loud cheering,

and the Maori men and women with their national songs and dances. The country got wilder and cultivation was scarcer as we advanced. We entered a region of steep hills and deep and picturesque ravines, all clothed with a dense subtropical forest, very beautiful with its profligate luxuriance of lush vegetation, which presented every shade of green, from a very dark bluish green to brightest emerald. Here the Kauri pine, the cypress, and forest giants of various species towered to a great height, while close packed between their trunks was an impenetrable jungle, a rank undergrowth of flowering bushes, tree ferns, and various lianes that wound round trees and bush, binding them all together. Wherever the forest was cloven by open glades the ferns in infinite variety closely covered the ground, interlocking their myriad fronds. The rain fell steadily as the train rushed through these green avenues, and the dripping foliage looked all the richer and lovelier for it.

At last we neared our journey's end, for on our left we saw a great lake backed by distant mountains, its waters breaking in white-capped waves beneath the strong wind. This was the beautiful many-islanded Lake Rotorua, whose waters are of a sad dark green even on days of bright sunshine. Between us and the lake stretched a waste of ferns, from which here and there we perceived columns of what appeared to be white smoke rising. This was,

however, the imprisoned steam bursting through holes and fissures in the thin and treacherous earth-crust that in this weird volcanic region roars the inferno raging beneath. A heavy sulphurous smell, too, in the air warned us that not far beneath this verdant carpet were earth's internal fires and awful agencies of Titanic destruction. As the train steamed, at about five o'clock, into the station at Rotorua, it was still raining heavily, but no rain could damp the ardour of the people, white and native, who crowded here to welcome the Duke and Duchess. Two thousand Maoris of various tribes had collected at the station, the women wearing the national mats of bright-dyed rustling flax strings over their short frocks, and sprigs of lycopodium in their raven hair, and carrying green branches in their hands; the men too wearing mats over their European clothing, and bearing battle-axes, spears, clubs, and *merés* (tomahawks of greenstone and whalebone), many of the warriors having their faces tattooed. These were representatives of many tribes who had travelled great distances from remote regions in the Maori territory to join the great native camp that was formed at Rotorua on this occasion. In the front of each contingent stood a man bearing the tribal flag. As soon as the train had come to a stop these two thousand natives leaped to their feet and, waving weapons and leafy branches, raised a loud barbaric but harmonious and pleasing chant,

the 'Powhiri,' or Maori song of welcome. Some of the leading chiefs were presented to the Duke, and then their Royal Highnesses, escorted by mounted Maori riflemen, drove to the Grand Hotel, which had been reserved for themselves and the suite. The excited Maoris followed the royal carriage to the steps of the hotel, where they insisted on singing another song of welcome, and here, too, Mr. Carroll read to the Duke and Duchess the beautifully worded address of the Maoris of the North Island. To this the Duke replied at length, Mr. Carroll translating each sentence, as it was uttered, into the Maori language, and the assembled natives by their excited ejaculations and frequent vociferous applause manifested their appreciation of the sympathetic words that were uttered to them by the son of their King, whom they had come so far to see.

So here we were at last in this famous sanatorium in the New Zealand Wonderland, of all the health resorts in the world in some respects, I imagine, the most attractive. A little township has here sprung up that owes its existence to and lives by the invalids and tourists that frequent this place, chiefly in the summer season. Now that communication has been made so easy and rapid it is likely that greater numbers will flock to Rotorua from all parts of the earth to benefit by its curative waters. In this pretty place, on the shores of one of the fairest of lakes, everything combines to make life agreeable—

a perfect climate, pleasant excursions to be made by land and water, and the many marvels of this actively volcanic region within easy reach. The little township is prettily laid out. There are some good hotels and boarding-houses, in which visitors are made comfortable at moderate charges. The 'tamed geysers,' as they have been quite correctly termed, the mineral springs that here bubble out of the ground at various temperatures up to boiling point, fill the well-appointed baths; and nearly all diseases that are amenable to such treatment find thermal fountains containing the necessary curative chemicals in solution, whether they be saline, sulphurous, alkaline, acidic, or silicious. Not a twentieth of the thermal springs have yet been fully analysed, and they vary greatly in their chemical character. In this socialistic colony the Government undertakes most of the work that at home is conducted by public companies or private enterprise, and it must be allowed that it does its work well. Here, for example, there are a Government sanatorium and an excellently appointed hospital connected with the baths, all the buildings being situated in the midst of a beautiful subtropical garden. The charge for board, lodging, and attendance is only one guinea a week; but, of course, this institution is not intended for the use of those who can afford to stay in the hotels and lodging-houses. According to the Government medical report this thermal district covers

nearly a thousand square miles at between a thousand and two thousand feet above the sea level. High ranges of igneous formation, generally clothed in magnificent forests, border the great pumice plains, where geysers, hot lakes, and pools of boiling water abound.

On the night of our arrival most of us, though we were far from being invalids, bathed in the hot baths. First we tried the Rachel Bath, the water in which is at about as high a temperature as one can well bear. It smells of sulphuretted hydrogen, as indeed does this whole neighbourhood. The water is silicious, and contains free sulphuric acid. It certainly does possess one quality claimed for it—that of communicating a deliciously soft satiny feeling to the skin. Then we tried the Blue Swimming Bath, whereon one floats luxuriously—for it is difficult to sink in the buoyant water—in a temperature of 98°; while at the same time one is ridding oneself of rheumatism if one happens to be suffering from that complaint. This was our favourite bath, in which during our stay we had an early morning swim at seven and another at midnight when the day's labour and sight-seeing were done. There is a large variety of baths here from which to choose. There is an oil bath, for example, supplied from a furiously boiling crater, and there is even a bath in which one may become intoxicated—the laughing-gas bath, the fumes arising from which produce insensibility

if inhaled long enough. We had not been long in Rotorua before we noticed that all the silver in our pockets had been blackened by the sulphurous fumes that here pervade the air, while the boots of those who wandered incautiously through the Geyser Valley suffered considerably, the ground underfoot being often so hot as to burn the leather. We passed two days in this wonderful district. It rained before we got here and it rained again in a determined fashion so soon as we re-embarked at Auckland ; but for those two delightful days of weird experiences, we enjoyed royal weather. The wind shifted from the rainy quarter, a bright sunshine flooded the strange volcanic scenery, the breeze, that blew from the wintry Antarctic, was deliciously cool, and there was a slight frost each night. The air was ever keen and pure (save for the sulphurous fumes) and wonderfully exhilarating. The bracing climate of this volcanic region induces a feeling of well-being, which we all experienced, and I can quite believe no finer sanatorium than Rotorua is to be found on the face of the earth.

I believe that, in all our memories, what we saw at Rotorua will remain the most striking and impressive feature of this interesting tour. For their Royal Highnesses it must have been a delightful experience, and all the more so, perhaps, because this was an occasion on which formalities were thrown aside. It was, throughout, a happy picnic, in

which the Duke and Duchess walked about freely, unescorted and unguarded—as the royalties of less fortunate realms cannot do—among the loyal colonists and amid the equally loyal thousands of Maori warriors who had collected here to do honour to the son of their Sovereign. Distant though it was from centres of population, great numbers of the colonists had flocked into the little township to see the Duke and Duchess. All the hotels were crowded. Even the billiard-rooms were full of sleepers at night; and many, being unable to find accommodation elsewhere, had to take up their lodging in the railway carriages or bivouac on the station platform.

June 14 was a busy day for their Royal Highnesses, function and excursion succeeding each other from an early hour in the morning till late in the evening. First, the Duchess opened the large new bath in the Government Sanatorium, called in her honour the Duchess Bath. Next came a drive to the neighbouring village of Ohinemutu, where the Maoris of the Mao Arawa tribe who inhabit it gave an old-time Maori welcome to the royal visitors. Forming three sides of a square the natives gave the dance and chant of welcome, and then the chief, Pipiri Mataiwha, standing in front of the statue of Queen Victoria, which is in the centre of the village, presented to their Royal Highnesses the gifts of his tribe, beautiful and valuable mats and greenstone

'meres.' As he laid the gifts on the ground the old man said :

' We are spreading these Maori garments before you and before the statue of the Queen who is dead. This is in accordance with the Maori custom of laying offerings in memory of those who are departed as a token of our love. Therefore we beg your Royal Highnesses not to disregard these slight presents, unworthy though they be, but to take them with you. That is all. These are from the Arawas.'

Then the men and women sang a song of mourning for the Great White Queen whom they had loved for so many years. The following is a translation of some of the words of the moving lament :

Seek near and far,
Where is our Queen ?
She has gone, alas, to Pairau, to the resting-place,
To the gathering place of all earthly treasures,
The greatest of England lies low.

It would be difficult to convey to people at home how deeply revered and loved was Queen Victoria by these Maori people, and how they grieved at her death. At every ceremony in which they took part the Maoris sang the chant of lamentation for the Great White Queen, often in the most beautiful and touching language ; for these wonderful Maoris in their poetry cover the whole gamut of feeling. Their chants of love and war and mourning are marvellous in their expression. Cannibals they

were of old, yet this is the most sympathetic and lovable of races ; and wherever we went we heard their pathetic songs of mourning for Victoria, the distant, the never seen by them, but of whom from their childhood they heard so much and whom they had loved.

On leaving this village the royal party drove to Whakarewarewa, the famous valley of the geysers and the boiling springs which have so often been described. As we entered the valley I observed a police notice painted on a board warning the public that any one who was found soaping a geyser would be prosecuted and heavily fined, a mysterious announcement to a stranger, though the necessity for it we soon recognised. A geyser is a capricious thing. One cannot tell how long it will slumber or when it will awake into dangerous activity ; but it has been discovered that a bar of ordinary soap thrown into a geyser funnel will within a few minutes rouse it into its action. The promiscuous soaping of geysers might imperil the safety of the neighbouring Maori village, and is consequently forbidden save on certain occasions. In this rugged and weird valley, where the soil is coated with white siliceous, yellow sulphurous, and other chemical deposits, one looks through innumerable cracks in the earth's crust into subterranean lakes of furiously boiling water ; streams of boiling water wind among the hot sulphur-coated crags ; and in every direction columns of white steam are seen

ascending from the earth, while the strong odour of sulphur permeates the air. The royal party was led by the famous guide Sophia, now an elderly woman, who witnessed the great volcanic eruption of 1886 which destroyed the world-famed White and Pink Terraces, rent a mountain range in twain, blew up and scattered over the country a large lake, one of the fairest in the island, and poured a rain of boiling mud and ash over a great expanse of country. Sophia had a very narrow escape on that occasion. But she still lives to guide visitors over the dangerous, ever-changing, and disturbed volcanic district. For the benefit of the Duke and Duchess a bar of soap was dropped into the steaming gulf of the Wairoa geyser, and we all stood round it, but at a respectful distance, to await the result. First we heard a moaning under our feet, the hollow ground shook, then the tumbling, boiling water began to overflow from the brim of the geyser funnel and rushed in steaming sulphur-scented streams over the ground. The geyser became more and more troubled, the water sprang high with intermittent gasps from the hissing throat, and at last a huge column of boiling water, mud, and steam, carrying with it fragments of rock, rushed with a mighty roar quite a hundred feet into the air.

All the chief sights of the place were visited—the boiling pools of wonderfully transparent waters, blue as the heavens as one gazes into their mysterious



Photo: Muir & Moolie, Dunedin.]

THE WAIROA GEYSER IN ACTION.

depths ; the holes of boiling mud ; the Brain Pot, wherein the great chief Manawa boiled his conquered foes for his tribe's cannibal banquets, at which the brains and eyes were reserved for his own share. Close by the Maori huts we saw the potatoes cooking for dinner in saucepans which were standing in the boiling pools ; for the inhabitants of this place need no fuel, having the volcanic fire so close beneath. In the afternoon two small steamers took the whole party for about three miles across the tumbling waters of the lake to the opposite shore, where carriages were waiting to carry us over quagmire roads to the steaming valley of Tikitere. We reached this place as the sun was setting, and were able to explore its wonders before dark. Here the luxuriant bush encircles a dismal barren hollow of brimstone and ghastly grey volcanic crags. From hundreds of crevices the foul-smelling steam arises. One looks into profound abysses, and indistinctly through the heavy vapours sees the violently boiling and hissing waters tumbling and writhing as if in torture. Strange moaning sounds are heard rising from the unknown depths. The mud volcanoes and pools of boiling mud form the principal feature of the place. The mud is of an ugly slate colour. In some of the pools it is quite fluid ; in others it is of the consistency of tar ; while in one hideous boiling cauldron, such as Dante might have imagined for his Inferno, the mud was so thick that the fires beneath

could only make it heave sluggishly. Huge mud bubbles were slowly formed by the rising steam on the surface of the pool, and then burst to form concentric rings or waves that, so viscous was the foul stuff, only very slowly subsided. And these mud rings from the different bursting bubbles crossed and broke into one another, forming strange snake-like figures that crept and sank with a slow deliberation as if moved by some unseen volition. It was an uncanny and an ugly pool, at which one gazed almost with horror. It was altogether a ghastly valley, in which one had to pick one's steps with care, for the crust is thin in places. One of our party broke through, sinking up to his knee before he could extricate himself. Fortunately the mud was not very hot at that spot, else he might have lost his limb, as others have done before in this valley, in which one walks along narrow ridges of comparatively solid earth between foul smoking pools and rivers, and treacherous trembling ground, where the thin sulphurous earth that covers the witches' cauldrons below will not bear the weight of a man.

On the following day, June 15, we were spectators of a ceremony altogether unique—a Maori welcome and war dance on a scale far larger and more elaborate than has ever been seen before. Four thousand five hundred Maori braves had been collected in camp at Rotorua to welcome the Duke. With the exception of a few who had come from the South



THE MAORI WAR-DANCE.
(From a drawing by Alfred Pearce.)

Island, where the Maoris are all but extinct, they were men of the North Island, representatives of eighteen of the principal tribes, of which some had fought for us, and others had stubbornly fought against us in the wars—tribes between which blood feuds had existed from generation to generation, and which until now had never met in amity. It was by some considered not improbable that there would be trouble between the rival tribes thus brought together, more especially after they had worked themselves up to a state of frenzy with their war dance. From all parts of the island, after long and weary marches by mountain paths and, at this season, difficult swampy tracts, these Maoris had gathered to welcome the grandson of the Great White Queen who had gone. No other object than this could have induced the tribes to meet thus at Rotorua. They had come in their loyalty with rich gifts in their hands, to display the traditional ceremonies of their warrior race as they never have been performed before and never will be again. We saw on that day the last great meeting of the Maori people, and no one can ever see the like again.

It is a revelation to one to mix with these wonderful people. The Maoris may have been cannibals, but they were never savages. Of high intelligence, of amiable disposition, and of beautiful manners, they are among the most delightful people one can find on the earth's surface. These

proud and brave men are in this island fully accepted by the white men as their equals, and this is the only country I know of where a native race is thus regarded. But this is a right exception to a just rule, as the stranger who visits New Zealand soon discovers. A Maori whose father may have been a cannibal warrior becomes a distinguished barrister, an eminent statesman, a great physician; and his civilisation is not skin deep, for the germs of it were ever in the race, and a Maori was always a gentleman, even when he picked the bones of his slain foe.

The Maori race is well represented in the New Zealand Parliament, and one distinguished native, Mr. Carroll, whose statesmanly qualities are acknowledged by all, is the native Minister in the New Zealand Government. The Maoris are rightly very proud of Mr. Carroll, who, by the way, was elected member of Parliament, not by his own race, but by a purely white constituency. Marriages between Englishmen of birth and fortune and well-bred Maori girls are not infrequent here. One of the principal chieftainesses in the island, Oirini Tonore, is the wife of Mr. Donnelly, one of the greatest breeders of horses and sheep in the North Island. Mrs. Donnelly's tribe, whose territory is on Hawkes Bay, took a prominent part in the day's ceremony, and the chieftainess, who was sitting by the Duchess, was able to explain to her Royal Highness the signification of much of the performance.

It is a good feature in the character of the Maori that, unlike the men of some native races, he does not, when he becomes civilised and adopts European clothing, depise the noble barbarism from which he sprang. The cultivated Maori ever loves his tribe, is proud of it, and keeps in touch with it. There were professional men who, discarding for the nonce the silk hat and frock coat of civilisation, took part in the fierce war dance of their particular tribes on this occasion. A Maori is rightly not ashamed of his fighting ancestors, and it is no wonder that he is so much respected by the white men of the island. Our troops have never met an enemy braver or more chivalrous in war than these. They so dearly loved a fair fight that, on one occasion at least, when our men ran short of ammunition, in a stubbornly fought action, and ceased firing, the Maori chieftain sent them a quantity of cartridges under a flag of truce to enable them to continue the battle; and another chief, on being asked why he had not cut off the supplies of one of our columns, as he could easily have done, laughed at the foolish man who put the question. 'How could the British go on fighting us,' he exclaimed in wonder, 'if we prevent them from getting food?' The British and the Maoris fought long and well together amid these beautiful New Zealand hills, and now that they are living at peace together each race is proud of the other.

This, the greatest of Maori 'hakas,' took place

on the Rotorua race-course. It opened at half-past nine in the morning, and was carried on without intermission for three hours. The warriors and the women who were to take part in the ceremony took up their position on the course at an early hour, and punctually at the appointed time their Royal Highnesses drove up and entered the grand stand. There came a loud shout of gratification from the Maori ranks when the braves observed that the Duchess was wearing the beautiful *kiwi* mat (a mantle of *huia* feathers that were spun into a cloth of soft native flax) which had been presented to her on the previous day by the Maoris of Ohinemutu, and that the Duke too was wearing his gift mantle of feathers, and had in his hat the *huia* feather that had been given to him by the ancient chief. His Royal Highness also carried in his hand the carved greenstone *mere*—the chieftain's weapon—that had been presented to him by the natives. The grand stand commanded a magnificent landscape that formed an admirable background to the wonderful spectacle of which we were the deeply impressed observers. In front of us, beyond the grassy race-course, was a fern-covered plain stretching to the broad lake of sad green water which in the rays of the rising sun shimmered as with a myriad shaking javelins of burnished steel. Beyond the capes and bays and wooded islands, an undulating bushland on the opposite shore gradually sloped up to a range of

forest-clad mountains, some of whose lofty dome-shaped summits were probably extinct volcanoes.

All over the fern waste that lay between us and the lake columns of white vapour were rising from the innumerable chasms that opened into the mysterious boiling lakes beneath. And on the straight of the race-course, facing the grand stand, were drawn up about two thousand of the braves who were to open the ceremony. They were formed in three solid squares, according to their tribes, at about a hundred yards' distance from us. It was an imposing sight indeed to us who remembered what terrible fighting men these Maoris had shown themselves of old, and were quite prepared to prove themselves again should the opportunity offer itself. Silent, and in as perfect order as if they had been the most highly disciplined European troops, they stood awaiting the commands of their chiefs, giant warriors almost to a man, and of splendid physique. The bulk of them were in the national war dress—that is, nude save for the *piu-piu*, the kiltlike mat of flax strings dyed in bright colours with native pigments, that each man wore about his loins. Many had feathers in their hair, and some had their faces and bodies tattooed in the elaborate Maori fashion. They were armed with war clubs and spears, and certainly looked as formidable and ferocious a barbaric fighting force as one could find in any region of the globe.

In front of the massed squares of braves, and immediately facing the Duke and Duchess, there sat on the ground, enveloped in a great feather cloak, the aged chieftain Pokiha Taranue, who at the head of his tribe had ever fought loyally for us throughout the Maori wars. Feeble and bent with years, the old man with his long snowy beard and eagle eye still looked every inch the leader of a warrior people. Across his knees lay the cherished sword of honour which had been given to him by Queen Victoria in recognition of his services. By his side and tending him stood two handsome young braves of the tribe and a good-looking girl with long black flowing hair, who, I believe, were his children. In front of him was a large beautifully carved model of a canoe which he was to present to the Duke, an exact representation of the canoe in which his tribe, the Arawa (of whom some hundreds were present), had, according to tradition, first landed from far beyond the seas on the New Zealand shores. To the left of the braves were massed the women and girls who were to take part in the ceremony. They were arranged in different groups according to their tribes, each group having its characteristic dress or colour—short skirts of white or pink or scarlet—some wearing over their skirts the parti-coloured flaxen mats and others mats of feathers, the whole forming a very harmonious picture. No description could convey anything like an adequate idea of the savage

grandeur and the savage grace of the wonderful performance at which we now gazed almost spell-bound for the space of three hours. First the three massed squares of braves charged in turn with brandishing spears and loud wild chorus, all in wonderful unison, until they were within twenty yards of the grand stand, when the excited warriors stopped short as one man, and threw themselves prone on the ground. It was a charge that, were it being made in grim earnest, might well have dismayed the steadiest troops. Then came chants and dances of welcome; in every action, movement, and cry, the men always keeping the same perfect time. As one man they brandished or thrust their spears; or, holding them horizontally so that they formed one continuous line extending down the ranks, raised them above their heads or lowered them to the ground, as if they were doing physical drill with one long straight rigid bar of iron. As one man, too, they suddenly and with a magnificent gesture stretched out their arms towards the Duke and Duchess as with one voice they chanted with passionate expression the words of loyalty and affection and readiness to fight to the death for Great Britain and her kingdom. It was a wonderful combination of fierce barbaric excitement and perfect drill, such as those of us who had travelled in many wild regions of the earth and among warrior races had never witnessed before.

Then the women came forward to dance the *haka* or dance of peace, with a wonderful go and energy, and in perfect rhythm. They, too, sang, as with one voice, the welcome to the Duke and Duchess. Then they danced the complicated but graceful *poi* dance, which is also a dance of peace, accompanied by appropriate chantings and gestures, but having a significance of its own. It is the dance of the maidens when different tribes hold an amicable meeting, and in it the girls attempt to attract the finest young braves of other tribes that these may take them in marriage. The girls danced and chanted with the same extraordinary precision of time as had the men, sometimes in fours, sometimes in line, the directing matrons standing near to call out the successive figures. And as they danced they ever waved the *poi* balls (balls of reed fibre attached to strings of twisted flax), which, manipulated in unison by the swaying girls, produced a pretty effect as they were twirled now in circles, now in figures of eight, and with various complicated rhythmic movements, which it must have taken much practice to acquire. I cannot enter into the manifold details of this long ceremony, and can only touch on its leading features. The tribes, through their different chiefs, presented to the Duke a number of beautifully embroidered Maori mats, greenstone weapons, and other treasured tribal heirlooms, which were piled up before their Royal Highnesses—a unique and very precious collection of New Zealand curio-

sities, for the people have forgotten the art of making some of these things. Then, having made these loyal and truly magnificent gifts, the tribesmen, leaning on the ground and looking for the last time at these tribal heirlooms, chanted the characteristic wailing lament on their separation from the treasures of their ancestors; and the burden of their lament was that they were sore at heart to part with these relics that were so dear to them, but that they gave them freely to the grandson of the Great White Queen and to his consort because of the affection they bore to them. The old chief Pokiha Taranue presented the model canoe, and standing up made a fine and stirring speech, which was translated to their Royal Highnesses. It was a pretty incident in the performance when all the girls who had been engaged in the *poi* dance defiled by, repeatedly bowing as they went, each as she passed close to the Duchess throwing the *poi* balls as a gift at her feet. All that the Maoris did that day was done with a heartiness and an earnestness that went to one's heart, and it was curious to see the chieftainesses in European dress as they sat with the royal party in the grand stand proudly giving their orders to their tribesmen, and Mr. Carroll himself, with native mat over his frock coat, walking along the ranks of the half-nude braves and directing their manœuvres.

But how can one describe the leading feature of that day's wonderful ceremony, the terrible war

dance in which each tribe in succession took part ! Stirring with its passionate song and action as had been the ceremonial of the Maori welcome, and moving as had been the pathetic dirges, it was the war dance that thrilled the European spectators most. I suppose that most of us have a good deal of the barbarian lying beneath our veneer of civilisation, and that dance tended to arouse it. The spirit of the Maori warriors was infectious, and made the blood tingle. We witnessed various phases of the war dance. Thus at one time the chief of a supposed hostile tribe had thrown the spear of challenge, on which the warriors leapt and shouted in chorus the fierce words with which they taunt the foe and accept his challenge ; while the women standing by encouraged with their song the young braves, the daughter of Pokiha Taranue brandishing her father's sword of honour in front of her excited tribesmen. But the particular phase of the war dance that was indeed terrific to behold was the short and frenzied one which precedes the battle, and with which the Maoris used to work themselves up to such a pitch of martial ardour, just before they delivered their furious charge, that no peril or loss could prevent them from carrying it home into the foeman's ranks. It was all done with a perfect time that accentuated the terror of the thing. It was the very incarnation of the lust for battle. In absolute abandonment to the rage that filled their souls, and yet acting in as



PRESENTATION OF MAORI CHIEFS TO THEIR ROYAL HIGHNESSES.
(Drawn by W'al Puget from material supplied by Alfred Pearce.)

wonderful unison as when they danced the dance of welcome, they chanted the fierce words of their thunderous battle chorus, brandished their spears, and as one man stamped with their feet and leapt high into the air until the earth trembled and resounded beneath them. The weird, long-drawn *ha - - a*, like a stupendous sigh of cruel relief in accomplished slaughter, with which the chant concludes, and which accompanies the charge at the foe, was blood-curdling in its intensity. I have heard the tom-toms beating and wild tribesmen raising their war songs on more than one occasion, in more than one wild country, on the eve of battle; but I have never experienced anything so impressive as this Maori dance and song of war. It was this unique coupling of perfect discipline and well-measured time with the fiercest barbaric frenzy that made it so terrible to behold and to hear.

At the close of the ceremony the Maoris shouted 'Kiaora te Tuika!' ('Long live the Duke'); and, to the astonishment of some of us, gave three British cheers with the time and vigour of a company of British blue-jackets. To their great gratification his Royal Highness presented medals, which had been struck to commemorate the visit to Australasia, to Mrs. Donnelly and forty other of the leading chiefs and chieftainesses. That night a curious and typical thing was done by the chiefs. They came to the Duke, and returned to him all the gifts that had in the

course of their history been presented to them by British Royalty—the gold cup and spoon that had many years ago been sent to one of the chiefs present by Queen Victoria when her late Majesty stood as his godmother, two swords of honour, and other treasured gifts. The returning of these to the Duke was in accordance with Maori custom. The chiefs did not mean by their action that they wished to part with these things, and the Duke, also in accordance with native custom, placed the gifts back in the hands of the chiefs and begged them to retain them. The signification of this simulated returning of presents to the donor is that he should observe what scrupulous care has been taken of them, how bright and well-preserved they are, and by this recognise in what high esteem the receivers of the gift hold him and his family.

CHAPTER XIV

'WINDY' WELLINGTON—CHRISTCHURCH—THE CANTERBURY PLAINS
—MILITARY SPIRIT—MR. SEDDON'S VIEWS ON THE WAR—
DUNEDIN—A SCOTTISH WELCOME—FAREWELL TO THE FOR-
TUNATE ISLANDS—COAST SCENERY.

WE spent but seventeen days in New Zealand: but within that short space of time we travelled over the North and South Islands, visiting Auckland, Rotorua, Wellington, Christchurch and Dunedin, at each of which places the energetic New Zealanders had prepared a very full programme for their royal visitors. It was an unceasing round of functions. Little time was left for rest, and the manifold arduous duties accomplished by the Duke during that busy period provided a decidedly severe test of endurance. On June 16 the 'Ophir' and her escort left Auckland, and sailed for Wellington, which was reached on the 18th.

There is plenty of rough, rainy, windy weather in New Zealand in the wintry season; but royal weather as a rule favoured the functions during this portion of the tour. Thus, though the clouds were low on the hill sides, and the rain was falling steadily

as we entered the land-locked mountain-surrounded harbour; when the time came for the Duke and Duchess to land the weather cleared and the procession of their Royal Highnesses through the decorated streets of the pretty red-roofed town that climbs the steep hill slopes was under a bright sunshine. True there were some showers during our three days' stay here. There were also squalls of extraordinary violence; for Wellington, situated as it is on Cook Strait, where the wind concentrating between the two mountains is funneled, tears through the gut, is one of the breeziest cities on earth, and well deserves its appellation of 'windy' Wellington. It was a curious coincidence that we landed at this city, named after the great soldier, on June 18, Waterloo Day, the anniversary of the victory against the bitterest enemy of the British Empire. Had the fortune of war gone the other way in the battle, this prosperous city of Wellington would either not have existed or have been, perhaps, some insignificant convict settlement. The Duke and Duchess, as they drove through the streets crowded with enthusiastic people, received a true New Zealand welcome. There could be no doubt about the sincerity of the ring in the hearty cheering.

Here, as in the other towns of militant New Zealand, one of the most interesting features of the celebrations was a banquet given by the Government to the troops who had returned from the war

and to the veterans—two hundred and thirty old soldiers wearing Crimean, Indian, and other medals, including one Victoria Cross. As Mr. Seddon said in his speech, when proposing the toast of the Duke and Duchess: 'Statesmen had done something towards Empire-building, but it was men such as these present who were the real builders.' It would be well, by the way, if Mr. Seddon's speeches were widely read in the United Kingdom, for they represent the true feeling of the New Zealand democracy - its fervent patriotism, loyalty, and imperialism, its determination to stand by the mother country.

In the afternoon of June 21, the shortest day of the year in these latitudes, we sailed from 'windy' Wellington for Lyttelton, the Port of Christchurch, in the South Island, which we reached in a little over twelve hours, and even before we got there the South Island gave us a foretaste of the welcome it was preparing for the Duke and Duchess; for, as we steamed down the coast all that night, rolling on the ocean swell, we saw to greet us great bonfires blazing at frequent intervals on every cape and prominent height. At eight in the morning of the 22nd we came to an anchor off Lyttelton. From here a special train carried the royal party to Christchurch, which is about six miles from its port. Their Royal Highnesses received a very cordial welcome from the crowds that filled the streets. The streets, each of which bears the name of some English

diocese, were beautifully decorated, and at night, conspicuous among the other brilliant illuminations, was the electric-lit cathedral spire, a lofty pyramid of dazzling white light that was visible far over the Canterbury plains up to the foothills of the snowy mountains, a beacon announcing to the dwellers in remote farms the arrival of the King's son in the city.

Throughout our stay in Christchurch we enjoyed splendid weather. It froze hard each night, each morning the ground was white with hoar frost ; but after the frost haze had been dispelled the sky was cloudless, and the sun's rays communicated a pleasant warmth to the keen bracing air. Christchurch, the centre of a vast and rich agricultural and pastoral district, and the headquarters of that frozen meat industry which has proved so important a source of wealth to New Zealand, is, of all the Australasian towns I have visited, the most English in character. It is inhabited by a people who are as English in their sentiments as in their appearance ; and it is surrounded by a country which has been made wholly English by the industry of the farmers. The houses of Christchurch are mostly constructed of wood, painted red and in other colours, some of them imitating the wooden houses of old-time England ; gardens of English shrubs surround them, and everywhere there is the appearance of English comfort. Very pleasant are the

dwelling of the professional men and others of the wealthier classes; while the working-man here, as everywhere else in these happy islands, does not live in crowded tenements, but possesses his own neat little house standing amid its well-cared-for garden, wherein he and his family dwell in what may well be described as luxury. There are suburbs of Christchurch which are exclusively inhabited by working-men, and it is a revelation to one to walk through these streets and note the universal signs of comfort, the snug little houses, the well-clothed, self-respecting people, and the children whom they bring up so well. During our stay I took several drives in the neighbourhood of the town, and was astonished to find how wonderfully English was the land. I passed through deep lanes like those of Devon, where the ferns and wild-brier grew luxuriantly; English-looking hedges divided English fields; and English trees, too, stretched bare branches to the wintry sky. The farmhouses and the little old-fashioned wayside inns were just like those one sees at home; while the country houses of the wealthier people, set among fine plantations, lawns, and gardens, might have been in the heart of Worcestershire. And it is no wonder that it all looked so English; for trees and grass and briers, and the seed that had produced all the crops, had been imported from the old country, as well as the inhabitants.

One morning, before the smoke had begun to rise from the town, I ascended a hill near the excellent Convalescent Home, about two miles from Christchurch, and looked out on what is an object-lesson indeed to one who would know what the industry of the British colonists can achieve. Before me was a vast plain extending to mountain ranges which were from forty to a hundred miles distant. The mountains presented a grand appearance, covered as they were half-way down their slopes with snow, and with here and there some mighty peak of the still further Southern Alps towering white into the forget-me-not-coloured sky. The plains that thus stretched before me for hundreds of square miles were the famous Canterbury Plains, and as far as my eye could carry they appeared to be richly cultivated; hedges, often made of golden-blossoming English gorse, dividing the fields. Pleasant farm-houses, tree-surrounded homesteads, and pretty villages were scattered over this fat plain, which I observed was crossed by railway lines and many good roads. It was winter, and there was stubble where the crops had been; but I knew that on that fertile soil are produced enormous crops of wheat, barley, oats, rye, and other cereals, of turnips, potatoes, peas, clover, and mangolds, and that here are vineyards where the finest of grapes are grown, orchards where every English fruit tree flourishes exceedingly. Last year the yield of wheat alone in

the Canterbury district was considerably over five million bushels. A million and a half acres of land have been ploughed and laid down in English grasses. The district is celebrated for the splendid quality of its sheep ; on the higher land the Merino predominating, on the lower lands crosses of Lincoln, Romney Marsh, Leicester, and other English breeds find excellent pasture. The development of the frozen meat export trade has given a great impetus to the sheep breeding in this district. Last year nearly two million carcasses were frozen, and the Islington works alone, belonging to the Christchurch Meat Company, can put through six thousand carcasses a day, and can store a hundred and twenty thousand carcasses. Apparently everything is produced in this wonderful district. There are coal mines here too, quarries of excellent building stone, and fine timber in the hills. Manufactories of all sorts have been established in the district—jam-making factories, saw-mills, potteries, meat-preserving works, and others too numerous to mention here. And as one gazes at this great plain, extending from the ocean to the snowy mountains, which human industry has made so rich, one remembers with amazement that only fifty years ago this was a desolate, uninhabited, swampy wilderness, with fern and thorny bush and reeds alone growing on it. For it was only at the end of 1850 that the first settlers arrived here—those enterprising Canterbury pilgrims who emigrated

under the auspices of the then Archbishop of Canterbury and Lord Lyttelton, after whom the district and its port are named. The Canterbury Plains, as I have said, afford a good object-lesson in colonisation, and the division of the land into small holdings, which has been encouraged by the policy of Mr. Seddon and his predecessors, has brought about a rapid development of the resources of the district, and helped to introduce what may be termed a class of yeoman farmers—the best possible to form the backbone of a sturdy race.

A number of interesting ceremonies completely filled each day during the brief stay of their Royal Highnesses in Christchurch. A noteworthy feature at the function in the Provincial Council Chamber was the presentation of an Address to the Duke by the old age pensioners of the Christchurch district. For the payment of old age pensions to persons over sixty-five years of age, a scheme, which at home has, so far, scarcely got beyond the limits of academic discussion, has become law in New Zealand, the Bill that made this provision having been introduced into Parliament by Mr. Seddon, in 1898. The qualifications required and the conditions under which pensions are granted are apparently strict enough, and should prevent unworthy persons from becoming recipients of a State annuity. The maximum pension is 18*l.* a year. The Duke, in his reply to the Address, pointed out how closely the

system, as established in New Zealand, was being watched in the mother country. As I have more than once remarked, there are two things of which the people in every Colony we have visited are justly proud, and are ever at pains to display before their Royal Highnesses—their State schools and their Volunteer corps. At Christchurch we witnessed the usual demonstration of school-children and a review of troops, both on an unusually extensive scale and remarkable in other ways. Eight thousand school-children, none below the third standard, representing eighty schools in the Canterbury district, were massed in Victoria Square to welcome the Duke and Duchess. The eight thousand cheered lustily, each waving a feathery *toi toi* plume as their Royal Highnesses drove up, and the go with which they sang the National Anthem was a thing to hear and to remember. Their appearance and behaviour spoke well for the system of compulsory free education in this country, and spoke well, too, for the race that bred them. Sturdier, more healthy-looking, more intelligent, and more cheery boys and girls one could not find in any land. The yeoman breed that is spreading over New Zealand cannot but have a great future. The review was certainly among the best we have witnessed, the men, as regards both their training and physique, being assuredly second to none in Australasia. Eleven thousand troops were present, a larger number in proportion to the

population of the colony than we had seen reviewed in any Australian State. But this is what might have been expected in this the most warlike of the British Possessions, which had sent out a larger percentage of her men of fighting age to the South African war than any other colony of the British Empire, the Cape and Natal of course excepted.

The review was held on the great green expanse of Hagley Park, on a bright, frosty morning. The march past, which was headed by three thousand sturdy cadets—not pale, as are so many of the children in sultrier Australia, but rosy-cheeked like English boys—occupied more than an hour. After the review the Duke presented medals to the troopers who had returned from South Africa, and inspected a contingent of be-medalled veterans, chatting for some time with several of them. I think that the New Zealanders are as proud of their veterans as they are of their school-children, their cadets, and their Volunteers. Imperial troops were stationed here for so many years during the long-protracted Maori troubles that, as I have already pointed out, there is a considerable proportion of old, time-expired soldiers among the settlers. Despite all their democratic views, the New Zealanders display a spirit of militarism that would be very shocking to some good people at home. The veterans and the returned troopers were entertained at lunch after the review. It was pleasant to observe the enthusiasm

of that gathering, the respect paid by the young brigade to the old, and to hear how heartily the young troopers cheered the veterans. But how it would have horrified our Little Englanders to hear on this occasion, in this the most democratic of the British Possessions, that democrat of democrats, the Socialist, Mr. Seddon, the Premier of New Zealand, who represents the Radical sentiments and aspirations of the island, in the course of a long and fervent speech, uttered in his usual stentorian tones, talk proudly of the military spirit in New Zealand which he himself had done so much to encourage, having added practice to precept by sending out his sons to the front. 'I would much rather,' he shouted, 'see all you mounted men finishing the Boer War than being reviewed in Hagley Park' (a sentiment that was loudly cheered), 'for this war has to be finished at whatever cost of blood and treasure'; and bitterly and indignantly he spoke of those 'Old Country statesmen who stand up and sympathise with the Boers, finding fault with those conducting the war, and encouraging the Boers to go on.' 'Anyone,' he declared, 'who in England condoned or sympathised with the enemy was an aider and abettor of murder.' It will be seen that the New Zealand Premier speaks his mind clearly; and he was also most unmistakably speaking the mind of his audience and of the entire colony. It would be interesting to watch what would happen should

some of our preachers of pro-Boerism visit New Zealand to ventilate their views. Mr. Seddon, on another occasion, declared that should their services be required all the white troops in New Zealand would be despatched to South Africa. Such is the feeling of loyal New Zealand when the Empire is in danger. There are those at home who would sneeringly apply the term Jingoism to this spirit. Well, it is better to be a Jingo than a friend of the enemy in time of war; and this, moreover, is not the Jingoism of the music-hall, but of the battlefield, as the New Zealand men, and also the New Zealand women, who displayed so fine a spirit when they bravely sent their loved ones to the wars, have fully shown.

On June 25 the Duke and Duchess and the suite left pleasant Christchurch for Dunedin. For eight hours the train journeyed to the south through a fair land, with the sea generally visible on the left hand, and the glittering peaks of the Southern Alps towering on the right beyond the rich plains and vales. At last, after dark, the train came in sight of Port Chalmers, the pretty harbour of Dunedin, and then, at a given signal, the little town burst into a blaze of fireworks and illuminations. On the surrounding hills, too, the bonfires suddenly flamed and the rockets soared, while the bells rang out on the frosty air, and the cheering of crowds made itself heard. It was a picturesque welcome at the gate of

Dunedin, heralding the enthusiastic reception that this beautiful city of the south was about to give to their Royal Highnesses. If Christchurch is English, Dunedin is Scottish. It is the most Scottish of our colonial cities; every man bears a Scottish name; the pleasant accents of North Britain are heard everywhere in the streets. In the course of the fine speech in which the Duke replied to the addresses that were here presented to him he drew a true picture of this community. 'We have eagerly looked forward,' his Royal Highness said, 'to visiting this favoured district of New Zealand, knowing that we should find here a community of purely Scottish origin, who some half-century ago left their native shores for this distant land. True to the national inborn capacity for colonisation, they came in whole families under the guidance of trusted leaders and of their revered minister. They transplanted to their new home in the Southern Seas their national institutions, their characteristic zeal and readiness to make every sacrifice for education. But they did more—they infused into their new life that courage, perseverance, and tenacity of purpose, which, together with the spirit of enterprise, are the inherent characteristics of their race. What must then have been but a mere hamlet, but in which they saw with prophetic eye its present greatness, they honoured with the Celtic name of that fairest of cities, the proud historic capital which is the pride of all

Scotsmen.' Dunedin is a prettily situated, handsomely built, exceedingly prosperous Scottish settlement, and it certainly gave a true warm Scottish welcome to the Duke and Duchess. The visit to Dunedin, to the disappointment of the people, had been curtailed to one day, but the Scots contrived to pack a great deal of welcoming and entertainment within that space. Visitors from England remarked that the Scots of Dunedin were the biggest and finest-looking people we had yet seen in the colonies. The district sent a magnificent contingent of troops to the war, and also nursing sisters. This was the last place visited by the Duke and Duchess in New Zealand, and it gave its royal visitors a fitting send-off from the happy islands.

It was with regret that we put to sea again, leaving behind us the 'Fortunate Islands' of the Southern Seas. The 'fortunate islands,' indeed ! for such a country is this New Zealand that it is scarcely possible to write with honest appreciation of it without appearing guilty of exaggeration to those who have not visited its shores. It is a land enjoying a perfect climate, having a soil of unsurpassed fertility, displaying within its limits every variety of sublime and beautiful scenery—awful Antarctic-like mountain wastes in the south, where magnificent glaciers slope down to the troubled seas ; fiords grand as those of Norway ; snow-covered Alpine ranges ; volcanic wonderlands ; the geysers of Iceland ; great lakes set



RECEPTION AT DUNEDIN.

amid forest-cled mountains; and for hundreds of square leagues pleasant vales and plains where the crops wave deep and the pastures are rich, and where men of our own race live and work in happy comfort amid the soft scenery of South Devon or the garden of Kent. It is a land in which any form of alien life that is introduced flourishes exceedingly, increasing in vigour after the transplanting. Thus the Maoris far exceed in intellect and stature their brethren of the distant Polynesian islands, from which they migrated long since in their canoes; and it looks much as if the people of British stock settled here are likewise waxing stronger physically and mentally, for stalwart and of splendid energy are the men, and 'divinely tall' and wholesomely beautiful are the women. Imported plants also exhibit the same tendency towards improvement; the common British furze, for example, the seed of which was brought hither from England, now covers the island, being of larger growth, lovelier, with a greater wealth of golden blossoms than at home. It is a land where every tree, fruit, flower, and cereal of Great Britain thrives with a renewed vigour.

The Britain of the South it has well been named, seeing how the familiar plants of the Old Country, down to the humble field flowers (imported with the grass seed), greet one at every step—a land with such vast resources yet undeveloped, that it could become not only one of the chief granaries of the

Empire, but the producer of all the cattle and sheep needed for our home population—a land indeed flowing with milk and honey, the paradise of the labouring man, where he can always have his fill of bread and meat, and grapes so large that they recall those wonderful bunches of purple fruit that, in the picture books of our childhood, Joshua and his companions were depicted as bearing from the Land of Canaan. It is a land where all the people are well clothed, well fed, well educated, where the rich and the wage-earners—there are no poor—live together in amity; that bitter class jealousy that sometimes makes itself conspicuous in older countries being apparently non-existent here.

Nothing could be more loyal than the reception given to the royal visitors in the Australian States; but the New Zealanders were, I think, more demonstrative than the Australians. At any rate, the reception in this country appeared to be more enthusiastic than any we had yet experienced. This may be due to the fact that this is the younger, consequently the most English, of these colonies, the Old Country associations being stronger. Of the New Zealanders a large proportion came originally from Great Britain, while the bulk of the native-born are the children of British emigrants, and have therefore been brought up in the traditions of the Motherland. It would be a revelation to most people of the United Kingdom to come out here and observe how intense is the love

of the New Zealanders for the Mother Country. Everywhere, in Auckland, Wellington, Christchurch, Dunedin, it was the same joyous, sincere, and touching welcome. The Government of New Zealand, which, as Mr. Seddon said in one of his forcible speeches, is the same thing as the people of New Zealand—literally so in this land of universal suffrage for men and women—set itself most zealously to work to organise a splendid welcome for its guests. Infinite attention was paid to detail; the arrangements were perfect throughout; and there was no grudging of time or cost. A supreme success rewarded this labour of love. It was a magnificent hospitality on the part of a loyal, free, and generous people. It would have given cause for serious thought to any intelligent foreigner who had witnessed it; he would have seen that the unity of the Empire is not the idle dream of a few patriots. As one watched that grand and significant demonstration, and as one remembered that the entire young manhood of New Zealand is ever prepared and eager to fight round the old flag, one realised that if Great Britain be but as loyal to her colonies as this 'last, loneliest, loveliest' of the colonies is loyal to Great Britain, then we need have little fear for the future of the British Empire.

In the night of June 27, the 'Ophir' and her two escorting men-of-war steamed out of the grand mountain-enclosed harbour of Lyttelton, while on

shore the loyal people cheered and the rockets soared into the dark sky. We had bidden farewell to the pleasantest land that, in the estimation of some of us who had wandered most, we had ever visited. But it was not for another twenty-four hours that we were to see the last of New Zealand, for throughout that night we were steaming along the coast of the South Island, and dawn found us at the eastern entrance of Cook Strait, the broad and windy channel that divides the North from the South Island. Throughout the 28th, as we were traversing the Straits, with the land always close on our port hand, there was ever unrolling before us a glorious panorama of rugged cliffs, bold capes, and forest-clad hills, backed by a great unbroken mountain range covered deep in snow for halfway down its slopes. It was a bracing frosty morning, with a cloudless sky overhead; and the sea, which here is of a wonderful turquoise blue, tumbled in white-capped waves before the strong south-easter. But it was later in the day that we were able to appreciate best the marvellous richness of colouring that characterises New Zealand scenery, which is utterly unlike that of the Australian bush, with its dull-hued but impressive monotony. For that afternoon we skirted that grand highland region of intricate deep winding sounds and mountain-enclosed fiords which forms the northern extremity of the South Island. Here the huge rocky capes that in the foreground

rose sheer from the white foam belt were of a vandyke brown, while the forests that clothed their summits glowed in various rich autumnal hues. But whenever we looked between the great projecting promontories, up the sounds that run far into the inner land, the distant mountains at the heads of these still gulfs were of the richest purples and dark-blue tints, save on the high peaks, which gleamed white with snow wherever the slopes were not too steep for it to lie. The broad belt of rich colouring thus stretching between the turquoise blue of the sea and sky made a picture whose beauty one could never forget. At sunset the 'Juno' began to roll gently in the high swell of the Pacific Ocean; for we had passed the Straits, and behind us Cape Farewell, the northernmost point of the island, faintly blue in the distance, slowly sank below the horizon.

CHAPTER XV

THE TASMANIAN COAST—HOBART—ON MOUNT WELLINGTON—LOG-
CHOPPING MATCH—VOYAGE TO ADELAIDE—IN THE GREAT
AUSTRALIAN RIGHT—PERTH

On the voyage of fifteen hundred miles from Lyttelton to Hobart, Tasmania, we encountered the first really heavy weather since we left England. We were overtaken by a south-east gale, and tumbled about a good deal, rolling to considerable angles, shipping occasional seas, and losing sight of our consorts as the huge Pacific waves rolled between us; and I discovered how marvellously comfortable and easy is the action of a ship like the 'Juno' in a heavy sea.

As I came on deck, on the morning of July 2, I found that we had sighted land again after our four and a half days' stormy voyage. It was a wild morning; the wind was howling through our rigging; the sun shone but fitfully between the driving clouds on a grey tumbling sea in which the 'Ophir' and her consorts were pitching and rolling. On our right stretched a high coast, where mountain ranges, clothed with sombre-hued forests, fell into the ocean in lofty dark brown cliffs, against whose base the great seas

dashing, formed a long rugged line of white, the one streak of brightness in this gloomy wintry scene. Such was our first view of the island of Tasmania, and shortly after breakfast we entered a spacious land-locked bay where several ships, including some men-of-war of the Australian squadron, were lying at anchor. Hobart, the fair capital of the colony, was facing us, and here, at about a mile's distance from the shore, we took up our berth. We had seen in Australasia a succession of the finest harbours in the world. It would be difficult to pick between them and to say which was the most beautiful ; but as far as the aspect of a city, as seen from the sea, is concerned, I think that Hobart must take the palm. There before us, gleaming in the thin wintry sunshine, was the picturesque town covering the lower foothills, the foliage of trees and green lawns mingling prettily with the red-roofed houses ; while immediately behind, in strong contrast, still dark in its own misty shadow, towered a grandly shaped mountain, lofty as Snowdon, its slopes covered with dense forest until near the summit, where the steep wastes were white with snow up to the foot of a precipice of dark rocky pillars—like the pipes of a gigantic organ—which supported the bleak culminating peak. Truly Mount Wellington forms as noble a background to a sea-city as can be found in the world.

This was a tour of flying visits. Within a fortnight we saw two or three different countries

separated from each other by hundreds of leagues of sea. We remained in each long enough to know that it was beautiful and full of interest, to feel that we should like to see much more of it; but not long enough to gather more than the most superficial knowledge concerning it. Thus was it in Tasmania, wherein we spent but four days, and saw but Hobart, the pleasant capital, and a little of the country in its immediate neighbourhood. But these four days were among the happiest we had spent in Australasia: the Tasmanians saw to that. We were in a comparatively old country for this part of the world, long settled by our race. For Tasmania is the second in age of the Australian colonies, having been founded fourteen years after the eldest, New South Wales; while it was the first of all to enjoy the privileges of self-government. Moreover, Tasmania can boast that she is the mother of colonies; for what is now the State of Victoria, with Melbourne, the Queen of Australasian cities, as its capital, was first settled in 1835 by enterprising Tasmanians who crossed Bass Straits to seek their fortunes on the shores of the continent. Very beautiful was the little we did see of the island, but more so was what we did not see. The hospitable people would have liked to take us inland as their guests—to the forests of huge trees where the valuable cabinet timber is hewn; to the great highland lakes whose cool shores are becoming the

summer health resorts of invalids from the sultrier mainland, where the scenery is said to much resemble that of Scotland, even to the appearance and colouring of the foliage on the hills, and the aspect of the burns, full of salmon and trout, that flow into the lakes ; to the cultivated districts also, where the rich crops are harvested, and where the cattle and sheep graze on the splendid pastures that have been grown from English grass seed ; to the pleasant land of orchards, where, among other fruits, are produced those fine apples which, exported as they are in ever-increasing quantities in the ice chambers of the merchant ships, are now so well known and esteemed in Great Britain. There were friends, too, who wished to take us to the goldfields and to the region where the sapphires, topazes, and other precious stones are mined. But, unfortunately, none of these things were we able to see, for this was but an eight months' tour throughout the scattered possessions of Great Britain in the five continents, and that number of years were all insufficient if one would know but a little of the wealth and beauty of these colonies.

The inhabitants of Hobart are justly proud of their Mount Wellington, and visitors are expected to ascend its slopes at least for some distance so as to enjoy the magnificent views therefrom obtainable. Consequently, one fine frosty morning, with a cloudless sky overhead, Mr. R. M. Johnson, the Registrar-General of the colony, kindly drove some of us as

high as the carriage road could take us, and from this point we climbed the hillside for some way by footpaths which wound through the dense bush, clambering over rocks, crawling under fallen trees, or sometimes walking along their top, where they spanned the gulleys and burna. Though the thin ice was crackling under our feet we were passing through a richly green vegetation, fresh as if it were springtime and not mid-winter. Ferns of various species, wild roses in blossom, wattles, evergreen bushes, and graceful tree ferns covered the hillside in tangled luxuriance; lovely mosses carpeted the moist soil and the fallen tree trunks: while towering above this beautiful undergrowth were the trees of this mountain forest—eucalypti for the most part—whose tall straight trunks, for a great height from the ground, threw out neither branch nor foliage; and various forms of cabinet wood—trees of which some seemed huge to us, but which were small compared with the giants we should have seen in the inner country, where the eucalyptus attains a height of three hundred feet. And when we came to open spaces in this forest we turned our eyes from the rich vegetation about us to gaze with admiration at the wonderful panorama that extended beneath us. The scattered red-roofed town was at our feet, and beyond it we could see, spreading to an immense distance, a fair undulating country of woodland and pasture with the blue water running

deep into it in all directions in a maze of winding bays and sounds. As we looked out on one side the ocean formed our horizon, while nearer lay the long Bruny Island, and nearer still the gulfs and promontories and tortuous straits of the deeply indented coast line. As we looked out on the other side we saw the broad Derwent River, a magnificent stream, with the scenery of the Dart, winding from far inland down its lovely valley until at last it opened out, a noble estuary, to form the spacious harbour of Hobart. It was the scenery of some of our South Devon coast on a large scale. It is no wonder that the yachtsmen of the Derwent Yacht Club boast of this as being the yachtsman's paradise. I am with them, now that I have seen that labyrinth of waterways spreading before me as I did that day, and have also, on examining the chart, observed the number of snug little harbours and anchorages that line each strait and sound. One could cruise in a small yacht for months within thirty miles of Hobart, always sailing by beautiful scenery, and each night lying at anchor in some new place. It naturally follows that the inhabitants of Hobart, being of British blood, are keen and skilful yachtsmen. There is a fine fleet of smart little yachts here, and there are good sailors to handle them.

It was fine frosty weather during our stay in Hobart, and the cool pure air was as bracing and exhilarating as that of our own east coast in early

spring. The people in these colonies lamented that the Duke and Duchess were visiting their shores in the unfavourable winter season, when the country is at its worst. This may be so, and I can well imagine that the Tasmanian countryside must be lovely in spring; but as the trees and bushes here are nearly all evergreens, the country looks very well even in winter. The climate, all the year round, is well adapted to our race; the rainfall is about the same as in Great Britain, but there is more sunshine; while summer and winter are here more temperate than at home, not exhibiting so great extremes of either heat or cold. The official landing of their Royal Highnesses in Hobart was on the morning after our arrival, July 3. To quote the words of the 'Mercury,' the leading Hobart paper: 'The Duke of Cornwall and York, whose mission to these States was to seal their Federation, landed in Tasmania, significantly enough, on the eve of the anniversary of the Declaration of American Independence! The Duke's mission to Australia has been to confirm its happy dependence on Great Britain.'

The three days we spent here were crowded with the usual ceremonies. Suffice it to say that Tasmania and Hobart gave their Royal Highnesses a magnificent welcome; and as for the decorations, it was shown here, as it was in Melbourne and other cities, that our kinsmen in the far South have somehow developed an instinct for graceful and

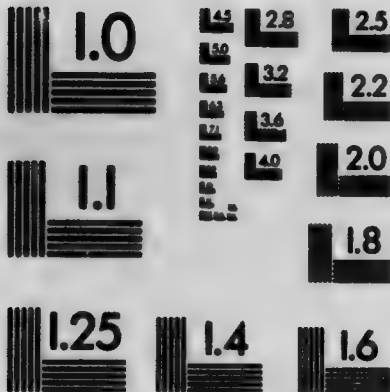
ingenious street display unknown in the Old Country in time of public rejoicing. There was the usual school-children's demonstration, six thousand well-trained infants parading before the Duke and Duchess to sing the National Anthem and 'While Tasmania's isle rejoices,' in their sweet childish voices. And of course there was a review in the Domain of Tasmanian troops, followed by the presentation by the Duke of medals to the troopers who had returned from the South African war. Tasmania's quota to the Empire's forces that took part in that war was upwards of two per cent. of her men of fighting age—a very fair contribution.

Its national sport is ever an interesting feature of a country's life, and the 'chopping match' we witnessed at Hobart, like the great Maori ceremony at Rotorua, stands out as one of the most striking and characteristic of the spectacles that were prepared for the Duke and Duchess in the course of this tour. It was organised by the Australian Axemen's Association, whose representatives presented an address to the Duke, in the course of which they assured him that 'though the members of our association are but humble bushmen, living hard lives of toil in the lonely forests, they are none the less loyal, and we have one and all looked forward to this your visit with keenest pleasure, and rejoiced at the graciousness of our noble King in sanctioning it; and we are doubly



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assured that this act will cement closer than ever the bonds of friendship between the homeland and the furthestmost parts of the Empire.'

The Domains, or crown lands, which have been wisely reserved for the recreation of the public in all the Australasian cities, are generally beautifully situated; and none more so than the spacious Domain of Hobart, in which the chopping match was contested in the presence of their Royal Highnesses and a large crowd of eager spectators. Every inhabitant of Hobart appeared to be in the Domain on this occasion. The Domain covers some rising ground just outside the city, and it is completely encircled by beautiful scenery; for in whatsoever direction one looks, as one stands on its green sward, one commands fine views, whether it be of the picturesque town below sloping to the mountain-encircled bay, or of the winding Derwent and the capes and sounds at its estuary, or of the snow-capped peak of Mount Wellington. Tasmania produces some of the finest backwoodsmen in the world, who display marvellous skill in the use of the axe, and a log-cutting match here causes as keen an interest and enthusiasm among the crowds who always assemble on these occasions as does a football match in some parts of Great Britain. This may almost be termed the national sport of the island, and a class of professional log-choppers has sprung up, who practically earn their livelihood

by engaging in these contests. But it is killing work, and the professional is likely to die young unless his heart is very sound. In no sport is the physical strain more severe; it is not unusual for competitors to faint, and on this day I saw more than one man drop exhausted or insensible to the ground as soon as he had delivered the last stroke that severed the block of wood before him. When one has witnessed one of these competitions—and this day's was an exceptionally good one—one begins to understand why this is so fascinating a form of sport for the onlookers, and why the backers of the various competitors exhibit so intense an excitement. I will endeavour to describe the first of this day's events—the contest for the Grand Championship of the Commonwealth—for which the first prize was 60*l.* and a gold medal, while there were other prizes for second, third, and fourth.

Standing blocks of timber corresponding to the number of the competitors were placed on the ground, each block being of 6 ft. 4 in. girth. As the logs might differ in hardness of grain or in other respects, lots were drawn for them; and it was curious then to observe each man delicately feeling with skilful fingers his particular log, appraising its qualities, selecting the side from which he could attack it best, and then, after careful measurement, chipping two little notches on it, one above and one below, to

mark the proper range of his stroke and guide his eye. As there was a large number of competitors there were several heats, about ten men engaging in each. Each man, in the light attire of the athlete, stood by his log, axe in hand raised ready for the starter's signal, and as it was a handicap contest the scratch was started last and the others at intervals of a few seconds. By each competitor stood his coach, stooping, hands on knees, eagerly watching, like a man's second in a boxing match, prompting, urging, giving hints as to how to deliver his strokes, telling him how his opponents were progressing. It was wonderful to see how each man as the starter gave the word tackled his block, how his wiry arms swung and his lithe body swayed as he rained down his strokes with his heavy long-handled axe with extraordinary rapidity and still more extraordinary accuracy, at each stroke the razor-sharp blade entering deep into the wood at the most effective spot and within a hair-breadth of where the wielder intended to drive it home, huge chips—if one can apply such a term to them, for they weighed pounds and were often several inches in thickness—flying all over the ground. With lightning strokes, upwards and downwards, the quick axe ate into the block its wedge-shaped cleft, exact and smooth as if machinery had cut it. As soon as a man had cloven his triangular cutting to the centre of the block on one side he would turn and attack the other side

with a like fierce energy until, at last, but a thin ridge of wood divided the two V-shaped clefts, and then, with a few well-directed strokes, the upper part of the block would totter and finally topple to the ground. The handicapped men as a rule soon outstripped the majority of their adversaries, and there was a fine finish to every heat, several logs being all but cut through at the same time, so that it was uncertain which would fall first to the raining axe strokes. The spectators displayed the excitement one witnesses at the most closely contested horse race at home, and some of the visitors from Great Britain could not but feel the contagion of that excitement as their selected favourites hewed their way to victory. The best time was four minutes twenty-four seconds, and it will be acknowledged by all who have ever felled a tree that to divide a log of fairly hard wood of the girth I have mentioned in that time is exceedingly good work. After the championship had been fought out there was an underhand chopping handicap, in which the log lies horizontally on the ground, and the axe-man, standing on top of it, divides it with downward strokes of the axe. The assembled people were much gratified to observe that the Duke took a keen interest in their national sport, standing amid the competitors and closely watching their wonderful exhibition of skill. The Duke presented the gold medal to M'Carthy, the Tasmanian who carried off

the championship, and who was among those who fell exhausted after the last stroke in the vigorous struggle in the final heat. The Duke congratulated him heartily on his hard-earned victory, and the proceedings closed with as loud and sincere a succession of cheers for the Duke and Duchess as their Royal Highnesses have heard in loyal Australasia.

In the afternoon of July 6, the 'Ophir' and her consorts sailed for Adelaide, and we reached port in the evening of the 8th. It was arranged to understand in consequence of some difficulty in coaling—that the 'Juno' and 'St. George' should not stay at Adelaide with the 'Ophir,' but should proceed so soon as they had received their mails to Albany and coal in that port. It was intimated to the correspondents attached to the royal escort that there was accommodation for two of us on board the 'Royal Arthur,' the ship that was to act as the 'Ophir's' escort in the place of the 'Juno' and 'St. George' during the remainder of the royal yacht's stay in Australian waters. Accordingly lots were drawn, two of us, one from each ship, were transferred to the 'Royal Arthur,' and the four others, including myself, sailed for Albany that same afternoon in the two ships that had so long been our homes. Of Adelaide and the State of South Australia we therefore saw nothing but the distant shore as we lay at anchor about six miles off it for a few hours, rolling in a choppy sea. But, on the other hand, we visited Western

Australia, and its capital Perth, which those who joined the 'Royal Arthur' could not do. As we put to sea in the afternoon there was every sign of bad weather, the sky looked stormy, the glass was falling, and as soon as we had got outside the bay into the open ocean the wind began to howl and the sea to rise. The Great Australian Bight, of as bad repute as the Bay of Biscay for foul weather, had treated us kindly on our outward voyage; but now it proved to us that its reputation was well deserved, for during the four days which were occupied in making the voyage to Albany we were buffeted by a succession of gales from various quarters. It occasionally blew with great fury, it rained in torrents, it hailed, it thundered and lightened—in short, we were put through every variety of foul weather, now pitching violently into the high steep seas with the gale howling in our teeth, now rolling in the beam seas until our boats dipped into the wave crests and were all but carried away. In the morning of July 13 we entered the smooth waters of St. George's Sound, and were at peace again, lying at anchor off Albany, the first Australian port at which we had called in this tour, ten weeks before. On the following day we correspondents took train to Perth, a twenty hours' journey across a somewhat uninteresting country of bush and forest, presenting the dull monotonous tints that characterise the Australian landscape. We were thus in Perth a week

before the Duke and Duchess were expected to arrive in that city ; but we were prevented from viewing more than the opening ceremony connected with the royal visit, for, on the day following the arrival of their Royal Highnesses, we had to take train again to Albany to rejoin our ships, which were under orders to sail from that port before the departure of the ' Ophir ' from Fremantle. In every other place we visited our stay coincided with that of their Royal Highnesses ; it was for us a life of perpetual bustle amid excited crowds, in a whirl of rapidly succeeding processions and ceremonies ; but now we were to spend a comparatively peaceful week in the capital of a great State before the opening of the general holiday, when the city, if not exactly in its normal condition, would be an abode of perfect rest compared with what it would be later on. I was thus able to make myself better acquainted with this city than with any other I visited during this cruise, to see more of the statesmen and other leading people than would have been possible in the following week, when all their time was fully occupied—not that those in authority had much leisure even then. It was a time of diligent and zealous preparation, Western Australia being determined not to be behind the other States and Colonies in the magnificence of its welcome to the Duke and Duchess.

CHAPTER XVI

A WEEK IN PERTH—THE SWAN RIVER—SIR JOHN FORREST—THE
COOLGARDIE WATERWORKS—WESTERN AUSTRALIA'S WELCOME

THIS is the wettest season in the year in West Australia, and towards the end of July it is rare that two fine days occur in succession in Perth. But despite the high winds and almost constant heavy rain, throughout that week an army of workmen was busily engaged in putting up the decorations; the stately arches rose in the streets; the Venetian masts were planted; the festoons of flowers, the drapery, and the bunting began to glorify the town with brilliant colour; the members of the Reception Committees were hard at work organising and arranging every detail of the programme; troops were collected in the city; processions were rehearsed; school-children drilled. I was now able to realise more clearly than I had before what an amount of time and thought and toil—not to mention the expenditure—the people of each of these loyal States had devoted to the preparation of the welcome of the Duke and Duchess. I felt sometimes as if I were behind the scenes of a theatre when the details

of some great spectacular drama were being planned and worked out ; and the labour of love and loyalty was well rewarded, for the decorations, illuminations, and processions in Perth bore favourable comparison with those we had witnessed in the other States.

Every Australasian capital can boast of a magnificent situation on the shores of some splendid bay or gulf, and Perth is no exception to the rule. From the waterside streets and from the pleasant suburbs which, embowered amid fine trees, giant bamboos, and tropic bush, crown the hill slopes beyond the town, beautiful views are commanded over the broad Swan River. But to appreciate best the beauty of Perth one should visit the extensive public park, which covers a high plateau overlooking the city. Here in places the roads wind through the glades of the primeval bush, which are bright with an extraordinary profusion of wild flowers in the spring, flooding the ground with colour. One of the chief carriage roads in this park skirts the edge of the plateau, where it begins to dip steeply to the water ; and from here one overlooks a scene of peculiar beauty, a landscape of impressive immensity. Below one, to the right, is the city, extending to the water's edge, with its piers and jetties jutting out into the Swan River, and its picturesque suburbs on the inland side. Fronting one is the estuary of the Swan River, which here opens out

into two great lakes or sounds with a narrow strait connecting them, and one looks over leagues of deeply indented shores, bays, capes, and scattered villages and homesteads; while beyond the water and the cultivated land is seen the solemn slate-blue lonely Australian bush, like a melancholy ocean under a clouded sky, stretching far away to the dim line of the horizon. Perth itself, as I looked down on it from here one day in an interval between the showers, was fair to see, with its red-roofed houses, its broad streets—now decorated and bright with colour—its handsome buildings, and its churches dominating all, the fine Protestant Cathedral conspicuous among them. The Bishop of Perth, by the way, can boast of having under his care an extensive diocese indeed, seeing that it is twenty times the size of England.

Since the discovery of the Western Australian goldfields Perth has grown rapidly, and it is less than a decade ago that this now wealthy, handsome, and still spreading city was but a comparatively insignificant township. There is nothing that will so rapidly promote the development of a new country as the discovery of goldfields; for the other industries quickly arise to supply the needs of the mining population, and the development will be all the more rapid if those who hold the reins of power in the land display foresight and energy, as Sir John Forrest undoubtedly has in this State. The Aus-

tralasian democracies select their political leaders shrewdly. In the course of this tour we met statesmen of high capacity—Mr. Seddon, of New Zealand, for example—who are advancing the prosperity of their respective States by their bold and far-seeing policy. Western Australia owes much to Sir John Forrest, who somewhat resembles Mr. Seddon in his physique as well as in vigour of intellect and commanding character. A daring explorer of the wilderness in his early manhood, and a born leader of men, he has for the last ten years been the Premier of this State, and has only ceased to be so within the past few months, because he has accepted office in the Federal Cabinet as Minister of State for Defence, in which capacity he has already done his country splendid service by his introduction to the House of Representatives of his admirable Commonwealth Defence Bill. During his ten years of office as Premier in this State he inspired such confidence that he brought round to his views most of those who originally opposed him, and he generally had his way. His popularity is extraordinary. It was pleasant to hear, on two or three occasions when I happened to be driving with him through the streets of Perth, the crowds cheering him, and men hailing him with friendly phrases in the rough kindly Australian way. This strong man has carried out his policy despite the opposition of the timorous, who held that his schemes involved a

dangerously extravagant expenditure. He argued that this expenditure was necessary to open out the vast resources of the country, and that the sums expended would be recovered by the State over and over again. Thus to him are due the railways, which, in the face of bitter opposition, he rapidly extended to the goldfields so soon as the great richness of these was proved. Within the past few years six hundred miles have been added to the State railway system, and these lines were from the beginning worked at a small profit. Without them the Coolgardie goldfields could not have been developed. Sir John's energy and good government have moreover saved a great waste of valuable life. In the early days enteric raged on the goldfields; the mortality among the young men who first flocked to Coolgardie was terrible. Sentimental people at home prate of the horrors of war; the pioneers of the goldfields perish unrecorded; and I have had figures placed before me which show that the percentage of deaths from all causes in the South African Campaign has been but a fifth of that at Coolgardie seven years back. But the remedy quickly came; excellent hospitals were established, sanitary rules were enforced; and never, in the tragic history of the rush for gold in wild barren regions, was good order more rapidly introduced than it was in the Coolgardie district by the zealous Government that had Sir John Forrest as its head. The Fremantle

harbour works, by which he has given Perth its port, was another of Sir John's favourite schemes ; but far the most important of all, and one that may produce very far-reaching results, is the Coolgardie goldfields water supply, one of the most daring experiments in modern engineering, of which, as I visited the yet uncompleted works, I will give some description.

The Coolgardie goldfields are three hundred and seventy miles from Perth, in the practically rainless interior, amid a hopeless wilderness of dust. At the opening of the goldfields, as everybody knows, the scarcity of water, even for drinking purposes, formed an apparently insuperable obstacle to the development of the mines, and led to much disease and loss of life. Sir John Forrest, while advocating his scheme in the Legislative Assembly in July, 1890, pointed out that in the previous December, when he visited the fields, there was not sufficient water for crushing anywhere, water was being sold at the condensers at from 4*d.* to 6*d.* a gallon ; it cost him 1*l.* to water his five horses ; there was no water to wash with, scarcely enough to drink. Tanks with splendid catchments, that have been placed to collect the irregular rainfall, have proved inadequate in good years, and a prolonged drought empties them. The goldfields, with an ever-increasing population and growing towns, could not depend on this source. The condensation of the brine that accumulated at

the bottom of the mines—at an ever-increasing cost, as fuel had to be brought from greater distances—afforded the only reliable supply of fresh water; thus, in many cases, if a mine proved a failure as a gold mine it was made to pay a small dividend as a water mine, its machinery being employed to pump up the salt water from the bottom of the shaft and to condense it. Condensed water used to cost from 6*l.* to 12*l.* per thousand gallons. Of course no water could be spared for sheep or cattle, except occasionally for a few which were gathered round a condenser for killing purposes; while numbers of horses were perforce left to die of thirst.

Sir John, in the speech I have referred to, disposed of Artesian wells, condensers, and reservoirs on the spot as extravagantly costly or wholly inadequate methods for supplying water to this priceless auriferous desert, and advocated the carriage of water from the neighbourhood of Perth, where the rainfall is considerable, for three hundred and seventy miles by steel pipes to the goldfields. The cost of this stupendous scheme was estimated at 2,500,000*l.*, the requisite 90,000 tons of steel pipes of 30in. diameter by themselves costing nearly 1,500,000*l.* By these means it was proposed to supply the goldfields with five million gallons of fresh water daily. According to Sir John Forrest, if this water was sold on the fields at only 3*s.* 6*d.* per thousand gallons this great and inestimably useful work would cost the

country nothing, as the profit would suffice not only to pay a good interest on the capital expended, but, by means of a sinking fund, to pay off that capital in a period of about twenty years ; and, if experts are not altogether at fault, the Coolgardie goldfields should hold out for at least that length of time. The cost of the pumped water, therefore, would be about half as many shillings per thousand gallons as the condensed water costs in sovereigns. The scheme was therefore adopted, and it was decided to construct a great reservoir in the Greenmount ranges near the coast, and from there to carry the water by pipes to Mount Burgess, a hill overlooking Coolgardie, from which it could be distributed all over the goldfields by a reticulation of 12in. pipes. The pipes have to be carried across ranges of considerable altitude, the total head to be overcome being about two thousand five hundred feet ; but as there will be eight pumping stations on the way, with several pumps at each, at no point will a pumping engine have to raise water to any great height. The proposed supply appears to be adequate, for it is estimated that five million gallons of water a day will keep going three hundred batteries of twenty head of stampers each, while leaving two million gallons for domestic purposes. The scheme, on account of its great cost and the engineering difficulties that presented themselves, encountered a determined opposition, but the work is now progressing rapidly, and

that the experiment will prove successful seems almost certain. It is a mighty experiment, and it is being watched with the keenest interest throughout Australia, for its success probably signifies the initiation of a general scheme for storing the abundant, now wasted, rainfall of the coast belt for the supply of the arid interior, the development of the latent wealth of vast tracts of now waste land, and the introduction of cultivation into the desert, which, in itself, as has been proved in other parched regions, so affects the climatic conditions as to induce a regular rainfall where rain has never fallen before.

One afternoon I accompanied Sir John Forrest and Mr. M. Ferguson, the engineer who has contracted to manufacture one half of the required pipes, to inspect the works. A special train took us down the line. First we stopped awhile at Falkirk, one of the two factories at which the pipes are made. At this spot, where, but a few months back, was merely wild uninhabited bush, have suddenly sprung up, as if by magic, engineering works on a large scale, noisy with the din of vast and powerful machinery, the tearing and hammering of metal, the roar of furnaces, and providing labour for a large number of men. Here we witnessed the manufacture of the pipes from the first to the last stage, a marvel of perfect engineering that appealed to one's imagination much as does a fine

poem. The locking-bars, of which I shall speak later on, were manufactured in England; but the ninety thousand tons of steel plates of which the pipes are being made were imported, not from England—though the Western Australian Government was anxious that British firms should take up the contract—but one half from the United States and the other half from Germany. I understood that conservative British firms, not having been in the habit of turning out steel plates of the particular length required—30 ft.—were unwilling to accept this order; whereas the more energetic foreigners were quite prepared to adapt their plant at once to this new demand, and to produce the plates at a lower price and more promptly than would have been possible in England. One frequently hears this sort of story in the course of one's travels round the world, and there are people at home who mildly wonder how it is that foreigners can so successfully compete with us in our own markets.

Mr. Ferguson is proud of his Falkirk factory, and well he may be. It was at full work when we arrived, and very interesting it was to follow each ingenious process, to watch the beautiful machinery with an unerring precision, with a strange delicacy of manipulation, with what might in truth be described as an easy grace in the putting forth of its irresistible power, rapidly twist and mould the stout tough metal to its will. First the plate was placed

in a machine which trimmed it to the size required and beaded its edges. Then it was carried to the bending rolls, which curved it, as easily as you would a strip of paper, into an exact half-cylinder. Next, two of these half-cylinders were placed together and joined so as to form a tube by means of the locking-bars—steel rods 30ft. in length, with a groove on either side into which the edges of the half-cylinders fit, thus dovetailing the latter together—a process of which Mr. Ferguson is the patentee. Next powerful clamps forced the edges of the plates home into these locking-bars. The tube was now placed in the curling machine, which finished off the locking-bar edges. And lastly came the closing in of the locking-bar round the beaded edges of the plates by a powerful hydraulic machine, which left the completed and perfect pipe 30ft. in length and 30in. in diameter. It was all done before our eyes with an amazing swiftness. The pipes, of course, are all thoroughly tested. It is estimated that the maximum pressure in the pipes when the works are completed will be two hundred pounds to the square inch; so each tube, before it is sent out of the Falkirk factory, is subjected to a water pressure of four hundred pounds to the square inch. We saw three of the pipes, whose making we had followed stage by stage, placed in turn in a hydraulic machine which forced the water into them, and in each case there was no sign of leakage at the juncture of the

plates when the indicator pointed to 400 on the pressure gauge. When it had passed this test each pipe was dipped into a bituminous varnish to preserve it from rust. Lastly, we saw, being drawn red-hot out of the glowing furnaces, the steel joint-rings by which the pipes when laid down will be joined one to another, lead being employed to caulk the connections.

From Falkirk a further journey of a few miles in the train brought us to Mundaring, where the huge reservoir has been constructed that is to supply five million gallons of water a day to distant Coolgardie. As we got out of the train we looked down on a wonderful scene. We were on the upper slopes of a valley that had evidently until recently been a lonely bush-covered waste, with a little river running down it. But now, across a narrowing of the valley immediately below us, there stretched a mighty artificial dam; while steam-engines, cranes, and various machinery, workshops and the huts of the navvies and other labourers, scattered over the hillsides and the valley bottom, showed that a great engineering work was in progress. Below the dam the hand of man had made an ugly scar on the face of fair nature; for there, in the heart of the green vale, was a naked waste, a confusion of shattered rocks, felled or uprooted trees, slopes of *débris*, mounds of earth that had been dug out to arrive at a solid foundation for the dam. But above

the dam the interference of man had not had the same disfiguring effect, but had created an extensive and beautiful lake, reflecting the wooded heights on its still surface. The dam itself, a concrete wall gradually narrowing towards its summit, 650ft. in length and 100ft. in height, extends across the valley from cliff to cliff, and the waters of the Helena River, thus backed up, have risen until they have formed a lake about seven miles in length. The water had not attained its full height at the time of our visit, but where its edge will ultimately be was clearly indicated to us by the belt of open ground that bordered it, for up to the level that will be reached by the water the sloping banks have been cleared of trees and bush. The valley of the Helena River drains an immense area amid the Darling ranges, where the rainfall is considerable, so that there can be little doubt that an adequate supply of water will be provided by this reservoir. It will impound nearly five thousand millions of gallons of water, that is, a two years' supply for the goldfields at the rate of five million gallons a day, after making a liberal allowance for leakage and evaporation. Contrary to the expectation of the engineers, it became necessary to excavate to a great depth before a trustworthy foundation for the dam site was found on the solid bed-rock; but all difficulties have now been surmounted, the mighty dam is all but completed, and

it certainly looks as if triumphant success will reward those who have conceived this daring project and have so resolutely striven to carry it into execution. If it realises its purpose it will be a monument of colonial enterprise of which all Australia may well be proud.

It rained hard throughout that week in Perth, so that the decorations began to lose their brightness as soon as they were put up ; the paint ran down the coloured scrolls of welcome ; and the energetic people had to construct many of the ornamentations of their streets anew before the eagerly expected day of the procession arrived. One day I saw a group of poor Chinese stand round the beautiful arch of welcome they had erected, and disconsolately and in silence watch the heavy downpour washing the colours out of the sadly drooping banners and draperies, and melting the paper lanterns and dragons and weird designs which decorated the graceful pagodas of that characteristic structure. Yet the Celestials did not lose heart ; all night they toiled, and by the next morning the damage had been made good, while hundreds of yards of waterproof cloth enveloped the arch to protect it until the day of the procession.

At last came the day for which all these preparations had been made—July 20—on which the Duke and Duchess were to make their entry into the city of Perth. From many a window in the early morning people looked anxiously forth, and rejoiced to see a blue sky overhead. The wind had veered to a

favourable quarter, and throughout the day there was perfect weather. From an early hour the excursion trains poured their thousands into the city, and the streets were crowded with visitors from far and near, many of whom, to judge from their amazed and bewildered looks, had come from remote back-blocks and had never seen a city before. According to the programme their Royal Highnesses were to have landed at Fremantle that morning, taken train to Perth, and proceeded through the streets of the capital in the afternoon. The Western Australians thronged the gaily decorated streets in their tens of thousands ready to give unmistakable proof that in loyalty and patriotism they were not a whit behind the rest of the Australasian peoples. It was a well-dressed, excellently behaved, eager, happy multitude, a people good to behold. But soon through the crowded streets spread a disquieting rumour, not credited at first, but at last discovered to be all too well founded. In dismay the people read the notices that were placed in the windows of the newspaper offices and in other conspicuous places, and realised that there would be no arrival of the Duke and Duchess in Perth that day; that, owing to stress of weather, the 'Ophir,' after having accomplished the greater part of the voyage from Adelaide to Fremantle, had put back and taken refuge in the harbour of distant Albany.

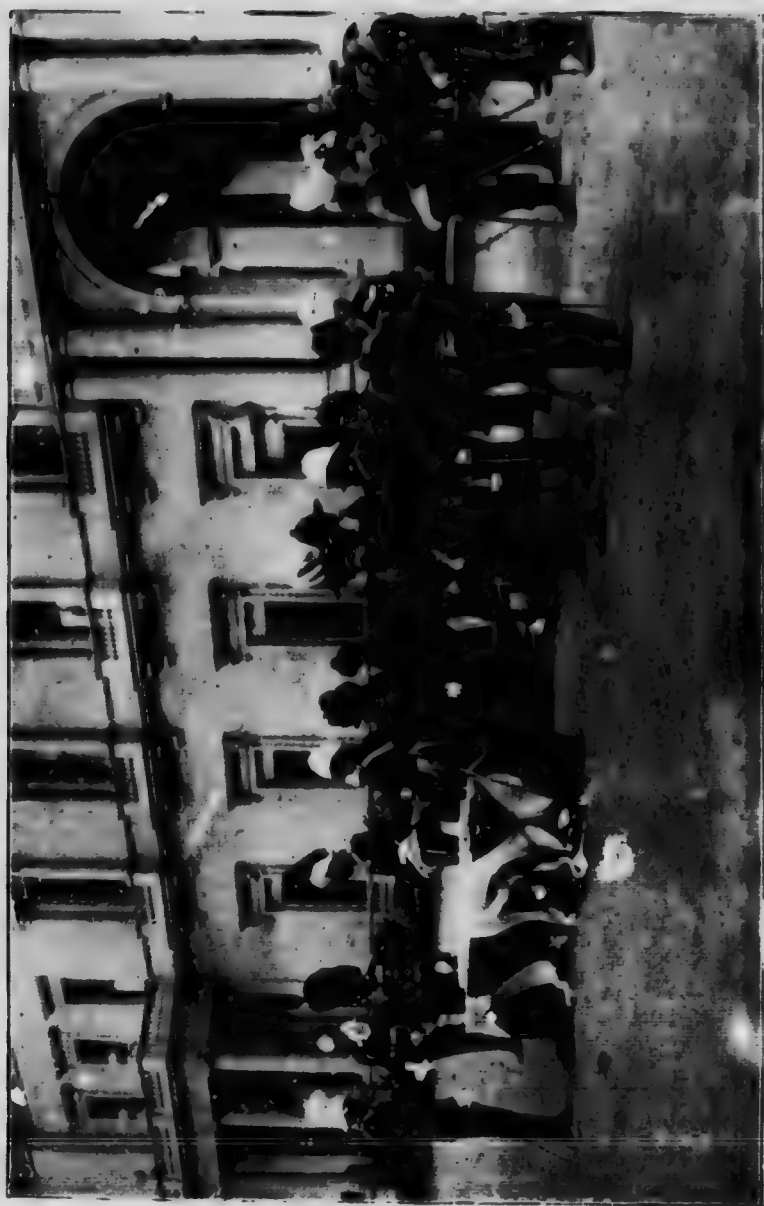
The disappointment was intense, more especially

among the thousands of visitors from a distance, who would be compelled to return to their homes before the day of the postponed procession. On that night and on Sunday the trains were packed with unfortunate people who, after all their trouble, long journeying, and often ill-afforded expenditure, had missed the one opportunity of their lives, to which they had been eagerly looking forward for months, of seeing their future king and queen. How keen was the disappointment one could plainly see in the faces of the people, who walked slowly about the streets looking at the decorations until the time came for them to leave the city ; and it was pitiful to watch the expressions of many of the women and children, who had journeyed from far remote places and had now to go back disconsolate. There was another Saturday morning last year when a vast London crowd had a somewhat similar experience—that Saturday of unparalleled disappointment when, in consequence of heavy weather, the ship that was bearing homeward the City Imperial Volunteers was delayed, and their march through London was postponed—even as was the procession of the Duke and Duchess through Perth on this occasion—to the following Monday. But in Perth when the Monday came there was none of that rowdiness that disgraced the streets of London during the march of the C.I.V.'s. Intense as was the disappointment in Perth, it was possibly still more so

in Fremantle, which had been beautifully decorated by its citizens, and where elaborate preparations had been made for the reception of the royal visitors. And Fremantle had a further cause for mourning. Here, but twelve miles from the capital, have been constructed, at an immense cost, the mighty harbour works that have caused Fremantle to replace the splendid natural harbour at Albany as the port of call for the British and foreign liners. There are still many who hold that the entry to Fremantle is too dangerous when a westerly gale is blowing, and that Albany, despite its great distance from Perth, should rightly be the principal seaport of the State and the place of call for the mail steamers. That the 'Ophir' in heavy weather failed to enter Fremantle and put back to Albany lent countenance to this view; so Fremantle felt that a blow had been struck at her prestige, while the champions of Albany naturally rejoiced. 'It is an ill wind that blows nobody good' was the saying in every one's mouth; and it was recognised that neglected Albany distinctly scored when the 'Ophir' and the three men-of-war steamed into her harbour.

A special train brought their Royal Highnesses from Albany to Perth, and on the Monday morning the postponed procession was made through the capital. Good luck attended the Duke and Duchess throughout this tour, and, with the one exception of the review at Melbourne, every function so far had

been held in fine weather. Happily this was no exception to the rule. After a week of howling gales and driving rain this was a day of bright sunshine and cool breezes—one of those perfect Australian winter days that make this one of the most delicious climates in the world. Perth presented a fine appearance with its decorations glowing in the sunshine, its crowds, its mounted troops, and the infantry and cadets in scarlet tunics that lined the route. Though so large a number of the visitors had been compelled to return to their homes, the streets were full, and it is estimated that about a third of the population of the whole State witnessed the procession. The best behaved of crowds that day gave the Duke and Duchess the most enthusiastic of receptions. The Duke and Duchess remained in Perth until July 26, when they took train to Fremantle to rejoin the 'Ophir,' which, in the meantime, had steamed from Albany to that port. Many were the interesting functions during their stay at Perth, but of these we correspondents saw nothing, for on the Tuesday we had to take train to Albany to rejoin our ships, as the 'St. George' was under orders to sail on Wednesday, and the 'Juno' on Thursday, at daybreak—the 'Juno' to meet the 'Ophir' at an appointed rendezvous two hundred miles from Fremantle, and the 'St. George' to join us at another rendezvous about two thousand miles from the Australian coast.



A DISTRIBUTION OF WAR MEDALS.

CHAPTER XVII

FAREWELL TO AUSTRALIA—A MID-OCEAN RENDEZVOUS—MAURITIUS: PORT LOUIS AND ITS INHABITANTS—A PROSPEROUS ISLAND—VOYAGE TO DURBAN

IN the early morning, on July 25, the 'Juno' steamed out of the harbour of Albany to commence her long voyage of three thousand five hundred miles across the Indian Ocean to the island of Mauritius. We had bidden farewell to Australasia, and I think that all of us left those pleasant southern lands with some regret. A visit to Australia cannot but be an interesting revelation to any intelligent Englishman, and he is most likely to fall in love with the country and its people. For three months we had been wandering through these rich colonies, and had seen them all rejoicing in their newly accomplished union; we had enjoyed the hospitality, the eager welcome of their generous people; we had met their keen far-seeing statesmen, and had felt ourselves compelled to sympathise with daring experiments in democratic and socialistic legislation that would have shocked us at home—where, indeed, the conditions are wholly different. In Australia and in New

Zealand one feels that one is living in a wider world, with more extensive horizons and a brighter atmosphere. It appeals to the imagination to watch these young countries struggling up to greatness, with such mighty possibilities before them. What, perhaps, strikes one most forcibly in these Australasian communities is their delightful fresh youthfulness of spirit. Youthful are the conceit of the people in the perfection of their country, and their love of approbation from the stranger. Youthful are their cheery daring energy, their sanguine temperament, and their undaunted pluck in time of adversity. Youthful is the joyous enthusiasm of the statesmen who take such keen frankly expressed pride in the vast schemes by which they hope to make their countries rich and great. Youthful, too, are the general absence of cynicism and indifference, the generous loyalty, the impulsive affection for the mother country, and the eagerness to fight her battles. And perhaps the most especially youthful trait of all is this people's intolerance of what they hold to be treason. Wholesome and robust youth is ever intolerant of what it feels to be an evil thing, and surely there is a form of philosophic sentimental toleration that is a symptom of degeneracy and unmanliness.

With all their democratic independence and love of liberty the Australians would not tolerate in their midst 'those traitors and mischievous cranks'—I

quote from a leading Australian paper—'the English pro-Boers.' Strong supporters as they are of the liberty of speech, they would deny it to men who espouse the enemy's cause in time of war. I have been perusing copies of the leading papers that appeared at each place I visited during the stay of their Royal Highnesses, and I could quote passages from nearly every one of them in which our pro-Boers are spoken of in terms of quite refreshing loathing and contempt, representing what most Englishmen feel but do not always venture to express. The English pro-Boers, not satisfied with exciting against their country the hatred of Europe, have been doing their utmost to poison the well of pure loyalty in the colonies; they have sent out enormous quantities of leaflets and broadsheets in which the enemy is glorified, the British troops are traduced, and the Australians are urged to refrain from despatching further contingents to fight in 'so unholy a war.' It would be well if the authors and promulgators of this rubbish could read the very plain-spoken comments on themselves and their productions that appear in the Australasian papers, every one of which has received its consignment of this literature. And, to conclude, let me repeat that, in every State and Colony we visited, the entire press (a very few obscene 'gutter papers' excepted), the organs of both the Government and the Opposition, of the Conservative or of the Labour party, with one

voice, and with an affecting enthusiasm, welcomed the Duke and Duchess to the colonies, displaying the keenest appreciation of the significance of this visit. There is no half-heartedness in the utterances of these papers, which faithfully mirror the sentiments of the people, and they should be read by all those who entertain the slightest doubt about the loyalty and steadfast Imperialism of the colonies: all parties unite in their patriotism, and so supply an object-lesson to some parties at home. The democracies of Australia recognised the need for the consolidation of the Empire sooner than did the masses in the old country; and the leading Hobart paper well said that 'probably the future historian will date British consolidation from the time when the Imperial policy was first recognised and proclaimed to the world by a royal progress. That progress has, let us hope, brought out certain facts which need to be made very plain to the world.' It must be difficult for those who have not accompanied this royal tour to realise fully the good that it has accomplished; and insomuch as the never-failing graciousness of the Duke and Duchess, and the evident keen interest that they took in their important task, won for them the love of the generous Australian people, their Royal Highnesses, by their successful and useful part in this great work of uniting the Empire, have earned the deep gratitude of all men of English blood.

The 'Juno' therefore sailed alone from Albany to keep her rendezvous with the 'Ophir,' and, having so long a start of the royal yacht, she steamed at low speed until the meeting between them, which was punctually at the appointed time—dawn on the 27th. Here the 'Royal Arthur,' which had escorted the 'Ophir' from Fremantle, left her in our charge and returned to the Australian coast. Then the 'Ophir' and 'Juno' steamed in company over a somewhat rough sea, in which we both tumbled about a good deal, until the morning of the 31st, when we reached the place of the second rendezvous in the middle of the Indian Ocean, where the 'St. George,' with which we had been conversing by wireless telegraphy for many hours before we sighted her, joined us as arranged. From this point the three ships proceeded together to Mauritius, observing their old formation, the 'Ophir' leading, with one of the men-of-war on each quarter. And gradually, as we entered the tropics, in our oblique course across the parallels of latitude, in the direction of the setting sun, a change came over the climate; the wintry keenness gave way to the genial temperature of an English summer; and then we reached a still sultrier tract of ocean, where the blue waves are perpetually tossing beneath the south-east trade wind—a wind that was in our favour, blowing from directly aft, and often almost exactly at our own speed, so that one could hold a lighted match on deck as in a calm, and

the smoke rose in perpendicular columns from the funnels of the three ships.

In the afternoon of August 4, the 'Ophir,' 'Juno,' and 'St. George' came to anchor within the well-sheltered harbour of Port Louis, Mauritius, where a number of large steamers and sailing ships moored in rows supplied an indication of the island's now prosperous trade. Framed, as it is, by beautiful scenery, Port Louis from the anchorage looks a pleasanter place than it proves to be on nearer acquaintance. The straggling town lining the shore from here has a picturesque aspect; the hills rise steeply immediately behind it—green gully-cleft slopes of beautiful tropical vegetation topped by huge precipices of grey rock and needle-like peaks. We remained here for four days, and as the programme that had been arranged for the royal visit was a short one, there being no functions of any importance after the first reception of the Duke and Duchess of Cornwall and York on their landing, I was enabled to spend most of my time in wandering about this pretty island. I landed early on Monday morning, and had soon seen all that I desired to see of the town of Port Louis. It has never recovered from the disastrous hurricane of 1892, which destroyed so great a part of it. It is now mainly composed of mean unsavoury streets, of slovenly houses, occupied for the most part by Indians, Chinese, negroes, and half-breeds. Port Louis is an unhealthy and feverish place, so that the Europeans,

who have their business establishments in the town, all reside some miles outside in pleasant suburbs high up on the hills. Thus the Governor of the island does not dwell in Government House, which is in the centre of the town, but at Le Réduit, a beautifully situated country residence at a considerable height above the sea, which was occupied by the Duke and Duchess and some of the suite during their stay in the island.

On the morning of our arrival I drove to the beautiful Pamplemousses Botanical Gardens and back. These gardens of fairyland, which have so often been described, are about twelve miles from the town. The drive was a pleasant one along a good road bordered on either side by a rich tropical vegetation; in places rows of the many-trunked banyan trees leaned inwards over the road, forming an arched tunnel of verdure through which one caught but occasional glimpses of the blue sky overhead. Though the season was winter, a multitude of splendid blossoms glowed in the dense bush, while winding high up the tree branches were creepers bright with a golden rain of hanging flowers, and here and there the glorious *bougainvillæa* flushed the hillside with its masses of vivid purple. I drove through groves of graceful palms and plantations of sugar-cane, and at frequent intervals observed—as I did later on in other parts of the island—the dismal marks left by the last great hurricane: uprooted trees; gardens laid

low ; the ruins of fallen houses ; and, occasionally—where had once been the handsome hospitable mansion of some rich planter, strongly built of stone—the bare walls alone standing, the roof gone, the windows and doorways empty, like a building that has been gutted by fire.

On my way I encountered a constant stream of country people, all in their holiday bright-coloured raiment, some driving, but the majority on foot, pouring into the town from far and near that they might see the son of the Sovereign and his Consort—people of various races, Indian coolies for the most part, with their wives and families, and numbers of Chinese, negroes, and half-breeds—all quiet, courteous, and well-behaved, and, to judge from their appearance, happy and well-to-do. The scene brought it strongly home to me that on sailing from Australia we had left the white man's country behind us, and were once more in a tropic land of palms, and sugar, and spices, and coloured folk. When I returned to the town I found it crowded with people of all colours and conditions ; the streets were prettily decorated, and were spanned by arches formed of tropical foliage and flowers. I witnessed the procession from the roof of Government House. From here I looked down on a moving sea of many bright colours, that filled the Place d'Armes and the streets running into it, reminding one of the street scenes in Singapore and Kandy during the royal visit ;

for beneath me was not the sombre-clad Anglo-Saxon crowd of an Australian city, but a swaying kaleidoscopic multitude of gaily attired Asiatics and Africans—Hindoo women in rainbow-tinted robes, Arabs in flowing white, the women of African blood in the most gaudy of aniline hues, while the troops that lined this portion of the route—the 18th Bengal Infantry and the 27th Madras Infantry—supplied a further blaze of colour with the vivid scarlet and yellow of their uniforms. At the windows and on the housetops were gathered many of the white native-born of French blood, the women tastefully dressed in black and white, and fair to look on, for the Mauritiennes have a well-deserved reputation for grace and beauty.

Mauritius is unlike any other British possession, inasmuch as it is so wholly French. French is the language of its people; even the coolies imported from India here rapidly acquire the French tongue, while they know not a word of English. If one would make oneself understood, it is in Creole-French that one must address the country people, whether they be of French, Asiatic, or African blood. The Mauritians are quite misunderstood by many English who visit the island. It does not follow that the white planters of good family and others of French extraction are not loyal subjects of Great Britain because they have strong French sympathies, are proud of their French origin and of the naval

achievements of their ancestors in these waters—those Mauritian gentlemen privateers who inflicted such severe losses on England in the old wars. It is true that the French society here and the small English society, which is chiefly official and military, mix little. The difference of tongue and religion—the French community being strictly Roman Catholic—our different ways of living, too, and the fact that English and French so rarely understand each other in any country where they come in contact, account for this mutual exclusiveness. It is a pity that this is the case, for the Mauritians of the upper class compose as charming and highly cultured a society as will be found in any part of the Empire. In this island the Englishman, unless he conducts himself badly, will meet with nothing but extreme courtesy from people of every class, a courtesy that is rather of the old-world France than of the modern, and a genuine kindness. Those Englishmen who, like myself, have lived with French Mauritians, enjoyed their graceful hospitality, and gathered from them their sentiments as regards England and the English, know that it would be well for the Empire were every community within its limits as loyal as is this one. There is undoubtedly a good deal of friction at times between the French Catholic population and the English officials, and it is possible that the Englishmen have sometimes been lacking in tact.

Some of the Mauritian papers published in the

French language have ever indulged in violent abuse of the successive English Governors and others in office; but never do they direct their attacks, I understand, against the Crown or the Empire, for the Mauritians are not disloyal. They are, for very good reasons, quite satisfied to remain British subjects. Small though the island be, it supports quite a number of little French papers; none of these rather unenterprising journals was published during the royal visit, for this is a casual country, and the universal holiday extended even to the newspaper offices. It was not until the morning of our departure, August 8, that the papers appeared again to give an account of the landing and reception of the Duke and Duchess that had taken place four days previously. But before re-embarking on the 'Juno' I collected all that day's papers, and though some of them were representative of violent Radicalism and various bitter prejudices, and had some nasty things to say concerning leading English officials, I found, in every one of them, articles in which the Duke and Duchess were welcomed in graceful terms to loyal Mauritius, and expressions of affection for the Crown and pride in the Empire. It is a good sign that the disloyal obscene 'gutter press,' for which nothing is sacred, that disgraces some places under the British rule, has no existence here. The Duke and Duchess have made themselves very popular in Mauritius, and these French papers

are eloquent in their frank admiration of their royal visitors; tact and graciousness are qualities that appeal to people of French blood, and on this occasion these won the kindly hearts of the Mauritians. The Duke, while replying to the addresses that were presented to him at Government House, spoke of the naval achievements in these waters as having reflected equal glory on the French islanders and the British, a true sentiment—for there was some tough fighting between us here—that gave great satisfaction to the Mauritians, and served as the text of many articles in the local papers.

To demonstrate what is the feeling of the Mauritians, justly proud of their past, towards the English, I cannot do better than quote a portion of a speech delivered during our stay by M. de Coriolis, an eminent Mauritian, now surveyor-general for the island, before an audience almost wholly of French extraction, at Mahébourg, whose roadstead was the scene of an engagement between the ships of the two Powers, the hulls of the sunken men-of-war still lying there, occasionally visible through the clear water. M. de Coriolis alluded as follows to his Royal Highness's statement, and the interruptions of applause proved that the speaker's fellow-countrymen were quite in accord with him: 'Messieurs, ceux qui ont eu le bonheur d'entendre l'admirable réponse faite hier aux députations par son Altesse Royale le Duc de Cornouailles et d'York ont eu la

joie au cœur en recevant de notre futur Roi ce beau compliment, que les souvenirs historiques de l'Île Maurice étaient aussi glorieux pour l'Angleterre que pour la France. Nous pouvons lui répéter ce compliment avec une vraie fierté nationale, et j'ai eu, pour ma part, l'âme toute pleine en contemplant, au moment où je vous parle, l'imposant panorama de la belle rade de Mahébourg et cette île de La Passe qui nous rappelle la vaillance des braves marins français dont nous descendons pour la plupart. (Applaudissements.) . . . Vainqueurs ! Les Anglais le sont encore, puisqu'après avoir fait flotter leur pavillon sur cette île ils ont conquis nos cœurs par leur esprit de tolérance et de justice et qu'ils reçoivent aujourd'hui le bénéfice de leur sage politique par l'imposante et enthousiaste manifestation qui a prouvé à nos hôtes royaux notre affectueuse loyauté et notre dévouement à l'Angleterre. (Applaudissements frénétiques.) Vainqueurs ! Nous le sommes aussi, puisque nous avons conservé sous le drapeau Britannique notre langue et nos traditions françaises et que, suivant un mot caractéristique que j'emprunte à un homme d'état Canadien, les Anglais et nous, nous pouvons nous regarder les yeux dans les yeux. (Applaudissements.)'

The French Mauritians have indeed every cause to be content with British rule. Their language is the official one on the island ; the French Code Napoléon is the law of the land, the judges are of

French blood. The colonists enjoy complete liberty. Their affection for France is a matter of natural race sentiment, but they would not change their nationality. Réunion, but half a day's sail distant, is an object-lesson to them. That island has the natural advantages of Mauritius, and should be as prosperous; but there, under French rule, despite protective duties, the bureaucrat-ridden people display no energy, trade slackens, and the administration of the colony is carried on by the mother country at a considerable yearly loss. Madagascar affords another object-lesson. When I was there, in 1895, the bulk of the retail trade of the country was in the hands of the Mauritians. One came across their stores in every part of the island. Even there, in a foreign land, I found them proud of their British nationality, friendly to the Englishmen who came in contact with them—a pleasant, lively, intelligent, industrious people, prospering in their business. Then came the French invasion and conquest of the island, and all was changed. Heavy protective duties were introduced, British trade was boycotted, the Mauritians found their business vanishing, and, with a few exceptions, they returned to Mauritius, not at all in love with French methods. Moreover, I know of cases in which these men of French origin and speech would have derived considerable pecuniary benefit by becoming naturalised as French subjects in Madagascar, but refused to abandon their

British nationality. Mauritius is now in a flourishing condition, though, a few years ago, the island was in dire straits. The devastating hurricane of 1892, followed by a prolonged drought, destroyed the sugar plantations, and ruin faced the planters; but the energy of the people and the assistance opportunely given by the British Government saved the island and enabled it to recover from its disaster.

We had a pleasant all too short stay in Mauritius; and I may here mention that there is one distinguished Englishman, recently dead, whose memory is green in this island, where he was universally loved and esteemed. Many of the educated Mauritians of French blood whom I met told me that they had been pupils of Sir Walter Besant in the early sixties, when the afterwards famous novelist was professor of mathematics and classics in the Royal College of Mauritius. Distinguished lawyers and doctors, men holding high public appointments in the colony, all had the same story to tell; and it is certain that Besant must have been a most capable teacher, who compelled the interest and attention of the students under him while capturing their affection. One of these pupils, now holding a responsible post in the Government, showed me a bundle of old college exercises which he had carefully preserved because they had been corrected and initialled W. B. in red ink by his beloved professor.

No homeward-bound mail steamer called at Mauritius during our stay, and none was expected for some days, so that the ships of the royal escort carried the mails with them to the Cape, the most expeditious way of getting them home. The South African war had dislocated the mail service in this part of the world. Owing to the great pressure of traffic on the Cape route, the Union-Castle steamers had ceased to call at Mauritius, and were not likely to call there again for some time to come. For the carriage of its mails to England Mauritius had, therefore, to rely on the steamers of the Messageries and other lines that use the Suez Canal. But the Seychelles were in a still worse plight than Mauritius; for I was shown in the post-office at Port Louis a large pile of mail bags addressed to those islands, which had been accumulating there since May, and that unfortunate archipelago was likely to remain cut off from the outer world for an indefinite time longer unless some compassionate man-of-war conveyed to it its belated correspondence.

The 'Ophir,' 'Juno,' and 'St. George' weighed anchor in the afternoon of August 8, to steam in company for Durban. During that night we passed the island of Réunion, and throughout the 10th we were following the wild south-east coast of Madagascar, and I looked at familiar scenery; for, in 1895, I had to march several hundreds of miles through the swamps and forests of that roadless shore, when,

after having avoided the French blockading squadron by landing at remote Fort Dauphin, I was making my way to the distant capital of the Hovas. In the morning of August 13 we came to an anchor off Durban.

CHAPTER XVIII

IN QUARANTINE AT THE CAPE—ST. HELENA—THE DEADWOOD
FLAINS—PRISONERS ON PAROLE—THE BOER CAMP—INDUSTRY
OF THE PRISONERS—ATTEMPTS AT ESCAPE—VOYAGE TO ST.
VINCENT—THE ROYAL ESCORT CHANGED

THE 'Juno' and 'St. George' escorted the 'Ophir' to Durban, but did not remain with her, for they were ordered to put to sea again at once, proceed to Simonstown, coal there, then sail to St. Helena and coal again, and thence steam to a rendezvous in the ocean about one hundred and fifty miles to the eastward of St. Helena, where, at an appointed hour, they were to meet the 'Ophir' and escort her to St. Vincent in the Cape Verd Islands. It was furthermore ordered that the two ships should remain in strict quarantine while at Simonstown, and hold no communication with the shore—a precaution rendered necessary by the prevalence of the plague at Capetown. It was announced that accommodation could be given to two of the correspondents on the royal yacht; lots were therefore drawn, and the winners alone witnessed the ceremonies in South Africa. As I was not one of those who were enabled to

land, I can give no description of the interesting doings in South Africa, and of the enthusiastic welcome that was given by the loyalists to the Duke and Duchess. Thus it came about that we in the 'Juno' and 'St. George' had a long spell of sea work without putting foot on land; for, after leaving Mauritius, we sailed by Réunion and Madagascar; saw Durban in the distance as we left the 'Ophir'; followed the coast to Simonstown, which we reached on August 15; there remained for three days anchored in a somewhat rough sea—for the wind was blowing hard into the bay—gazing at the forbidden shore and the camp of the Boer prisoners on the hillside; and on the morning of the 18th, as soon as the 'Ophir' arrived, put to sea again for a further long sail to St. Helena.

At dawn, on August 23, St. Helena lay before us, a dark mountainous pile; and as we approached its rugged coasts it certainly looked the prison isle all over—the impregnable natural dungeon. The stupendous volcanic cliffs fell sheer into the surf, and wherever some steep gorge cleaving the precipices afforded a possibility of landing, a high stout wall, in some cases fortified, had been built across its narrow mouth, thus shutting it in, and rendering it inaccessible from the sea—a precaution that had been taken during Napoleon's captivity, so that all attempts at escape or of assistance coming to him from without might be made hopeless. When the Boer prisoners from

the decks of the ships that were bringing them hither first gazed on those awful inhospitable crags, whereon apparently not even a blade of grass was growing, their hearts must have sunk to see what manner of country was this of their captivity ; but, as they were soon to discover, the aspect of this island from the sea conveys no idea of the character of the interior—a pleasant land of beautiful green downs, fertile vales, and wooded hills, where is to be found some of the sweetest scenery of the earth. It was nine in the morning when we came to an anchor off the little town of Jamestown, which lies at the foot of a steep ravine. The mouth of this ravine is closed by a wall fronting the sea, through which one passes, by a gateway, from the landing steps to the steep main street of the town. The gate is, of course, closed at night, and a moat below the wall increases the difficulty of escaping from the island by this way. It was a picturesque scene from the sea. The little grey houses climbing the steep ravine bottom formed the centre of the picture. Up the left-hand slopes of the ravine wound the arduous cart road leading from the town to the high green plateaus above, where are Longwood House and the chief Boer camp ; while on the more precipitous right-hand slope of the gorge was the famous ladder of which we have all read—that straight flight of seven hundred narrow stone steps that takes one to the Royal Artillery barracks and the camps and fortifications on the cliff

top. In the little bay were lying his Majesty's ship 'Beagle,' the English collier from which we were to get our coal, and a few foreign sailing ships that had called for water or supplies, and were being carefully watched during their stay, the 'Beagle's' searchlights playing on them at night, in case any prisoners might attempt to swim out to them.

The health officer came off and gave pratique to the 'Juno' and 'St. George,' to the delight of all on board, and not the least so to the men, who got shore leave here for the first time since we left Australia, the quarantine arrangements having stopped their liberty at Mauritius as well as at the Cape. I at once landed with some of the 'Juno's' officers, and we set out to visit the prisoners' camp on the Deadwood Plains. This camp is but five miles from the town, but we found that the walk there and back provided us with a sufficiency of exercise, as we were travelling all the way on steep inclines. We found the little town more full of people than it used to be in the days before the war, for numbers of Boer prisoners were strolling through the streets. Indeed, prisoners formed the majority of the people we met; Boer waiters attended to our wants in the club and officers' mess; when we hired a carriage on the following day it was a Boer who drove us, and in the town we saw Boer shops and stores. The prisoners are employed in many capacities; in payment for light work they are offered a shilling a day by the

Government, but some who are hired by private individuals receive as much as four shillings a day. Seeing that they get this pocket-money in addition to their excellent rations and housing, their lot is indeed an easy one, far more so, indeed, than that of the English working man; many of these men, indeed, never fared so well in the days of their freedom. The bulk of the men I saw were of Cronje's force—they were of the mixed sort that one finds in the common Boer commando; there were among them fine-looking fellows of the best Boer type, these for the most part having French Huguenot names; and there were not a few of those low-caste Dutch Boers of whose true nature their English sympathisers know so little—men and lads dirty in habit, of a lower and more bestial cast of features than is to be found in any other white race, with small cunning eyes and sinister expression—just the sort of people who would murder the wounded enemy and play the white-flag trick without compunction. There were some rather theatrically attired Frenchmen, too, who would look more at home on the Boulevard Montmartre than on the veldt; several truculent Irish-Americans, Germans, Scandinavians, and a few English. In the camp we visited the prisoners represented eighteen nationalities.

The inhabitants of St. Helena undoubtedly approve highly of this South African war, inasmuch as it has brought them unwonted prosperity. The

provisioning of ships has ever been the principal business of St. Helena; but the opening of the Suez Canal, which deflected the trade from these seas, and the decay of the South Sea whaling industry combined to practically ruin the island by greatly reducing the number of vessels that called here for supplies or repairs. Of the once frequent whalers only about two now call yearly. The inhabitants became very poor, and many were compelled to emigrate to the Cape, the Cape Government encouraging the emigration—more especially of female servants—by a system of aided passages, the Government paying one half of the fares, the employers the other half. The population, which amounted to about 6,000 thirty years ago, has, therefore, steadily diminished until now, according to the census of last April, there are only 3,342 residents. But the same census shows that on the day it was taken the total number of persons on the island, including the garrison and the prisoners of war, was 9,850, a number which has never before been reached in the history of St. Helena, the nearest approach to it having been in 1861, when there were 6,860, inclusive of the garrison. On the day of the census the prisoners of war numbered 4,650, the garrison 1,528, the men on the shipping in the harbour 321. In short, the number of persons on the island has been fully doubled by the arrival of the prisoners of war and the consequent increase of the garrison. There is, therefore, a great demand

for provisions, greater indeed than was ever known in the palmiest days before the cutting of the canal and the decay of the South Sea whaling. The islanders are reaping a splendid harvest, and find a ready market for all their produce; prices have leaped up to an extraordinary height—eggs, for example, being four shillings a dozen. As another result of the war, men-of-war, transports, colliers, cattle ships, and other vessels are now constantly calling here, each one of which has to be supplied with fresh provisions. And so it is that the St. Helenans bless the war and will be sorry when the prisoners, many of whom spend their money freely, leave their shores.

Having lunched at a club, at which Boers waited on us, we set out for the principal encampment of the prisoners on the Deadwood Plains and trudged along the steep cart road that zigzags up the left or northerly side of the gorge. As we mounted higher and higher, the little houses beneath us and the men-of-war anchored in the bay dwindled in size, while the sea horizon receded further and further until at last it became invisible for distance and merged into the sky. And now we saw how fertile and beautiful was the inner country that was enclosed by the island's frowning ramparts. At the head of the ravine a stream fell over a lofty cliff in a fine cascade, and then, flowing down the length of the valley bottom, nourished the little artificial terraces of soil on either side, so that they were green with the fresh

vegetation of palms, bananas, and fruit trees, while all the swampy places were covered with the luscious leaves and blossoms of the arum lily.

The mountain sides, too, up which we toiled, were clothed with prickly pears, bearing a profusion of purple fruit, tall aloes gleaming like gold in the sunshine, scarlet geraniums, Hottentot figs, and a variety of flowering bushes and plants. Higher up we found the downs overgrown with blackberries in fruit, and yellow blossoming gorse, both accidentally imported from England ; and here again we came to timbered slopes, fields green with young corn, and grassy expanses that afforded pasture to cattle, sheep, and goats. It was a country that somewhat reminded one of the pleasant highlands of the Jura. And what a perfect climate it was ; what a pure air one breathed ! The heat is never oppressive on this island, and really cold weather is unknown ; it is a region of perpetual springtime. We visited St. Helena in the rainy, gusty winter season, but we found the weather pleasant enough during our stay. The south-east trade wind, pure and bracing, was ever blowing freshly across the island, at the summit of which all the trees bending low towards the north-west clearly showed what was the direction of the prevailing wind, and would have served as a compass to one lost on the heights. As we clambered up the hillside, every now and again slanting showers of thin rain, that looked like veils of gauze in the distance,

swept down the valleys; and, so soon as they had passed, the humid vegetation gleamed fresh in the returning sunshine. When we were on the high plateaus the feathery clouds of the trade wind would occasionally envelop us as with a cloak, and conceal from our vision all the grand surrounding scenery. We experienced the climate at its worst, and found nothing to complain of. The Boer camp is remarkably free from disease. One French prisoner, it is true, who is a correspondent of the 'Figaro,' wrote pathetically to his paper concerning the sufferings of the poor Boers in St. Helena, exposed as they are, according to him, to a dreadful climate of scorching suns by day and glacial nights. But he must be a hyper-sensitive person; the Boers themselves, who do indeed come from a land where the temperature can sometimes fluctuate rapidly between the uncomfortably hot and the uncomfortably cold, would laugh at anyone who spoke of the climate of St. Helena as being rigorous.

On our way we met numbers of prisoners who were out on leave. They were at liberty to walk about the country as they pleased. Some were employed in collecting firewood, which is somewhat scarce and valuable in St. Helena at present, to carry back to camp; others were filling baskets with the ripe blackberries, and many were lying under the shady trees reading books and smoking. Three hundred prisoners are thus given liberty each

day, and their own officers arrange it so that each man shall have his turn. They have to return to camp at a certain hour, and at the gateway their passes are given up and their persons are closely searched for spirits, weapons, or other contraband. The prisoners have proved themselves ingenious smugglers; they constructed flat tins, shaped to the hollow of the back, which they filled with spirits and strapped on under their shirts. This method was at last discovered by the authorities, so the smugglers invented others. I was shown, for example, an innocent-looking log of firewood which a prisoner was carrying into camp when it attracted the attention of a sharp-eyed sergeant of the Wiltshire Regiment; it had been split down the centre and hollowed out, a tin of spirit had been placed within it, and the two sides of the log had been neatly joined again. As Jamestown itself is not under martial law the prisoners apparently have little difficulty in procuring spirits when on leave. Confinement to camp is the punishment awarded to prisoners who get drunk or are detected in an attempt at smuggling. A certain number of well-behaved prisoners, the club waiters for example, are permitted to live in the town. Boer officers are allowed to go about on parole; but Cronje, who would most probably cause trouble if he were allowed too much liberty, lives with his wife in a pleasant cottage outside the camp, guarded by our

troops. He protested against this treatment at first, but he has now come to consider it as a mark of honour, for he has been told that during the captivity of Napoleon on the island, though the French officers attending on him went about on parole, this liberty was denied to the deposed Emperor himself. Mr. Kruger's son-in-law, Eloff, since he was convicted of hatching a mutiny among the prisoners, has been closely confined in the citadel.

As we climbed up the steep road we saw below us, on our right, 'The Briars,' Napoleon's first residence on the island. Then we turned aside, following narrow paths, to visit his tomb; and at last, having reached the summit of the ridge, we perceived ahead of us, across the rolling ground, Longwood itself, and about a mile beyond it, on the wind-swept, grassy Deadwood Plains, the white tents and the huts of the Boer camp. Of the two encampments of prisoners of war at St. Helena this is the largest. The other one, of which Colonel Wright is in command, is at Broadbottom, on the other side of the island, where about two thousand prisoners are guarded by detachments of the Gloucestershire and Berkshire Regiments. In the Deadwood Camp there are about three thousand prisoners guarded by the 3rd (Militia) Battalion of the Wiltshire Regiment, under Colonel Sanford, Lieutenant-Colonel Barclay of the same regiment being the officer in charge of the prisoners. First we passed through

the tented camp of the Wiltshires, and were much struck by the fine physique and soldierly appearance of these men; they were for the most part sturdy, fresh-complexioned countrymen, those sons of the soil who have ever fought England's battles so well, and of whom, unfortunately, we shall soon be unable to recruit nearly the number we require for our Army, if the depopulation of the country and the concentration of the people in the great cities continue at their present rate. We called at the officers' mess and obtained permission to visit the prisoners' camp.

We passed by a gateway through the strong wire entanglement that surrounds the camp, and found ourselves in a clean, well-ordered little town of tents and huts, much like the camp one sees at some new gold 'rush,' but far more tidy and comfortable. The little huts have been constructed by the prisoners out of the material that was available. Timber, of course, has become dear and difficult to procure, deal planking costing sixpence a foot, while even fuel has to be imported from England. So the prisoners build their huts of barrel staves, broken-up biscuit boxes, the sides of empty kerosene tins—of which they get a fair supply, as about two dozen large tins of the oil are consumed nightly in the flare-ups that surround the camp, enabling the sentries to detect any attempt at escape. These little huts are, of course, snugger habitations than

tents in this breezy climate. This camp, therefore, has a different appearance from the one I saw in Ceylon, where the abundance of timber allowed of the construction of large huts, accommodating fifty men or more. But, taking one thing with the other, the prisoners are as well off here as at Diyatalawa. The huts are not all residential; among them are small stores where business-like prisoners retail to their fellows such luxuries as tobacco, jam, and tinned milk; there are workshops, too, where skilled cabinet-makers, workers in metal, and others—German mercenaries for the most part—manufacture toys and other articles; the captive correspondent of the 'Figaro' has his studio, and is ready to sell you his clever caricatures; and one prisoner has made an excellent cinematograph. The prisoners have their social clubs, too, of which the premises are huts of larger size. I was taken into three of these—the Sports Club, in which boxing and other competitions are held; the German Club, and the Hollander Club, all supplied with such newspapers as the censorship does not exclude. One newspaper, partly in English and partly in Dutch, is printed and published within the enclosure. The prisoners also have their recreation grounds, where they play at cricket and football. In short, they are as comfortable as men in camp well can be; their rations are the same as those served out to the troops guarding them: they are supplied, for example, with

excellent white bread and the best of English meat, for a cattleship arrives here weekly, and each bullock landed costs the British Government 60*l*. The prisoners, indeed, are possibly living better than are most of the British taxpayers who contribute the money that pays for all this.

Outside the barbed-wire enclosure, and at a short distance from it, is another small camp which is occupied by the two hundred odd 'peaceables'—men who recognise the futility of continuing the war, advocate surrender, and are prepared to take the oath of allegiance. They were so ill-treated and persecuted by the irreconcilables that it was found necessary to thus separate them from the other prisoners, and they get their leave on days when the others are confined in camp. In the larger camp there are numbers who hold the same views as the peaceables, but dare not give expression to them; many of these men are 'sitting on the fence,' and one told me that he would gladly take the oath of allegiance were he satisfied that the Boer cause was hopeless and that the Republics would not recover their independence. Everyone who takes the oath of allegiance, he explained to me, is a marked man; he could never return to South Africa if the Boers win the day, the irreconcilables would not forget and would not show mercy. These prisoners on a remote oceanic island appear to have some mysterious means of receiving communications from the outside world.

They thus knew that Mrs. Kruger had died at a certain date before the news had reached the authorities on the island.

St. Helena is a difficult island from which to escape, but several prisoners have made the attempt. The Dutch Boers are not a nautical people, and fear the sea; so it is not they but their allies who try to swim out to foreign vessels in the harbour or to seize and put to sea in the small local boats.

A very bold attempt of this description was made a week before our arrival. Two Danish prisoners contrived to swim off at night to a small craft that supplies the shipping with water. There was no one on board of her, so they cast off her moorings, hoisted a sail, and got away unobserved. But at dawn the boat was sighted from the signal station above the town, a man-of-war's steam pinnace was sent after her, and she was towed back into the harbour. The men's story was that they had intended to sail to South America by themselves; but seeing that they had no provisions with them, and that there was no water in the boat's tank, this was obviously too wild a scheme to commend itself to two sane Danish mariners, and the authorities naturally suspected that there was more behind. A diligent search was therefore instituted, with the result that a 'cache' was discovered in one of the secluded bays, where a large store of provisions, water, whisky, candles, and other supplies,

including a mariner's compass, had been buried. It was evidently the plan of the Danes to sail into that bay under cover of the night, there take on board their accomplices and the stores, and then sail away before the trade wind until they were either picked up by a foreign ship or hit some portion of the South American coast—a perfectly feasible scheme.

We passed three very pleasant days at St. Helena, and were sorry to leave it. The naval officers played two cricket matches with the Wiltshires, and I have to record that the soldiers won both. The matches were played on the flattest part of the Deadwood Plains; but the slope was considerable. In this island of steep inclines the term plain has not exactly the same signification as it has at home. A St. Helenan would define a plain as land sloping so gently that a ball placed on it would not roll down by its own weight.

In the morning of August 27, the 'Juno' and 'St. George' sailed from St. Helena. First we made for the rendezvous, 150 miles to the eastward of the island, and there at four o'clock on the following morning duly fell in with the 'Ophir' and her temporary escorts, the 'Terpsichore' and the 'Naiad.' So soon as we met the 'Ophir,' the 'Terpsichore' and 'Naiad' turned round and steered for the Cape, while the 'Juno' and 'St. George,' relieving them, took up their old positions

on either quarter of the royal yacht and proceeded to escort her—for the last time—as far as St. Vincent.

And so the three ships sailed in company up the Atlantic, through the south-east trades, across the line, past the steaming doldrums, into the belt of the north-east trades, until, at last, in the evening of September 3, just saving our daylight, we came to that unlovely volcanic cinderheap, the island of St. Vincent, and anchored in the great coaling station of Porto Grande. Here the 'Juno' and 'St. George' ceased to act as escort to the royal yacht, and the mightier and more imposing four-funnelled cruisers 'Diadem' and 'Niobe' took their place. I was transferred to the 'Diadem,' and I need scarcely say that it was with great regret I left the ship that had been my home for six months, and all my good friends on board of her; even though it was to join another of his Majesty's ships, in whose wardroom, as I soon discovered, I was to be in another pleasant home and enjoy once more that wonderful good fellowship that distinguishes our naval service. The following summary of the work accomplished by the 'Juno' while acting as escort to the royal yacht, from March 7, when we left Portsmouth, up to our arrival at St. Vincent, will, I think, be of interest to some: total number of miles steamed 27,800; coal consumed 8,144 tons.

At about this time it was announced in several

newspapers that the 'Juno' and 'St. George' had been superseded because they could not keep speed with the 'Ophir.' In the course of an article which appeared in the 'Morning Post' of September 17, I showed how utterly devoid of foundation was this statement, which cast a serious reflection on our fast cruisers, for the 'Ophir,' which was alleged to have run away from her escort much as she pleased, is by no means an ocean greyhound. Foreign journals quoting these assertions were merry at the expense of our sluggish men-of-war, and colonial papers commented in dismay on the apparent inefficiency of the navy on which the safety of all the Empire depended. Now the truth is that not only did the 'Juno' and 'St. George' have no difficulty in keeping up with the 'Ophir,' even on the longest runs—their coal capacity being sufficient for this—but they could have walked round and round the 'Ophir' at any period of the cruise, being far faster ships, and always having at least two knots in hand.

CHAPTER XIX

VOYAGE TO CANADA—ON THE RIVER ST. LAWRENCE—QUEBEC—
A REVIEW ON THE PLAINS OF ABRAHAM—COMMENCE A
RAILWAY JOURNEY OF EIGHT THOUSAND MILES—MONTREAL—
OTTAWA—A WATER HOLIDAY

THROUGHOUT this long tour over the world's five continents the Duke of Cornwall and York visited British Possessions only; consequently, though the necessity for coaling brought the 'Ophir' and her escorts to St. Vincent, in the Cape Verde Archipelago, there was no landing there of the Royal party, to the disappointment of our allies the Portuguese, who had bestirred themselves, in co-operation with the British community on the island, to decorate the little town, and were prepared to give a cordial welcome to the heir of the British Throne and to his Consort. Shortly before sunset on September 5, the 'Ophir' sailed from St. Vincent for Quebec. For the remainder of this cruise, my home was to be in the 'Diadem,' a stately ship of about twice the size of the 'Juno,' being a first-class cruiser of 11,000 tons, 16,500 horse-power, with Belleville boilers, and carrying sixteen guns.

Now commenced a voyage of over three thousand miles across the North Atlantic, in the course of which we experienced every variety of weather. It was oppressively hot as we passed through the north-east trades and the belt of steamy calms which lies between the trades and the region of the westerly winds; then the weather got cooler, and after four days' steaming our approach to the blustering westerlies was indicated by a high swell, huge masses of oily smooth water rolling up sullenly on our port side. There were soon signs to show that we were on the edge of a cyclone, and a gale from the south-west suddenly burst on us, shifting later to the north-west. It broke up the great rollers into a confused turmoil of white-capped waves, which did not trouble the cruisers much—excellent sea boats that they are—but caused the 'Ophir' to pitch uncomfortably; so that the order was given for the three ships to slow down, and for some hours we were practically hove to, making almost imperceptible progress. But by the 11th we were in fine weather again; we crossed the Gulf Stream, and then, of a sudden, having passed its sharply defined edge into the cold waters of the Arctic current, the temperature of the sea fell, the air got chill, and the cold fog enveloped us. Slowly and carefully the three ships crept on between Newfoundland and Nova Scotia into the Gulf of St. Lawrence, steaming in single line ahead, scarcely visible to each other

through that cold grey mist, their syrens wailing their warning, while occasionally the whistle of a steamer or the melancholy horn of a fishing smack disclosed the proximity of some invisible craft. We saw no sun for a few days, but we were in soundings, and the lead told our whereabouts.

On the 13th the fog lifted for a while, and we saw Cape Breton looming dim in the distance. The cruisers now spread out so as to come in touch with the ships of the North America station, which it was known were coming out to meet us. Later in the day they duly joined us—the cruisers ‘Indefatigable’ and ‘Tribune,’ and the destroyer ‘Quail.’ It was from the ‘Indefatigable’ that we first received the evil news that had dismayed the whole world; she signalled that an attempt had been made to assassinate the President of the United States and that his life was in danger. Throughout the 14th the five ships steamed across the misty gulf past Anticosti into the estuary of the great river, and throughout the 15th we were ascending the river itself, still in misty weather, but hugging the northern shore so closely that its cliffs and pine-clad heights were dimly visible. That night we came to an anchor about twenty-four miles below Quebec.

The anchors were weighed at eight on the following morning, and we steamed up the majestic river to Quebec. For the suddenness of its changes the climate of the mouth of the St. Lawrence can cer-

tainly vie with that of England. It had been bitterly cold on the previous day while the mists were round us; but now a warm south-westerly wind sprang up which dispelled the fog; we were once more in bright, hot summer weather, and a more perfect morning for our ascent of the river and the landing of the Duke and Duchess could not have been desired. For many days our eyes had gazed only on the barren stretches of the ocean, so that the loveliness of the scenery on either shore appealed all the more strongly to us. For the most part the sunlit country which we passed was such as one sees in the fairest parts of agricultural England, gently sloping grassy hills, fields of ripening crops divided by hedges, pleasant-looking homesteads, red-roofed villages, while here and there was a fishing hamlet with its jutting pier, flag-decked in honour of the Duke and Duchess. Where the land was not under cultivation dark pine woods clothed the hills, their sombre foliage being relieved in places by the warm flush of the already reddening maple. The aspect of the St. Lawrence's shores on that sunny, breezy morning could not fail to inspire us with very pleasing first impressions of this new land to which we had come.

The arrival of the 'Ophir' and her escorting men-of-war into the many fair harbours we have visited in the course of this cruise has often supplied a beautiful and impressive spectacle; but I think

that our entry into the port of Quebec up this magnificent waterway, between the pleasant heights, was the most imposing of all, not even excluding the sailing into Sydney's splendid harbour. We formed a stately procession of five ships, the 'Ophir' leading, the 'Diadem' and the 'Niobe' and the smaller 'Tribune' and 'Indefatigable' following. As we neared our destination several little steamers, bright with lanterns and crowded with people, came out to meet us and followed at the heel of the procession. And so we proceeded, until at last before us we saw Quebec itself, that most picturesque of cities, which covers the steep promontory dividing the two rivers.

There is no other city like this in the New World. Nature and the hand of man and the maturing influence of age—for modern improvements have interfered but little with the aspect of the old French settlement—have combined to make it the stateliest of sea cities. The quaint deep-eaved old French houses climbing the steep slopes, the churches and convents and public buildings with their graceful spires and towers cutting the blue sky, and, crowning all, the massive mediæval-looking citadel that tops the precipitous cliff overhanging the lower town, form a noble picture quite in keeping with the historic and romantic associations of the ancient stronghold. And more especially, on this day of welcome to the King's son, did old Quebec

present a magnificent appearance, towering above the white foam that laved its feet (for the wind had much strengthened and was raising quite an uncomfortably choppy sea), its streets bright with multitudinous bunting, its quays and its terraced streets, tier above tier, crowded with spectators. As the 'Ophir' and her escorting cruisers came in sight of the port the four British men-of-war that were lying at anchor there—the 'Crescent,' 'Psyche,' 'Proserpine,' and 'Pallas'—fired the royal salute. Passing through the flag-decorated shipping we came to our appointed berths. Down went the anchors, the ships' bands played the National Anthem, and with naval smartness the 'Ophir' and the four cruisers were dressed, the long lines of waving flags being quickly run up to extend rainbow fashion from bow to stern and from mast to mast.

It was truly an impressive arrival at the great port, which now, for the first time these many years, I imagine, had nine British warships anchored beneath its walls. There was something very exhilarating in the spectacle—the brightness of light and colouring, the quickness of movement, the booming of cannon, and the braying of trumpets; but of a sudden something occurred to chill joyousness and to fill all hearts with horror and indignation. We saw the flag of the United States being hoisted on the 'Ophir.' Its ascent stopped at half-mast high, and, remembering the signal that the 'Indefatigable' had

sent to us, we knew that the President had succumbed to his injuries. And now on every other man-of-war the Stars and Stripes were hoisted to half-mast, in token of sorrow and sympathy.

The 'Diadem' having come to an anchor, I went on shore to explore the decorated streets before the landing of the Royal party at the King's Wharf at noon. I wandered through the winding, steep streets of the lower town, where the houses are much like those one would find in some old town in Normandy. Picturesque, and in many cases dating from the old French days too, are many of the larger buildings. It is an old-world place altogether, bearing no resemblance to any city in Australasia or in the United States. It was, of course, a general holiday, and the entire population was in the streets. It was difficult to realise that one was in a British city, as one heard French talked all around one; even the police—wearing the uniform of our British police—could not understand one unless they were addressed in French. It was just the sort of happy crowd of well-dressed people one encounters on fête days in France, well-behaved and courteous. There is a mediæval atmosphere in Quebec, and the inhabitants are a little mediæval in their ways, some of them even in their appearance, for the cadets of the Laval University wear a queer uniform frock with a green sash about the waist that has as old-fashioned a look as that of our own Blue Coat boys. I found

quarters in the spacious Château Frontenac Hotel, a modern building, but resembling some old French château, and therefore in harmony with its surroundings. One of the first things that strikes the visitor to Canada is the grace, dignity, and beauty of the architecture of most of the modern civic and other structures of any pretension. An absence of vulgarity and a noble simplicity characterise the Canadian style. The Château Frontenac is owned by the Canadian Pacific Railway Company, and has as magnificent a situation as any hotel in the world; for it stands at the edge of the Dufferin Terrace, that grand wooden platform skirting the cliff-top that was built when Lord Dufferin was Governor-General. From this promenade one commands a superb panorama: at one's feet, two hundred feet below, spread like a map the steep roofs and winding narrow streets of the lower town; beyond the quays, stretching to the left and right as far as one can see, is the great St. Lawrence with its anchored shipping; while beyond the river there faces one the town of Lévis, with its mighty fortifications crowning the green heights.

Canada was evidently determined not to be behind the other colonies in her demonstrations of loyalty. Every street through which the royal procession passed was packed with people. Troops and police lined the route, but had no difficulty in controlling the good-natured, well-behaved crowds. The

people gave a distinctly good reception to the Duke and Duchess ; but, so far as cheering was concerned, it was not nearly so demonstrative a welcome as was accorded in the Australasian cities. Not that the Canadians are less loyal than the Australians ; but they are not accustomed to cheer in the Dominion, and the majority do not even know how to acclaim after that fashion. The people waved handkerchiefs and hats, and often shouted and huzzaed as the Duke and Duchess passed ; but a true British cheer was only occasionally to be heard.

The reception, however, was a warm one for all that, and it was pleasant, as one mixed in the crowd, to overhear the many kindly and loyal remarks uttered in French. It was not long before the Duke had made himself as popular in Canada as he had in Australia, and the Duchess had altogether won the hearts of the Canadians, the French Canadian ladies being enthusiastic admirers of her Royal Highness. To some of us visitors who had never visited Canada before and knew not its people the reception of the Duke and Duchess by the crowds assembled in the streets of Quebec was very gratifying, when we remembered that of these spectators of all classes (it is estimated that they numbered over seventy thousand) the great majority were not of our blood, for of the population of Quebec five-sixths are French Roman Catholics. In Montreal, where the welcome was even warmer, the French compose more than half

the population, while the Irish outnumber the English.

Of the various functions that we witnessed during our two days' stay in Quebec, the most notable were their Royal Highnesses' visit to Laval, the ancient French Catholic University, at which so many distinguished Canadians have received their education—where the Duke received the degree of Doctor of Law; and the review of troops on the 19th. The review was held on the Plains of Abraham, hard by the Wolfe Monument, on the now cleared grass-covered down where the race-course lies, but which, when the historic fight was fought, was sprinkled with bush, affording good cover to the defending force. Unfortunately a steady drizzle fell throughout the morning, so that the proceedings were limited to a march past and the presentation of war medals by the Duke. Three thousand six hundred troops—Canadian Militia and Volunteers—and about eight hundred Marines and Blue-jackets from the warships, marched past the saluting point. The mounted troops presented a splendid appearance, and rode past in a fashion that would have gladdened any soldier's eye. The Infantry also marched past steadily, and kept their alignment well; but the Marines and Blue-jackets, who, as usual, were loudly applauded, marched with the greatest precision of all.

It seemed curious to find the men of the French

Canadian regiments wearing the uniform of the British Infantry and receiving their orders in the French tongue. They looked hard and fit, but their fashion of wearing their hair somewhat long detracted from the smartness of their appearance, and would have horrified an English drill sergeant. Then followed the presentation of war medals by the Duke, a ceremony which, in Canada, as it was in Australasia and South Africa, was a leading feature of the royal visit. First Lieutenant-Colonel Turner, who, as lieutenant of the Mounted Rifles, so gallantly rescued the guns at Koomati Poort, was presented with his well-earned Victoria Cross, which the Duke pinned on his breast while gracefully complimenting him on the valour he had displayed. Then about a hundred and twenty officers and men from this portion of the Dominion received their medals, and on looking through the list I found that over a fifth bore French names.

On the morning of the 15th the Duke and Duchess were conveyed to Montreal on the splendid train that had been specially built for their use during the Canadian tour by the Canadian Pacific Railway Company.

This was indeed a train wonderful to look on and explore, the most magnificent pleasure train that has ever been constructed. It was 730 ft. in length, and weighed 595 tons. The enormous and powerful engine with its tender weighed 132 tons.

The train was lighted from end to end with electricity, and there was telephonic communication throughout. The train was composed of nine beautifully fitted coaches. Two of these, the Cornwall and the York, each of which was over 77 ft. in length, were for the especial use of their Royal Highnesses. In another coach was a consulting-room and a dispensing-room, furnished by the company with a complete stock of drugs and surgical appliances.

Now commenced that great railway journey across the Continent to the Pacific and back again—a distance of nearly eight thousand miles—which proved one of the most interesting, if, perhaps, one of the most fatiguing, incidents of this long royal progress through the British Possessions. For five weeks we travelled on the Canadian railway lines, calling at a number of cities, each of which had prepared its lengthy programme of ceremonies and sight-seeing for the Royal visitors. The programmes, indeed, were somewhat appalling to contemplate. It was an unceasing round of functions and railway journeys. For the most part of the way we travelled by night, and each day visited some more or less important city for a few hours—hours that were fully filled up by the implacable programmes. We passed a night or two in a few important places only; but the railway companies had so arranged their part of the business that this without doubt

was far the most comfortable railway journey that has ever yet been undertaken.

The first stage of the journey was a short one, for Montreal was reached in four hours. We remained barely two days in this magnificent city, the largest in the Dominion, and its commercial centre, beautifully situated at the junction of the St. Lawrence and Ottawa Rivers. We had little time to explore it, as we would fain have done; but in this scamper across a continent one could not hope to catch more than a glimpse of the many highly interesting places visited. Montreal gave their Royal Highnesses a very fine reception, and the cheering was more demonstrative here than in Quebec, doubtless because the proportion of men of British blood was larger.

In Montreal the French and the Anglo-Saxons vied with each other in the decoration of the broad, beautiful streets and stately public buildings, with the result that the aspect of the densely crowded main thoroughfares by day and night was exceedingly brilliant. The large Canadian cities, I think, rivalled those of Australasia in the splendour of their illuminations, Melbourne, of course, excepted; for the Victorian capital rightly surpassed all the others, as she was the central object of this royal progress, and, as it were, the Mecca of our long wanderings. Of the functions I need say little. They were curtailed on the day of the United States President's

funeral ; but there was still plenty left for his Royal Highness to do during our short stay in Montreal—the presentation of war medals ; the receiving of and replying to numerous addresses ; the opening of the Medical College ; a visit to M'Gill University, where the Duke took an honorary degree ; a visit to the beautiful old convent of Villa Maria, where are educated the daughters of the well-born French Canadians.

It was rightly decided that the one long stoppage of the royal train during its trans-continental journey should be made at Ottawa, the capital of the Dominion of Canada. We arrived there, after a three hours' journey from Montreal, at midday on September 20, and did not entrain again to continue our progress to the Far West until noon on the 24th, so that we spent four full days in this beautiful city, which, though—unlike old Quebec and Montreal—a modern place which has arisen within the last half century, conveys no impression of mushroom growth to one who wanders through its fine streets and gazes on its splendid public buildings.

Here, as in other cities we had visited in Canada, the civic architecture displays a chaste beauty and dignity of form admirably adapted to the natural features and climate of the country. The grand pile of the Government buildings crowning a bluff that overlooks the broad Ottawa impresses one, I think, as does no other edifice throughout all the American

continent, and when seen from the river, with its graceful Gothic turrets and flying buttresses towering above masses of dark green foliage, it presents a strikingly imposing and noble appearance. Its majestic simplicity fascinates the observer, and the sandstone of which it is built has already been toned by climate to the pleasing mellow tints of age. One's first impression is one of astonishment to find such a building in this new world.

The shoddy and pretentious magnificence of some of the public buildings on the American continent does not offend the eye in Canada. The masterpieces of the mediæval builders have been followed truthfully but not slavishly, and with the unerring good taste of the faithful artist, by the architects who worked for the Canadian Government, and one pictures to oneself the time, centuries hence, when people will come from far countries to visit and admire the architectural beauties of old Canada.

Ottawa's reception of the Duke and Duchess was a good one, more demonstrative and enthusiastic than it had been in the more purely French cities; but the Englishman who visits this country for the first time when the people are taking holiday cannot but be forcibly struck by the fact that the Canadian-born, even of Anglo-Saxon stock, have nearly forgotten how to raise the traditional British cheer. They shout and scream their acclamations; and as the Duke and Duchess drove through the

crowded streets of these cities they were for the most part greeted by cries that resembled the war whoops of the Red Indians, and are no doubt imitated from them by the white youth of the country. However, these somewhat harsh noises were intended as a hearty welcome, which is the essential point after all. Small though the capital is in comparison with Montreal, for it contains but about fifty thousand inhabitants, amazingly large crowds for a town of that size turned out into the streets to see the Duke and Duchess.

The city was beautifully and profusely decorated ; it was a mass of bright colour by day or night, and the mistake was not made here of relying too exclusively on electricity for the illumination ; one realised here how much more pleasing an effect is produced by the softer glow of myriads of coloured Chinese lanterns. And how well this worthy capital of a great Dominion lends itself to holiday display of this description. Built as it is at the fork of the two rivers Ottawa and Rideau, and rising from the water up to the central height on which stand the noble Government buildings, there are many points in it from which one can command a view over nearly the entire city and much of the surrounding country. Thus at night, from some of the open places, one beheld extended before one, forming a superb picture, the many illuminated streets and glittering triumphal arches ; the banks of the broad Ottawa and its long

bridges festooned with coloured lanterns, the light being reflected by the two brightly flashing falls which are formed by the two rivers in front of the town, and so largely contribute to its unique picturesqueness ; the whole being crowned by the Parliament buildings, on the culminating bluff, outlined in fire.

As in every city we visited in Australasia, the school-children had their holiday, and were paraded at positions from which they could obtain an excellent view of the procession. On Parliament Hill four thousand school-children were collected, who sang 'God Save the King' lustily as their Royal Highnesses drove up, and also 'The Maple Leaf for ever,' that patriotic Canadian hymn which was ever ringing in our ears during the royal progress through the Dominion :

In days of yore
From Britain's shore
Wolfe, the dauntless hero, came
And planted firm Britannia's flag
On Canada's fair domain.
There may it wave, our boast, our pride,
And join in love together,
The Thistle, Shamrock, Rose entwine
The Maple Leaf for ever.

The 21st was a day of interesting functions in Ottawa. A very imposing ceremony, that deeply moved the assembled people, of whom it is estimated that twenty thousand were present, was the unveiling by the Duke, while cannon thundered the royal salute, of the fine statue of Queen Victoria on Parlia-

ment Hill, a fitting site for a monument to the great Queen, commanding as it does so magnificent a view over the city, the rivers, and the plain.

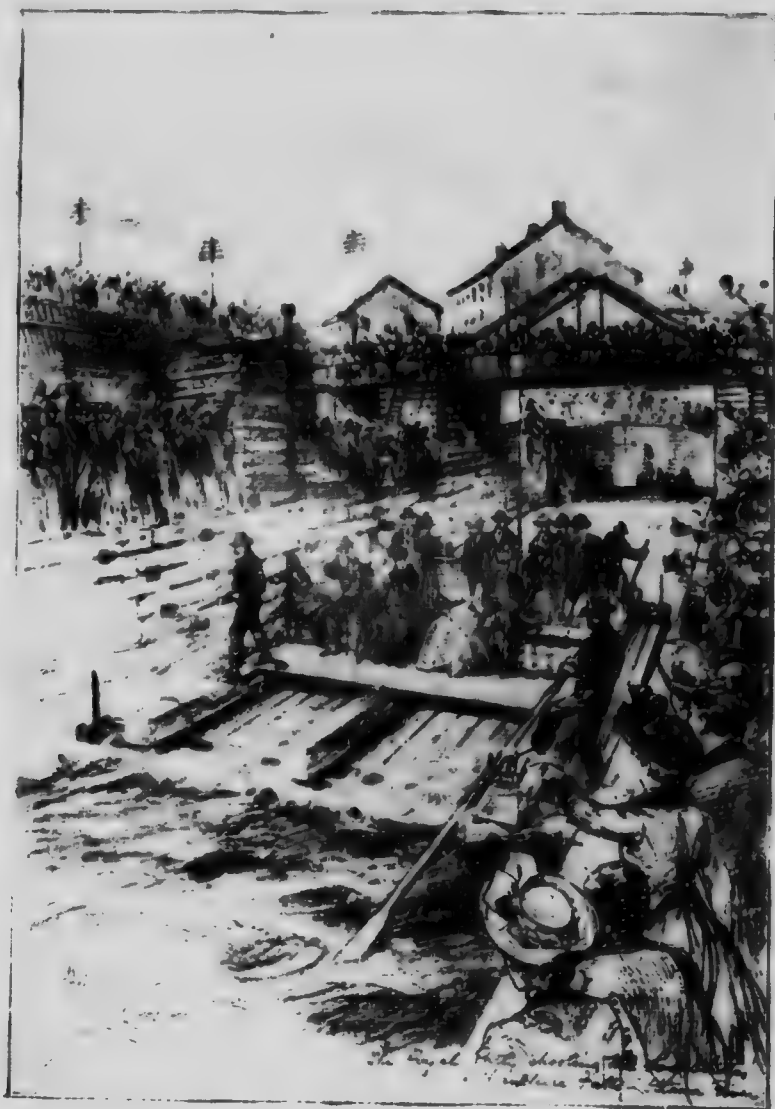
After this ceremony came the presentation of war medals to a number of men who had returned from South Africa. First, Lieutenant Edward Holland was presented with his Victoria Cross. It will be remembered that Lieutenant Holland, on November 7, 1900, in an engagement on the Koomati River, kept the Boers off our 12-pounders with his Colt gun, and, when the Boers were close up to him, the horse being unable to draw the gun carriage, coolly tucked the Colt under his arm and galloped safely off with it.

Among those who came up to receive his medal was Trooper Mulloy, who had been totally blinded by his wounds. He was led up by Lieutenant Holland, and the Duchess herself pinned on his medal. The Duchess, who was evidently deeply moved, spoke to him in a very kindly and sympathetic way, saying that she had heard often of him from her sister-in-law, the Duchess of Teck, who had seen him in hospital in South Africa, and she told him that she would let her sister know that he had recovered. It was a pathetic and moving incident, that went straight to the hearts of the assembled multitude. It was the talk of the city that day, and, if possible, still further endeared her Royal Highness to the Canadian people.

On the following day, our last in Ottawa, the

royal party were entertained by an interesting and characteristic exhibition of the lumberman's life on the Ottawa River. Bright sunshine and fresh westerly wind favoured the water holiday. Electric trams carried their Royal Highnesses and other privileged persons to the Chaudière Rapids, where the waters of the here suddenly contracted Ottawa fall from a height of fifty feet. We were now in the true lumberman's region. Vast numbers of logs floated on the river between the lines of enclosing booms, while on the shore were piled mountains of planking. Everything around us spoke of Canada's great lumber industry and of the mighty forests of the Ottawa Valley. On the river banks were innumerable saw-mills worked by the inexhaustible water-power supplied by the falls. On the opposite bank of the river it was the same—timber and saw-mills everywhere, and the houses of the lumberman's quarter, the suburb of Hull, through which the Duke and Duchess had already driven and had there received a very hearty reception, the inhabitants, through their representatives, expressing their deep gratitude to Great Britain, which had given them financial assistance when it was sorely needed after the destructive fire of the previous year.

The day's programme opened with our descent of the Chaudière Falls on timber rafts. The lumber is floated from above down the artificial timber slides—timber-enclosed channels through which the water



ON THE TIMBER-SLIDES AT OTTAWA.
(From a drawing by Melton Prior.)

rushes—the cribs or rafts into which the lumber is put together being just broad enough to pass through the slides. The cribs, five in number, started from the foot of Oregon Street, a little distance above the falls, where we all embarked, and the cribs proceeded in procession down the river to the slides. As we entered the slides and began to plunge rapidly downwards the scene was a curious and picturesque one. The slides were lined with spectators, and the small bridges under which we passed were also covered with people, who cheered as the cribs swept by them in succession, first with a smooth, though steep descent, then through broken water, where the rafts ran their bows under the combing waves.

It was exhilarating to be thus swiftly borne down this succession of terraces of wildly rushing water, and visitors to Ottawa, if here at the right season, generally contrive to enjoy this experience. This, by the way, was not the right season. All the year's lumber rafts had already passed down the rapids, and the river was getting rather low. It is said that the raftsmen's day is nearly over. A large raft needs so many men to manage it that it is now cheaper to transport the lumber by train than by the rivers. This picturesque feature of old Canadian life is therefore likely shortly to disappear, like so many other picturesque things.

One by one the cribs shot out of the slides into the smooth, broad river below the falls, and our red-

shirted, besashed, slouch-hatted *voyageurs*, Indian and half-breeds many of them, sculled the unwieldy craft with their long oars to the right bank of the river, where we were all transferred to somewhat cranky canoes, and, forming a large flotilla, were paddled down stream by more red-shirted *voyageurs* of the Hudson's Bay Company, who sang their boat songs as they plied their paddles. River steamers and launches shrieked out their welcome from their steam whistles as we passed them, and we were accompanied by a cloud of small craft of every description.

On we went down the majestic gleaming river through the keen air; past the city with its grand Parliament House towering above it from the wooded bluff; past the mouth of the Rideau River where it falls into the Ottawa in a curtain-like cascade; past rambling Rideau Hall, where the Duke and Duchess were staying as guests of the Governor-General; till we came to Rockcliffe, where we landed at the Ottawa Canoe Club-house. Here the royal party witnessed an exhibition of log-rolling, and a race of war canoes; and then proceeded through the pleasant groves of Rockcliffe Park to a lumberman's camp, on a bluff that overlooked the green woodland. Here a typical lumberman's shanty—the log hut of our boyhood's romances—had been built for their reception. The red-shirted shanty men felled a great pine, and

rapidly divided it into logs, singing their shanty songs the while, giving good proof of their skill as woodsmen. Pork and beans, true shanty fare, had been cooked in the hut to regale the visitors and show them how men live in the woods, but the hospitable lumbermen had also prepared another more luxurious lunch for them in a neighbouring marquee. The *habitants* had arranged their welcome of the Duke and Duchess extremely well.

At the completion of the proceedings one French-Canadian among the shanty men was called on for a speech, and a very amusing one he made in the broken English of the *habitant*. He explained that he had been asked to build a shanty for the 'King and Queen,' that he had done so with pleasure, and would do so again if occasion demanded it. In all seriousness, and in his own quaint fashion, he recounted his career for the information of the Duke. He told his audience that he had lost a fortune while contracting in the lumber business, but did not care a rap about that, as he was now working his debt gradually off as a shanty man. When he got too old to work he would go to England with his old wife and ask the King for a job. I think it was a jolly afternoon for all the visitors to the lumbermen's camp, and the light-hearted, simple-minded, hospitable shanty men had the satisfaction of knowing that their efforts to interest and amuse had been very successful.

CHAPTER XX

ON THE CANADIAN PACIFIC RAILWAY—THE GREAT WOODLANDS—
LAKE SUPERIOR—THE PRAIRIES—WINNIPEG—THE EMPIRE'S
GRANARY—REGINA—CALGARY—THE NORTH-WEST MOUNTED
POLICE—THE RED MAN'S HOMAGE

AT midday on September 24 we left Ottawa, and the great railway journey to the Pacific Coast began in earnest. First, for thirteen hundred miles, we travelled through the region of forests and lakes, then for eight hundred miles traversed the Western prairies, and, lastly, wound through the grand defiles of the Rocky Mountains, crossed the Great Divide, and descended to the shore of the ocean.

This trans-continental journey on the Canadian Pacific Railway is one of extraordinary interest, and carries one through some of the finest scenery in the world. It is difficult to understand why English tourists visit the United States and neglect beautiful and romantic Canada, where they would be under their own flag and much more at home and more in sympathy with the people than they can be in a foreign land. At this autumnal season the climate is delicious, neither hot nor cold, and to breathe the keen pure air of these woodlands,

prairies, and mountains is as exhilarating as a glass of champagne.

I have made long railway journeys in many parts of the world on so-called *trains de luxe*, but have never experienced in travelling anything to approach in comfort this three thousand mile run across the American continent. In the roomy cars on this line one feels rather as if one were on board some luxurious ocean liner than on a train. The train that carried us across the continent was made up in two sections. In the first, which preceded the other by about half an hour throughout the journey, were the Countess of Minto, the Governor-General's staff, the Premier and Lady Laurier, some of the royal suite and others. The journalists accompanying the tour were also in this section. In the second section—the specially constructed train which I have described—were the Duke and Duchess and their suite. The Canadian Pacific Company had made admirable arrangements to ensure the comfort of everyone travelling in the two trains; and, as an example of the thoroughness with which all was done, I may mention that at every important stopping-place we received bundles of telegrams, which kept us well informed of everything that was going on in the world, including, of course, the latest war news from South Africa, and each detail of the contests between the 'Shamrock' and 'Columbia.'

The first stage of our journey was a forty-eight hours' run from Ottawa to Winnipeg, across thirteen hundred miles of woodland—a beautiful, but, for the greater part of the way, a very lonely country, and often we travelled hour after hour without seeing man, or house, or path, or any sign of human life. After leaving Ottawa we skirted the Ottawa River until sunset, the little townships on the banks, with their saw-mills and great piles of planks, and the logs floating on the stream between the booms, telling their tale of the immense lumber industry of the district. We travelled on through the night, and found ourselves next morning in a wilder and lonelier land, but singularly beautiful with the melancholy beauty of endless forests already richly covered with autumnal tints; an undulating woodland, with frequent lakes girt by sombre pines, filling the hollows between the swelling hills. We stopped at breakfast time at a typical forest settlement, Missanabie, on the shores of Dog Lake, an old station of the Hudson's Bay Company, to which furs are brought for shipment from the far north. We were now close to the watershed between the rivers flowing into Lake Superior on the south and Hudson's Bay to the north, a short portage here connecting the two waterways.

From Missanabie we went on again through the same lonely woodlands until midday, when we reached the north shore of mighty Lake Superior,

'the little brother of the sea,' as the Indians, with good reason, call that mighty expanse of water. The train sometimes skirted the shore, sometimes rounded the heads of deep gulfs, and often cut straight through the rugged, far-projecting promontories. There was a wonderful grandeur in the scenery; capes and hills, vales and islands were all densely wooded, and, as the wind was blowing hard under a clouded sky, quite a rough sea was running, the water tumbling grey and bleak, while every cape and island was fringed with the snowy foam of the breakers. Occasionally heavy rain squalls swept over the lake and the woods, intensifying the lonely wildness of the scene.

Our luxurious palace train seemed in strange contrast to the wilderness through which we were travelling. It was after dark when we passed through the little settlements of Port Arthur and Fort William. We saw little of the grand scenery of the Lake of the Woods, as we went through it at a very early hour; and about midday on the 26th we reached our halting-place, Winnipeg, where we stayed until about ten at night, when we resumed our journey. We had now come to the end of the woodlands, and had entered the region of the great plains, the almost treeless prairies, and the vast wheat-producing districts.

Winnipeg, the capital of Manitoba—the chief post of that historical Hudson's Bay Company the

very name of which carries a flavour of old romance with it, and which, though bereft of its ancient huge monopolies granted by Charles I. to Prince Rupert, is still the great fur-trading company of the Arctic North—is a prosperous city of forty-five thousand inhabitants, lighted by electricity, with tramways in its streets, wooden sidewalks, and some fine buildings—a typical city of a new country (something like Bulawayo now is), interesting because of the rapidity of its growth and the energy of the men who made and dwell in it, but not for any other reason, and certainly not beautiful.

The prairie city gave a hearty welcome to the Duke and Duchess, who, as they drove through the well-decorated streets, were received with loud acclamations by the crowds. We stayed here for a few hours only, but the programme of functions was, as usual, a full one, including the opening of the Manitoba University by the Duke, and, of course, as at every place we have visited since we left England, the presentation of medals and decorations to the men who had served in South Africa, and the school-children's demonstration of drilling and singing—the honouring of the men who had proved their loyalty and patriotism in war, and the object-lesson in these virtues to the coming generation.

One of the triumphal arches erected by the civic authorities deserves mention, as it afforded an effective demonstration of the rapid growth of

Manitoba's staple industry—agriculture. This arch, one of the largest we had seen during the tour, represented a four-towered castle, and was entirely covered with wheat in the ear. 'Fifteen years increase in Manitoba's wheat crops' was the legend over its central archway, while two sheaves of wheat hung on the towers—one a small sheaf with the date 1886 beneath it, the other a sheaf nearly eight times as large, with the date 1901, the relative sizes of the sheaves showing the increase of the wheat produce in the province from six millions of bushels, fifteen years ago, to forty-five million bushels in the present year.

The Duke, while replying to the addresses which were presented to him at the city hall, spoke of Winnipeg as the 'busy centre of what has become the great granary of the Empire'—very suggestive words to many of his hearers, who had often heard it strenuously maintained that Great Britain ought rightly to be able to rely on Canada alone for her grain supply in time of war instead of remaining, as now, so largely dependent on foreign countries. There are vast tracts of fertile land still untilled in these western regions under the British flag. Canada is the nearest to us of our colonies, and the route to England should be a comparatively easy one to guard. Is it not the duty of the Imperial Government to encourage the agricultural progress of the Dominion, even if it be by action which will

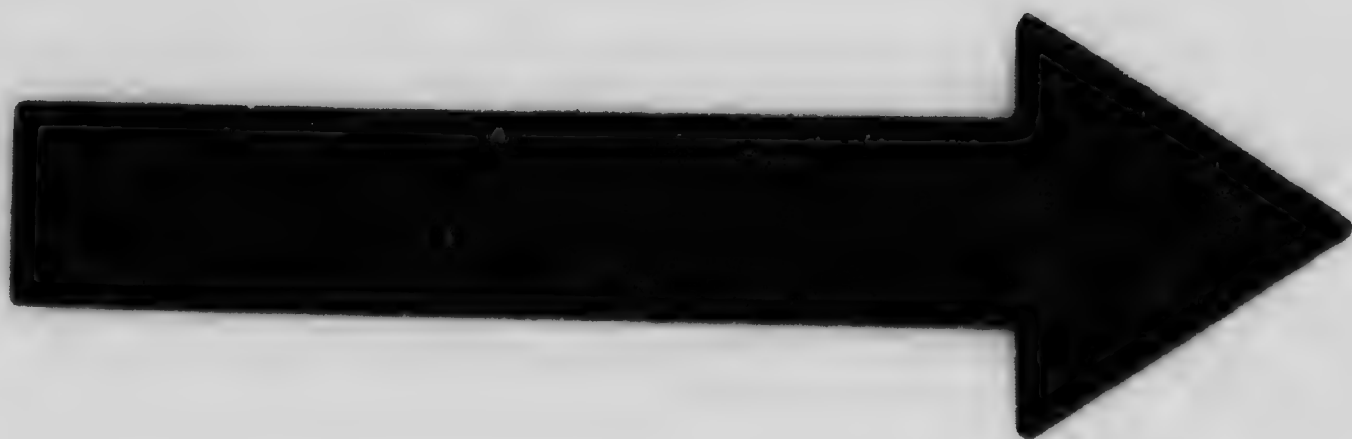
sorely offend our Free-Trade-fetish worshippers, so that enough land may be brought under cultivation to supply our needs in time of national danger?

The two trains left Winnipeg on the night of the 26th, and now, having left behind us the region of the woods and lakes, we spent two days in travelling across more than eight hundred miles of prairie—a sometimes level and sometimes undulating tableland, treeless, monotonous, and for great distances very lonely. Not long since this was all true prairie, deep in grass and flowers, where big game roamed in plenty, the hunting-grounds of the Indians; but now, to a large extent, more especially in the vicinity of the railway, the rich plains are cultivated, and one gazes from the train over leagues of wheat. There was but stubble to be seen as we went through, for the grain had already been harvested. We passed several little towns which had rapidly grown up by the railway side, each with its flour mills and grain elevators; and the scattered farms of the breeders of cattle and suppliers of dairy produce; for the land, where not under cultivation, nearly everywhere provides magnificent pasture.

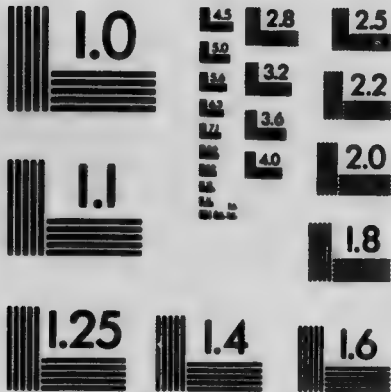
On the 27th the trains halted for a few hours at Regina, a little city of two thousand six hundred inhabitants, the capital of the North-West Territories, and the headquarters of the North-West Mounted Police—an insignificant-looking place, but the seat of government of a territory larger than all

Europe outside Russia, controlling little-explored regions of yet unexploited wealth extending to the Arctic Circle. The Duke and Duchess were welcomed with western heartiness. There was a satisfactory performance of the usual ceremonies, and then the trains pushed on again; and the further we progressed the more manifest did it become to us that we were at last in the Wild West of romance. We occasionally saw the Red Man's wigwams on the plain, and at every station we passed, Indians were collected, some of them painted, blanketed, and be-feathered in the style made familiar to us by the romances of our youth. For a considerable distance the prairie was perfectly flat, and, sprinkled as it had been in the night by a light snow, it often presented as it spread under the leaden sky exactly the appearance of a sea whitened by a passing squall.

On the morning of the 28th we reached Calgary and stayed there until evening, for this was the most important place we were to pass until we reached Vancouver, and a most interesting programme had here been arranged for the reception and entertainment of their Royal Highnesses. We were now more than two thousand four hundred miles from Quebec, and had therefore completed the greater portion of our trans-continental journey. Calgary is a typical city of the prairies, and contains about six thousand inhabitants. It is the centre of



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a great stock-raising region, the chief source of supply of the mining districts in the Rocky Mountains, and an important post of the North-West Mounted Police and of the Hudson's Bay Company. It is situated on an undulating grassy plateau hemmed in by low hills; the Bow River winds by it, affording a waterway for the lumber which is floated down from the timbered regions above.

Built largely of the stone found in the neighbouring quarries, it presents a handsomer appearance than do most of these new western townships. Close by, to the south, is the large reserve of the Sarcee Indians, while other reserves, among them those of the Blackfeet and Stoney Indians, are not far distant, for which reason this was rightly chosen as the place at which the Indians should make their great demonstration and offer their homage to the Duke. Calgary is nearly 3,400 ft. above the sea, and we found the air pleasantly keen.

On the arrival of the royal train, which was delayed by cattle on the line, the North-West Mounted Police were inspected by the Duke. Very smart they looked in their scarlet tunics, and mounted on the most serviceable of horses. Londoners at the last Jubilee had the opportunity of seeing these hard men of the prairies, who have ridden from their childhood, and whose training makes of them the most useful of soldiers in the South African campaign. There are but six hundred of these Mounted Police,

of whom many are English gentlemen, to protect this immense territory, and most successfully does this wonderful corps make itself respected and maintain order among heterogeneous goldseekers and wild Indian tribes, from the mining camps of Yukon to the shores of Hudson's Bay. Over five hundred men who were either on the active list of the corps or who had once served in it went to South Africa to fight with Strathcona's Horse and the Canadian Mounted Rifles. Nearly two hundred officers and men, mostly belonging to the Mounted Police, received their medals from the Duke this day.

After the distribution of medals the Duke and Duchess, escorted by the Mounted Police, proceeded to the Indian encampment, the Duchess driving, the Duke riding with his staff; and practically the entire population of the city followed them, some by train, some driving, some walking, but the majority, including most of the women and children, scampering fast in western fashion on horses and ponies.

The Red Men who had come in to welcome the Duke had pitched their camp on a grassy height commanding a fine view of the prairie, the winding river, and the little city. Hundreds of wigwams were scattered over the slopes. There were here collected about three thousand Indians, men, women, and children, many in the full national dress, with feathers on their heads and ochre-painted faces. It was by far the largest assembly of Indians which

had ever been held in the country, and it is certain that the like will never be seen again. About eight hundred of the men were mounted, and presented a very picturesque appearance.

In front of the marquee set apart for the Duke and Duchess and the members of the suite the head chiefs of the various tribes were ranged, fine-looking men, many of them with the aquiline features of their race, but with half-closed, cruel, and furtive eyes. Many wore their long hair plaited, some were in native dress, while others wore silk hats, soldiers' scarlet tunics, and other incongruous attire. Those in the front row squatted on the ground rolled up in their blankets; those behind were standing; and, as they thus remained, dignified and patient, with imperturbable faces, rarely smiling, awaiting the opening of the great 'pow-wow,' they brought one's Fenimore Cooper vividly back to mind. Those who were sitting passed from one to another the calumet of peace, each taking a few puffs in turn, quite after the fashion of the romances beloved of one's boyhood; but, alas, it was not the ornamented calumet of 'The Last of the Mohicans' that they handed round, but an ordinary 10-cent. English brier pipe. Behind the chiefs were drawn up the mounted Indians, and there was a perpetual tinkling of the innumerable bells which were hung about the necks of their ever-restless steeds.

The 'pow-wow' opened with the reading aloud

to the Duke of the address presented by the Indian tribes of the North-West, and then, one by one, the chiefs came up to be presented to the Duke and Duchess and to shake hands with them. Their names, which were called out by the interpreter, had a ring of the old romance. There were White Pup, Running Rabbit, Iron Shield, head chiefs of the Blackfeet; Crop Ear Wolf and Day Chief, chiefs of the Blood Indians; Running Wolf, chief of the Piegans; Bull's Head, chief of the Sarcees; and Jacob Bear's Paw, John Cheneka, and Jonas Big Stoney, head chiefs of the Stoneys; but the two Cree chiefs bore the unromantic names of Joseph Samson and Mister Jim.

Several of the chiefs stood up before the Duke and addressed him in their guttural but musical tongue, emphasising their speech with large and dignified gestures, and pausing between the short sentences while the interpreter translated their words into English. Some of the speeches gracefully and eloquently expressed the loyalty of the tribes to their 'Father' the King; but the tenour of some was that the people wanted more food, more horses, and more land.

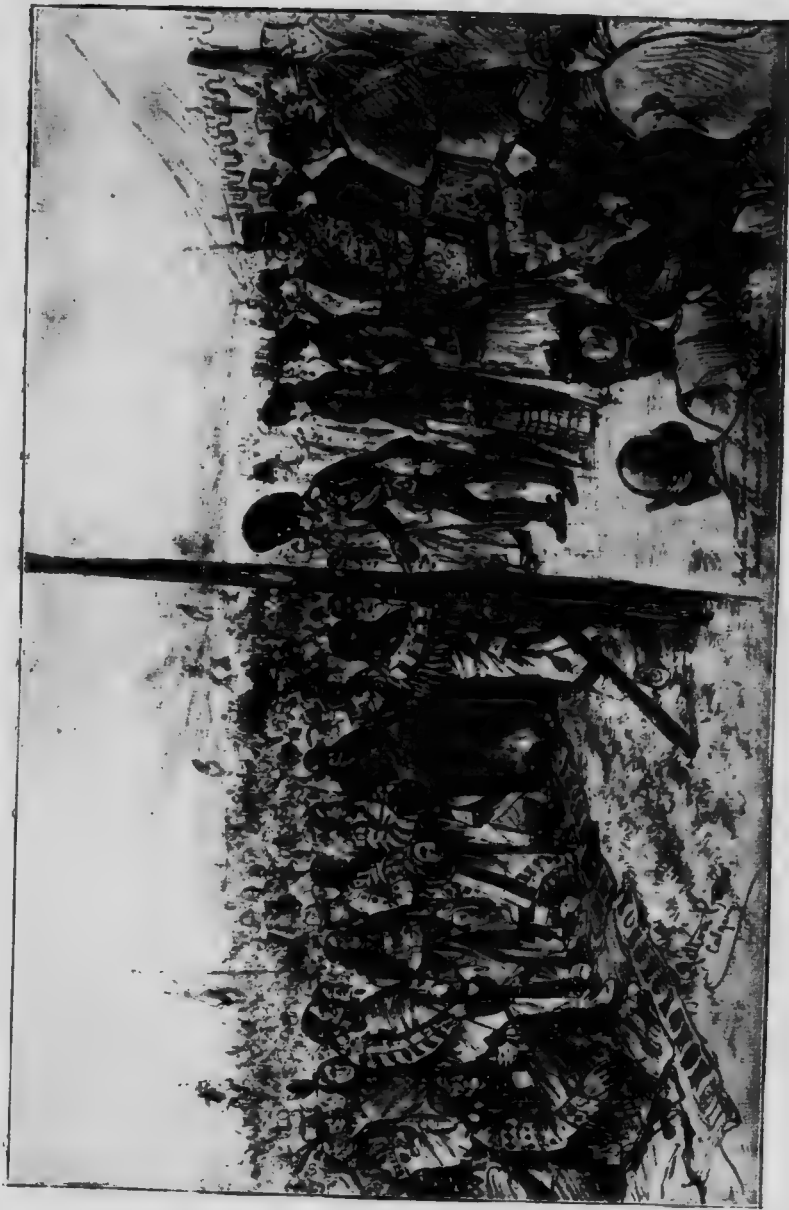
This beseeching did not in the least degree indicate that the Indians are not otherwise than fairly treat the reserves which have been set apart for them since the white man has occupied their former hunting-grounds, and only showed that the system

which has made the Indian our pensioner has also, unfortunately, but unavoidably, converted him into somewhat of a beggar. As a matter of fact, some of the more intelligent Red Men who have taken to farming on their reserves have become quite rich men; but the majority have an invincible repugnance to work.

Some of the speeches faintly recalled the eloquence of the heroes of Fenimore Cooper and 'Hiawatha'; but they lost a good deal when they were translated by the interpreter into what may be described as colloquial Yankee. White Pup, head chief of the Blackfeet, was the first to address the Duke. He produced the treaty which had been made between his people and the Great White Queen twenty-seven years ago, and asserted that the Indians would always observe it faithfully. I give a few examples of the Red Man's oratory, the translation, of course, being that of the interpreter.

These were the words of Running Wolf, chief of the Piegans: 'We want the Duke to see that we shall be as well treated in the future as we are now. I love cattle, but I want more of them, and I want my body to have more weight, and I want bigger horses. We never get tired of living on this earth, and always try to get along as well as we can. We look to the Agent for what we want, and he always helps us straight.'

Bull's Head, chief of the Sarcees, thus delivered



THE INDIAN DEMONSTRATION AT CALGARY.
(From a drawing by Melton Prior.)

himself: 'I ask the Duke to take pity on us. The Sarcoes are very glad that you have come, and have been waiting for you. Take pity on our children, and see that they get a living. You have come a long way, wanting to know if the earth is any different here from what it is across the water. I have received this medal (showing it) from Commissioner Caird, and I am not ashamed of it. All our people round you now want to have lots of "grub" to make them happy before they start for home. The only thing that keeps us alive is having plenty of something to eat.'

Jonas Big Stoney, a Stoney chief, thus addressed the Duke: 'Thou art a great son of a great King. I, the chief of the Stoneys, representing them, welcome you this day, and I also feel that the land we are living in bids you welcome, and welcomes your illustrious wife. I feel full of gratitude to you, and I desire that you will bear our greetings to the great King, our father. We hope that peace and prosperity will continue as long as the heavens and the earth endure, and in gratitude I again take your hand.'

But the most eloquent and the best-delivered speech of all was that of Joseph Samson, chief of the Crees, who paused several times to seize the Duke's hand and shake it warmly. The other chiefs frequently received his words with grunts of applause. 'I am grateful,' he said, 'to the Great Spirit on this occasion for this bright day that He has given us, and

for all that is blessed and peaceful. The sun above is now breaking through the clouds and gladdening us with his presence. This is the first time I have seen such a crowd of people mingling together in peace, and I am thankful. I am grateful to the Great Spirit that we live together under one flag and with one great law controlling us all. I am thankful to the Great Spirit on this occasion for the hoisting of this flag on yonder staff as a token of goodwill among men. Though we are a poor and feeble people our hearts are rejoiced at your arrival among us. Our fathers made peace with your Government, and we hope that peace will ever continue in the future. We want in every way to be at peace with the white man. We all send through you our greetings to 'the Great King, your illustrious father.'

The boys and girls of the Indian Mission Schools were also present on this occasion, and one of the boys read out in English the address presented by his fellows to the Duke. The Indian children then sang 'God Save the King.'

The Duke replied to the addresses at length in an excellent speech. Each sentence was translated by the interpreter to an Indian, who acted as herald and repeated the words in a loud voice to the crowd, the chiefs receiving some of the sentences with clappings of hands and grunts of approval.

The Duke told the chiefs that they should each receive a medal in commemoration of the day, and

that he had given orders that abundance of food should be given to all the Indians before they set out for their homes.

The ceremony concluded with a war dance, to the beating of drums, and the manœuvring of the mounted Indians, who shouted their war-whoops as they charged on their bell-tinkling horses. In the afternoon there was a typical North-Western exhibition of rough-riding, buck-jumping, and so forth, unfortunately somewhat spoilt by the snow and hail which began to fall; and in the evening we rejoined our luxurious train and continued our western progress to the Rockies.

CHAPTER XXI

THE ROCKY MOUNTAINS—THE GREAT DIVIDE—THE FRASER
RIVER—BRITISH COLUMBIA—THE PACIFIC OCEAN AGAIN—
VANCOUVER CITY—FOREST GIANTS—ABORIGINES AND ASIATICS

ON reaching Calgary we had accomplished two thousand four hundred and thirty-six miles of our transcontinental railway journey; we had seen the melancholy beauty of the lone land of the woods and lakes, the sublime immensity of the open prairies, and there lay before us the third and last stage of our long journey. Our train was now to wind for six hundred and forty-two miles through the gorges and over the passes of the Rocky Mountains and the coast ranges to Vancouver on the Pacific shore; a route for which it has, I think, been rightly claimed that no railway journey of this length in the whole world presents such grand and varied scenery.

We left Calgary on the evening of September 28, but only to travel for about seventy miles to Banff, where we stayed for the night, it having been thus arranged in order that the Duke and Duchess might traverse the most beautiful part of the Rocky Moun-

tain scenery by daylight on the morrow. On the return journey we travelled by night through the country that we had seen by day on the outward journey, so that we missed no portion of that panorama of snowy mountain, crag, gorge, and flood that unrolls before the traveller who follows this marvellous highway.

Even on that first evening we had a foretaste of the splendour of the mountains, for we entered the foot-hills shortly after leaving Calgary, ascending pleasant vales, with rushing streams cleaving their way between the flat terraces of pasture that extend between the bordering heights—a more populous country apparently than any we had seen lately, for there were frequent little villages and ranches; and many horses, cattle, and sheep were grazing on the snow-sprinkled grass. We saw the snow-capped summits of the Rockies towering above the foot-hills; and then the mountains closed in on us, ever higher and steeper, as we entered the Gap, the ravine down which the Bow River rushes tumultuously from the high glaciers, forming a grand gateway into the Rocky Mountain region. It was dark when we came to the little village of Banff. We were now 4,500 ft. above the sea level, but, late though the season, the weather was not cold, but deliciously cool and bracing.

The following day's journey will live in the memories of us all. The Viceregal train, in which

the correspondents had their comfortable quarters, started shortly after seven in the morning, preceding the royal train, as usual, by about half an hour. The air was pleasantly crisp after the night's frost; there was not a cloud in the sky; the atmosphere was very clear, so that not an interesting feature of the scenery was lost to us; and at the grander parts the journey was made at a slower rate for the benefit of the royal travellers. For league after league we ascended the valley of the Bow River, winding along its rugged sides or galleries that overhung the abysses down which the torrent thundered.

The slopes of the mountain, where not absolutely precipitous, were on both sides clothed densely with firs, spruce, and cedar; at intervals there debouched into the main valley the yawning side ravines, and looking up these between the awful precipices and steep, sloping forests, we beheld, far above us, the vast solitudes of the pale snow-fields, the glaciers glittering green in the rocky gaps, and, still further back, towering above all, the gigantic peaks of the Great Divide. But that which gave the scenery its singular beauty, a character of its own that distinguished it from all other mountain scenery I have seen—whether in Alp or Himalay or Andes—was the wonderful richness, the literally dazzling gorgeousness, of the colouring. True, the pines and firs were of sombre green, the mountain crags for the most part grey, and grey, too, the

straight, pencil-like dead firs that, branchless and leafless, in places crowded the hillsides with their stark legions; but their dulness of hue accentuated, by the strong contrast, the exceeding brilliancy of all else. For the woods had felt the breath of the Indian summer; and the massed foliage of the birch, maple, poplar, and various forms of bush that covered the valley bottoms and lower slopes of the mountains blazed in vivid scarlet and gold, purple and bronze; while the turquoise blue of the sky, the emerald flash of the glaciers, and the white gleam of the snow and foaming waters added to the splendour of the scene.

It was a fairy-land dream of colour that made one rejoice that one had eyes given one to behold and delight in all this glory. But it was not everywhere that these bright tints gladdened the eye; we plunged occasionally into gloomy cañons, and often the stupendous mountains that overhung our route were bare and precipitous, assuming awful forms. There was Castle Mountain, for example, of which we obtained a good view. On one side it is a sheer precipice of ochre-coloured rock, 5,000 ft. in height, looking like a stronghold of some gigantic race, stretching for eight miles with its huge, distinctly defined towers, bastions, and battlements; but on the other side it is a gradually sloping waste of crags and glaciers, forming, as it were, a Titanic glacia that descends to the Titanic fosse below—an

awful cañon, with perpendicular walls and a raging torrent thundering down its unexplored depths.

After winding up the Bow Valley for forty miles, often on a very steep gradient, we at last came to the Great Divide, and were at the summit of the Rockies, 5,296 ft. above the sea. On one side of us the streams flowed eastward to the Atlantic, on the other side westward to the Pacific. The Great Divide is, indeed, well named, seeing that it forms the watershed between the world's two great oceans for a distance of upwards of eight thousand miles—from the Arctic North to the Straits of Magellan. On the return journey I sat on the cow-catcher of the engine as the train crossed the Divide and plunged rapidly down the eastern slope of the pass to Laggan. It is only from the cow-catcher that one can command a complete view of the scenery through which the train passes. Their Royal Highnesses and some of the suite travelled in this exhilarating fashion through some of the grander portions of our journey across the Rocky Mountains.

We had now crossed the frontier, and were in British Columbia. We descended rapidly, and entered the Kicking Horse Pass, down which the Wapta River foams and thunders, and were in wilder scenery than any we had yet seen. The railway line seemed to hang perilously on the precipitous mountain side, and in places one could look out of the carriage window sheer down for a thou-

sand feet at the torrent below. And when one looked upwards one saw, high above the ochre-coloured cliffs beyond the torrent, the vast white solitudes, glaciers and snow-fields that covered many hundreds of miles, and great peaks that have never been ascended, and are for the most part unattainable. One knew that high up there stretched an untrodden region of unknown marvels.

I believe that Mr. Whympers was then exploring some of these wilds. But it is not the expert Alpine climber only who can enjoy the grandeur of these mountains. There are now easy tracks to some of the finest scenery in the neighbourhood of the railway, to the recently discovered Takakkaw Falls, for example, where an enormous volume of water falls a sheer 2,000 ft. from a glacier-bound tarn.

To those who like to do their travelling in comfort this portion of the Rockies is to be recommended; for at numerous places on the railway line are excellent hotels set amid the finest scenery—at Banff, Field, and Glacier House, for example; and the Canadian Pacific Railway, that Pooh Bah among railway companies—which, in addition to owning the longest railway in the world, possesses lines of ocean steamers, telegraphs, hotels, wharfs, acts as a land agent, and performs I know not how many other functions—also supplies skilled Swiss guides to conduct the tourist through the mountains.

At last, having emerged from a dark cañon into the light of day, we followed the broad valley of the Columbia River and saw around us those magnificent forests for which British Columbia is famed throughout the world. The mountains were everywhere clothed with a giant growth of cedars, spruce, and pines; in places the broad, bare tracks of the avalanches cleaving through the dark green of the dense forest. The trees were of an extraordinary height, and grew so closely together that one wondered how they could all find sustenance, thus crowding on the shallow soil of the hillside. And so on we travelled throughout the day, by the grand scenery, the fitting description of which would fill a volume, zigzagging by steep gradients over passes, threading the profound gorges, by mountain tarns, through leagues of forest, by the banks of splendid rivers. Some of the finest scenery was in the Selkirk Mountains, where the construction of the railway line was attended with extraordinary difficulty. The numerous huge torrents that rend the mountain sides had to be spanned by large bridges, and the frequent heavy avalanches necessitated the construction in many places, and for long distances, of massive and strong timber sheds, through whose dark tunnels the trains travel fully protected.

Throughout the night the two trains journeyed on, and on the next morning, September 30, we found ourselves on the bank of the broad Fraser

River; the old Caribboo road, the great highway of the country before the construction of the railroad, winding along the precipitous cliffs on the opposite side of the river: a once good cart road, but now neglected and for the most part crumbling away.

It was recalled to our minds by the sights on its banks that the Fraser is famous all over the world for the multitude of its large salmon (the output of tinned salmon from this river last year amounting to about a million cases), and that gold is washed down from the mountains by its rapid waters; for we passed the hydraulic monitors and the dredgers by which the white men extract the gold from the river bed; while many Chinese were engaged, each on his own account, in washing gold after the more primitive fashion, and so, by untiring industry, earning about a dollar a head a day. As for the salmon, we were above the points at which the colonists net the fish in their tens of thousands for exportation; but we saw the encampments of the Indians, who spear the fish for their own consumption, and the framework structures on which the salmon were suspended to dry.

And gradually we descended to the lower coast belt, beautiful with its prodigal richness of vegetation. The forests of gigantic firs, spruce, and cedar were still around us on the hillsides; but in the alluvial valley bottoms there was a rank growth of bush, underwood, and fern glowing in varied

autumnal tints, and, in places, clearings, with homesteads, fenced-in fields, orchards of ripe apples and other fruit.

At last, at Port Moody, we came to tidal waters, the Head of Burrard Inlet ; once more we breathed the sweet salt air of the sea, and the Pacific Ocean, whose furthest waters we were sailing about two months before, was again in front of us. From here we skirted the shores of the inlet, looking out on this beautiful land-locked harbour, with its undulating, densely timbered promontories, where the giant trees were reflected on the still blue water. Here and there under the shade of the forests that fringed the beach were villages, saw-mills, piles of timber, evidence of the great lumber industry ; while on the broad water were lying at anchor British men-of-war, ocean liners, sailing ships, the vessels of the salmon fleet, the smaller craft of the sealers and fishermen. It was a fitting approach to the chief seaport of a great province of the Empire, and presented a spectacle that was very striking to us after our journey of over three thousand miles across the continent. Shortly before eleven our train reached Vancouver, and came to a standstill opposite the handsome building that is the eastern terminus of the Canadian Pacific Railway.

A delightful place did Vancouver appear to us that morning. This city could scarcely fail to be beautiful, set as it is amid winding blue waters and

forest-clad capes; but to us Englishmen who, since we left Quebec, had been travelling across vast inland tracts far from the sound and scent of the ocean, there was a peculiar charm in the scene before us. It was keenly refreshing thus of a sudden to find ourselves by the sea once more, to feel the salt wind in our faces, to see the British men-of-war and the merchantmen, all dressed with bunting, at anchor in the broad harbour; and when the royal train ran into the station shortly after the arrival of our own, it carried one's thoughts back to one's island home to see the British blue-jackets drawn up on the platform, with the band of his Majesty's ship 'Warspite' playing the National Anthem, while the guns of the warships fired a royal salute.

Glorious weather had attended the royal progress since we left the eastern cities, and there was a cloudless sky above us during our stay in British Columbia; but here, at the sea level, the air was softer and the temperature somewhat higher than it had been in the Rocky Mountains, and on the high plateaus. Extremes of winter cold and summer heat are unknown on this beautiful coast, and the climate of Victoria has been compared with that of our South Devon health resorts. On this sunny day the brightly decorated streets of Vancouver looked very well in their holiday attire, and hearty was the reception given by the well-dressed crowds to the

Duke and Duchess, whose popularity had gone before them, spread by the reports from the eastern cities.

Standing as it does on an undulating wooded peninsula, and nearly surrounded by water, Vancouver has indeed a splendid situation. As one wanders for the first time through the busy thoroughfares one finds oneself frequently brought to a pause at street corners and in open places to admire the wonderful views that suddenly burst on one, extending far over blue waters, pine-clad shores, and the white peaks of the distant Rockies. The traveller who visits this fine city of twenty-six thousand inhabitants, with its broad, asphalted, electric-lit streets, its handsome public buildings and houses of business, many of which are constructed of granite, and its pretty suburbs, to which the electric tramways carry the citizens after the day's work is over, cannot but be filled with astonishment when he remembers that Vancouver had no existence sixteen years ago, its site being then covered with dense forest.

The origin of the city is due to the selection of this spot, in 1885, as the eastern terminus of the Canadian Pacific Railway. In 1886, when Vancouver contained only six hundred inhabitants, it was utterly destroyed by fire, and every building now in it has risen since that date. And yet Vancouver looks as if it might be a century old; it has

none of the ugliness of extreme youth, and its suburbs, with their pretty cottages embowered in flowers, have quite an old-world appearance. The eye is never offended here by those hideous corrugated-iron stores, dwellings, shanties, and even churches, that make the mushroom townships of some colonies, notably South Africa, appear so sordid. That Vancouver is thus beautiful is, of course, chiefly due to the fact that in the immediate vicinity are quarries of good building stone, while even within sight of the city there is an almost exhaustless supply of timber—it would be difficult to construct a really ugly house out of the richly coloured woods that are here used for building purposes; but the charm that pervades Vancouver is not solely due to these natural advantages; for the energetic founders of the city, influenced perchance by the loveliness of the surroundings, have displayed good taste and a keen sense of beauty in their architecture, whether it be in stone or wood. Vancouver has a very prosperous air; there are no poor here, the labourer makes his two and a half dollars a day and goes on strike to get three.

As the terminus of the Trans-Continental Railway, the port from which the great liners connecting the East and West sail for Japan, China, Hong Kong, and Australia; the centre from which the lumber, the fish, the minerals of British Columbia are carried to the uttermost parts of the world; the

fitting-out place for the miners of the Klondike and other goldfields ; the principal harbour of a Province whose immense natural resources are but beginning to be developed, Vancouver cannot but continue to increase in prosperity, and the day may not be far distant when, as Queen of the Pacific Coast, this seaport becomes the rival of San Francisco.

Our visit to Vancouver was but a short one, for we arrived in the morning and left again the same evening ; but, as throughout this rapid Canadian tour, there was a full programme arranged for their Royal Highnesses. There was, of course, the usual presentation of South African decorations and medals ; but perhaps the feature of the day's doings was the visit of the Duke and Duchess to the Hastings Mill. There they followed the whole process of handling the lumber, from the hauling of the huge unshaped logs of fir and cedar out of the water down to the shipping of the dressed timber on the large ocean-going ships that lay alongside the wharf—a good exemplification of one of the three great industries of British Columbia.

In the afternoon their Royal Highnesses were driven round Stanley Park, which is at the head of the peninsula on which Vancouver stands—surely the fairest pleasure ground possessed by any city on this continent. Here the virgin forest is to be seen in all its natural grandeur, untouched by the axe of the woodman ; one might well imagine oneself to be

among the unexplored wilds of this northern coast; and after having contemplated this prodigious luxuriance of vegetation one can form some idea of the difficulties that beset the way of the early pioneers and explorers of British Columbia. As one follows the road that pierces this forest there is on each side a high undergrowth of various species of bush, as impenetrable as the densest jungle of tropical South America; and soaring high above this are the closely growing giant trees, enclosing the road as between two huge walls—cedars and firs hundreds of feet in height and of mighty girth. I was shown one ancient cedar whose trunk at the base is seventy feet in circumference. But the solemn forest does not cover the whole of this delightful promontory; for there are also picturesquely laid-out clearings; and the road that encircles the park, skirting the craggy slopes that fall into the sea, commands a succession of magnificent views over the Gulf of Georgia, Vancouver Island, and the snowy mountains of the mainland.

In the afternoon a deputation of Indians, clad and painted after the picturesque old style which the aborigines have practically abandoned in these latter days, presented an address to the Duke. These Indians of the west coast are as unlike the tall, aquiline-featured Indians we had seen at Calgary as the Englishman is unlike to the Chinaman. These coast tribes apparently form a link between the New

World and the Old, for one cannot but conclude that it must be to some ancient emigration from Asia to the north-west of America that these people owe their extraordinary resemblance both in features and stature to the Japanese.

I saw one Indian in uniform who might well have been taken for a little Jap policeman. There are many Japanese in this city, and white residents say that often when a man is dressed in European clothes they find it difficult, until they hear his voice, to tell whether he is a Jap or an aboriginal. The Chinese, too, are very much in evidence in Vancouver, and there is a yet unsolved question of alien Asiatic labour which is troubling the minds of the white inhabitants of British Columbia. It will be remembered that the enactments of the Provincial Government, by which it was intended to exclude or limit as far as possible the immigration of Asiatic labourers, were overruled by the Federal Parliament. At present the Chinaman who lands in British Columbia pays a poll tax of \$50 only, a state of things which is very unsatisfactory to the white labourer. In the United States the Chinaman's poll tax is ten times as heavy as that paid by his countrymen in British Columbia. But it is not so much the Chinaman as the more intelligent Japanese whose competition in the labour market is regarded with the most apprehension in this country.

It had been an enjoyable day in bright Vancouver,

and at night the Duke and Duchess and suite embarked on the 6,000-ton liner 'Empress of India,' one of the Canadian Pacific Railway Company's fleet of Royal mail steamers that ply between Vancouver, Yokohama, and Hong Kong; and we correspondents on the smaller, but very comfortable, coasting passenger steamer 'Charmer' belonging to the same company, to cross the Straits of Georgia to Victoria on the island of Vancouver, the capital of British Columbia, a voyage of eighty-four miles. The 'Empress of India' was escorted across the straits by the cruisers 'Amphion' and 'Phaeton,' the sloop of war 'Condor,' the destroyer 'Sparrowhawk,' of our Pacific Squadron, and the Canadian cruiser 'Quadra.' Victoria was reached early on the following morning, the royal yacht, as the liner had become for the nonce, heading the squadron with the Royal ensign flying at her main. And now we had reached the westernmost point of our trans-continental tour, having travelled 3,162 miles from Quebec. On leaving Victoria we should be really homeward bound at last, our faces ever turned to the east until we reached old Portsmouth town.

CHAPTER XXII

VANCOUVER ISLAND—VICTORIA—HOMEWARD BOUND—BANFF AND
ITS SULPHUR SPRINGS—THE MANITOBA WHEAT BELT—A
RECORD HARVEST—TORONTO—THE ONTARIO MILITIA

WE had two full days in Victoria—a pleasant rest after the constant hurrying of the preceding fortnight. One would fain have stayed longer, for of all the cities that were visited in the course of this long royal progress the fair capital of British Columbia seems to me the one which the Englishman would most gladly make his home.

Victoria has often been described as being the most English city in Canada, and the visitor soon realises that this is indeed the case. In the first place, the percentage of British-born among the inhabitants is large, and a considerable colony of British gentlefolk, including many retired naval and military officers, is settled in the beautiful environs of the city. The number of University men and public school boys to be met here is remarkable, all of course intensely loyal to the old country. I am told that 75 per cent. of the men who went from the island of Vancouver to fight in South Africa were

born in the British Isles. The English character of the society in the capital is also strengthened by the constant presence here of a large number of British officers of both Services; for within an hour's walk of the city, and quickly attainable by the trams, is Esquimalt, the British Naval station, the headquarters of our Pacific Squadron, with its barracks, arsenal, and dockyard; while, since the construction of the formidable fortifications that protect this important post, we here maintain a small force of Royal Engineers and Garrison Artillery. The men of the garrison and also a detachment of men of the Royal Horse Artillery who had disembarked here on their way home from China were employed during the stay of their Royal Highnesses to form escorts and guards of honour and to line the route of the procession. It was pleasant for us Englishmen to see the familiar uniforms of the British soldiers around us once more. Victoria is not only a busy place, a great emporium of trade, the distributing centre for British Columbia, but is also a favourite place of residence for well-to-do people; in no other city on the western coast of the North American Continent does one find oneself amid a society of such cultured people, British-born and Canadian, whether they be men of leisure, members of the learned professions, or engaged in business. In short, Victoria, as a place in which to make one's home, presents many social and, I understand, even

educational advantages. As might be expected, there are some excellent clubs in the city.

The little city of twenty-five thousand inhabitants was well decorated by day and well illuminated by night, and gave the Duke and Duchess a loyal and hearty reception. I noticed, by the way, that there, as in other Canadian cities, among the bunting that was so lavishly displayed in the streets, the Stars and Stripes of the United States were not so conspicuous as they generally are in British cities on every occasion of public rejoicing, a compliment which is not reciprocated in America, and was so singularly inappropriate on Mafeking and Ladysmith days, seeing how strongly pro-Boer and hostile to our policy in South Africa the bulk of the Americans are.

Victoria, a little over half a century ago but a wooden fort of the Hudson's Bay Company, is now a handsome little city, with broad streets of substantially built houses and public buildings, which, as elsewhere in the Dominion, display a fine taste in their architectural features. The magnificent Parliament buildings, constructed of grey stone, would be worthy of the capital of an important European Power.

Some drives and walks which I took in the neighbourhood of the city during my stay gave me a full explanation of why this is a place so beloved of the British. The city, its suburbs, and its parks are all

contained on a many-inletted promontory that juts out into the smooth island-studded waters of the Straits of Juan de Fuca—a magnificent situation. The country immediately outside the town is singularly beautiful, the undulating promontory being covered with woods of pine and fir and a lovely wild jungle of arbutus, roses, flowering bushes of many varieties, and English broom, which, since it was imported here, has spread all over the more open country, so that it is ablaze with golden blossom for a great portion of the year. In the spring and summer there is an extraordinary abundance of beautiful wild flowers, and in the autumn all the vegetation is aglow with tints vivid or mellow. Amid this pleasant *bocage*, skirting the little bays and headlands of the promontory, are scattered the delightful homes of the fortunate citizens of Victoria—the professional men, the merchants, the retired soldiers of the Empire. These country-houses are all built of wood, most picturesque and comfortable in appearance, and of harmonious colouring—shades of red, terra-cotta, and dark oak predominating. Each house stands within extensive grounds. Landscape gardening is made easy for one here. One has but to leave a portion of one's plot of land uncleared to have a sweet wilderness of roses and evergreen bush and fern-grown rocky dells, with here and there, perhaps, clumps of pine or cedar; but the carefully laid-out gardens that immediately surround most of

these mansions and cottages astonish one by their profusion of bright flowers. Here one sees the geraniums, the sunflowers, the old-fashioned columbines, sweet-williams, and others with which we are so familiar, but far more luxuriant and fuller of blossom than they are at home. Never in the environs of any other city have I seen such a glory of flowers as surrounded each of these lovely homes. Many a one of these cosy wooden houses had quite an old English air, and the garden that surrounded it might have belonged to some old Elizabethan mansion. The wild vegetation, too, in which these little estates were set, had the luxuriance, not of the tropics—whose cloying sweetness often makes the exile sick for home—but of the tender north. It is this combination of rich wild country and old-fashioned English homes that makes the surroundings of Victoria so wholly delightful.

They tell one, and I can quite believe it, that he who has stayed here awhile is so conquered by the charm of the country that if he leaves it he is compelled to return to it. Then how magnificent are the landscapes on which the possessors of these pleasantest of homes look out, embracing broad waters, sinuous straits, timbered islands and capes, and, behind all, the mighty mountain ranges of the mainland, with their summits of eternal snow, the most conspicuous peak being Mount Baker, which, though a hundred miles away, is generally clearly

visible from here. When I saw this fine mountain it looked like a huge bell of delicate white suspended in mid air, for only its snowy dome gleaming in the sunlight was distinguishable, its lower slopes, where the snow was not lying, being invisible for distance, and blending with the blue of the sky. These waters form a splendid cruising ground for the yachtsman, and nearly everyone here keeps his little yacht or sailing boat, which in many cases lies at anchor at the bottom of his garden, and often in his own little sheltered inlet. Yachting can here be combined with land sport, the best of shooting and fishing, and even with exploration ; for there are vast tracts unknown to the white man which can be approached from the lonely gulfs on the mainland.

I have said enough to show how attractive a place is the capital of British Columbia. There is much even in the business of the city that is picturesque and fascinating—the lumbering with the shipment of the giant timber, the salmon fishing and canning industry, the trading of the Hudson's Bay Company, the departure and return of the Canadian fur-sealing fleet, of which this is the headquarters, and the excitement of a gold-mining centre, with the fitting out of the miners, the rushes to newly discovered fields in regions of whose possibilities so little yet is known, the very island of Vancouver being mostly unexplored. A beautiful city, and, what is more, one in which there are no

really poor people, and it is claimed for it that, '*per capita*, Victoria is the wealthiest city on the Pacific Coast.'

Of the various ceremonies that filled up the two days of our stay in Victoria I need say nothing here, as they were much the same as those we have witnessed in many cities in the course of the tour. In the evening of October 2 their Royal Highnesses embarked on the 'Empress of India,' and, escorted by the ships of the Pacific Squadron, that fine liner steamed back to Vancouver. On the following morning the royal train and the viceregal train—the viceregal, as usual, preceding the royal train by about half an hour—started on their eastward journey, first to travel two thousand five hundred miles along the route by which we had come, and then, at North Bay, to leave the Canadian Pacific Railway and, striking south into countries we had not yet visited, to follow the Grand Trunk and Intercolonial railway lines through Toronto, Niagara, and St. John, New Brunswick, to Halifax, Nova Scotia, there to rejoin the 'Ophir' and the two cruisers that composed her escort. As I have already, in an earlier chapter, described the outward journey, I need say little concerning the return journey to Toronto. While the Duke and some of the suite were engaged in a very successful shooting expedition in the neighbourhood of Poplar Point (which taught the Canadians what Englishmen have long



Photo: A. J. West, Southern.

BANFF VALLEY

since known, that his Royal Highness is an excellent shot, ranking with the few very best in our country), the Duchess and the rest of the party remained at Banff, both the royal and viceregal trains making a halt of two days at this delightful summer pleasure resort. Her Royal Highness and her suite stayed at the large hotel owned by the Canadian Pacific Railway, and made excursions to the various points of interest in the neighbourhood.

At Banff we were reminded of the happy time we passed at Rotorua, in New Zealand, a few months before; for here, too, the volcanic fires of the elder world still feebly burn beneath one's feet, and we were able to bathe in hot sulphur springs, to swim about the Basin, an open-air bath, where we floated luxuriously in water at the temperature of 90° F., while that of the air above us was some degrees below freezing point. The invalids who frequent this place bathe in the Cave, a subterraneous bath of hot sulphurous water, where one finds oneself within an extinct geyser with a small orifice in the rock roof above, through which the boiling water spouted centuries ago, when the geysers in this region were in full activity. Here, too, we visited the large corral, covering five hundred acres, wherein are preserved a number of buffalo, the last, it is said, of their race, and some fine elks. One can here study the ways of these magnificent brutes, as they live in a practically natural state, but if one is on

foot it is prudent not to get too near them. Two of the correspondents on our train had a somewhat curious adventure. They were on foot within the reserve, and were observing and photographing the buffalo from the further side of the stout fence which separates the ground of the buffaloes from that of the elks. They were thus within the territory of the elk, and two of these mighty-antlered creatures attacked them from the rear while they, thinking themselves quite secure, were contemplating the buffalo, and compelled them to clamber over the fence; then the buffalo charged them and drove them back over the fence again into the elk preserve. I understand that they had to travel a quarter of a mile along the fence, sometimes on one side of it sometimes on the other, dodging the alternate assaults of the elks and buffaloes, until they found themselves in safety outside the gate which released them from the corral.

The two trains left Banff on the evening of October 6, and on the morning of the 8th reached Poplar Point, where the Duke was to rejoin us. At this little prairie settlement, which is in the centre of the Manitoba wheat belt, the Duchess was present at a very interesting exhibition of wheat threshing. The huge machine, which, burning wheat straw as fuel, works very economically, was drawn up by a traction engine to a gigantic pile of sheaved wheat, and astonished us all by the rapidity with which it



THE BUFFALOES IN THE NATIONAL PARK, BANFF.
(From a drawing by Mellon Prior.)

dealt with it, threshing and winnowing the great mass within a few minutes. It threw the separated straw and chaff far from it, spouting them out in a great fountain from the mouth of its long flume. After thoroughly cleansing the wheat by the strong draught of its fans it dropped the grain ready for the market into the sacks beneath. The rain has to some extent damaged the wheat crop in Canada, and a good deal of the grain may be of low grade; but still it is estimated that the harvest of 1901 is the best, by 27 per cent., that has ever been known in the country, and five times larger than it was in 1900, which was an exceptionally bad one. The following figures will convey some idea of the enormous quantities of grain that are produced on these rich plains: Sixty million bushels of wheat were awaiting conveyance to the coast, and for two months to come four hundred loaded trucks (each containing from one thousand to one thousand two hundred bushels of wheat) were to be carried daily over the Canadian Pacific Railway. No manure is used on these rich wheat-growing plains, and, large though the area under cultivation, there remain still vaster tracts of as good soil that have never yet been tilled. The Duke uttered a truth of vital importance to Great Britain when, in one of his speeches, he termed this region the granary of the Empire.

Early that morning we reached North Bay on beautiful Lake Nipissing, and, leaving the Canadian

Pacific railway system, proceeded on the Grand Trunk line. We now entered a much more populous region than any we had yet visited, for at the frequent stations large crowds of well-dressed people were assembled, and at each stopping-place numbers of little school-children waved Union Jacks and maple leaves and sang the National Anthem and 'The Maple Leaf for Ever' very prettily.

We reached Toronto on the morning of October 10, and left it on the evening of the 12th, so that we passed nearly two days in this, the Queen City of Canada, so grandly situated on Lake Ontario's shores. The welcome given here to the Duke and Duchess was worthy of the capital of the vast and rich Province of Ontario, the second city of Canada, with its two hundred and twenty thousand inhabitants almost exclusively of British stock, for this city is as Anglo-Saxon and Protestant as Quebec is French and Roman Catholic; and it was the heart of British-speaking Canada that spoke in Toronto when the myriads that crowded its broad and stately streets shouted their warm greeting to the personal representatives of the Empire and the political system of which they are so keenly proud.

It was noticeable that in every colony we visited in the course of this tour the enthusiasm of the people ever waxed stronger—even as the rolling snowball gathers volume—during the progress of their Royal Highnesses through the country. I was

convinced, from much I heard and saw, that this royal tour, which has brought home to Englishmen the patriotism and loyalty of the colonies, has also opened the eyes of multitudes of colonials, dwelling in remote regions and never reading British papers, to many things they did not understand before: to these royalty had seemed as something cold, severe, unapproachable; but now they associate it with graciousness and sympathy.

The first reception of the Duke and Duchess as the royal train entered Toronto was peculiarly impressive and affecting, for the great welcome of the people burst on them with a startling suddenness. Out of the calm of the country outside the city the train rushed abruptly into a dense crowd of people, a roar of welcome, and a flood of sweet song. For there in the large open space facing the station a large multitude of enthusiastic people was collected under the waving bunting, filling all the available space. In front of them were massed some thousands of well-trained, prettily dressed school-children, who, so soon as the royal carriage was seen, waved the maple leaves and Union Jacks which they carried in their hands, and sang 'God Save the King' very harmoniously and impressively, following it with 'The Maple Leaf' and other patriotic songs. Nowhere during this tour have I seen better behaved, more kindly, and obviously loyal crowds than those which thronged the brilliantly decorated, and

by night brilliantly illuminated, streets of Toronto during the stay of the Duke and Duchess in the well-named 'Queen City of Canada.'

On the day following our arrival we were present at one of the most interesting reviews we had witnessed since we left England, and on a much larger scale than any other that was held in Canada during the royal visit. Eleven thousand men of the Ontario Militia marched past the Duke on Garrison Common, a beautiful spot overlooking Lake Ontario, but a somewhat confined ground for the manœuvring of so large a force. To us Englishmen there was a home-like air about this review, for all these troops wore the familiar uniform of the British Army, the scarlet tunics of our infantry of the Line, the uniforms of our Highlanders and Grenadiers, Hussars, Dragoons, and Artillerymen. Thoroughly British, too, looked the men themselves, while the titles of the various regiments had a familiar sound. For example, here are some, taken at random : The Princess Louise Dragoon Guards; the 7th Fusiliers; the Royal Grenadiers; the 21st Essex Fusiliers; the 48th Highlanders; the Queen's Own Rifles, and the Argyll Light Infantry. Many of these men, like numbers we had seen reviewed in Australia, had done good service in the South African war; but here in Old Canada a review of the Militia is associated with stirring memories unknown in Australia—that continent without a battlefield. The Canadian Militia have fought

stubbornly in defence of their country in many a war, and held their own against the troops of France and the United States. This very review was held on historic ground, for at one end of Garrison Common stands the old fort which, in 1813, was so gallantly defended against the Americans under General Pike (who fell here) by the predecessors of the men who marched past the Duke that day. Toronto was twice sacked by the Americans during the War of Independence, to be afterwards won by the loyalists. Its citizens have always shed their blood freely for their country; a monument in the city recalls the memory of the Torontans who fell when repelling the Fenian raiders of 1866; and still true to her traditions, Toronto sent a large contingent of very serviceable men to South Africa when the war broke out.

It is estimated that ~~10~~ thousand people witnessed this impressive review, which was fortunately held in fine weather, but when the men marched by, it was so hazy that they were not visible from the grand stand until they were in front of it. Each regiment was seen to issue in a strangely ghostly fashion out of the mist, to pass by, and then to disappear again. After the Duke had inspected the troops his Royal Highness presented new colours to two regiments— the Royal Canadian Regiment of Infantry and the Royal Dragoons. The presentation of colours to a regiment is always a most

impressive spectacle, and the many thousands present who had never before witnessed the ceremony were evidently moved by the simple dignity of it. The Duke, addressing the officers of the two honoured regiments, said that it gave him especial pleasure to present colours to troops who had done such good service in South Africa. The marching past was excellently done, and those of us who within the previous few months had seen reviews of colonial troops in every important possession of Great Britain agreed that the Canadian Militia is a very good representative of the Empire's widely scattered Volunteer forces. How considerable are those forces, how efficient and eager for active service in defence of Great Britain the men, is but fully realised by few Englishmen and by still fewer foreigners. At the conclusion of the review the Duke distributed war medals to the men who had returned from South Africa, and pinned a well-earned Victoria Cross on the breast of Major Cockburn. Among the recipients of the medal was Miss Russell, who went out to South Africa as a nursing sister. I remember seeing her in Wynberg Hospital, to which she was first sent on her arrival in Capetown, and many wounded officers who were there at that early period of the war have grateful and pleasant memories of the kindly and beautiful Canadian girl who tended them so well during their sufferings.

Toronto is one of those many cities of which

we caught but a glimpse on this tour, and then had to hurry on again; but it was a glimpse that made one fain to stay longer in the 'Queen City' or to revisit it again. For it is indeed a splendid city, and here, as elsewhere in Canada, the public buildings—simple but beautiful and grand in their architecture, though of modern construction—have an old-world charm about them; the extensive and stately university buildings, for example, surrounded by groves and spacious lawns and gardens, gazing at which one could well fancy oneself within one of our ancient university cities.

CHAPTER XXIII

THROUGH ONTARIO—LONDON—THE GARDEN OF CANADA—FALLS
OF NIAGARA—HAMILTON—THE LAKE OF THE THOUSAND
ISLANDS—ST. JOHN, NEW BRUNSWICK

SINCE we landed in Canada we had travelled fast and far, paying flying visits to many cities, resting but seldom; but the last ten days of the Canadian tour were certainly the busiest and most bustling of all, and the royal progress through the Empire finished with a rush indeed, allowing little leisure, across the Provinces of Ontario, New Brunswick, and Nova Scotia. On we hurried, save at the three capitals spending not a whole day anywhere; at intervals of a few hours visiting cities or townships of more or less importance, at each of which a more or less extensive programme of receptions, addresses, demonstrations, laying of foundation-stones, and so forth had been arranged for their Royal Highnesses. For it was not now with us as it was when we were traversing the vast lonely central regions of the continent, with great distances separating the settlements of man; we were travelling through the most densely populated and prosperous portions of the

Dominion, and at every few miles during the progress of the royal train we passed some station with a dense crowd of cheering, flag-waving people collected on the platform.

What crowds those were, pleasant indeed to look on, well-dressed, good-natured, enthusiastically loyal people—fine-looking men, pretty, rosy children, and fair women. There they always were at station after station in their hundreds or thousands, or even tens of thousands, according to the size of the place—practically its entire population—always with the sweetly singing little school-children paraded in their best frocks in the front ranks of the crowd. At many of these places the people thus stood in the rain, patiently waiting merely to catch a moment's glimpse of the Duke and Duchess as the train swept by without stopping, and by their demonstration to express the loyalty of their true British hearts; for, of course, it was only at a certain number of places that a stoppage could be made, else the tour would have lasted for another six months. All the considerable towns had striven their utmost to have the honour of entertaining their Royal Highnesses, many of them unfortunately, but of necessity, to be disappointed.

This portion of the tour opened with a zigzag journey on the Grand Trunk Railway through some of the pleasantest parts of the Province of Ontario. It was only through a comparatively small corner of

it that we travelled, for the province is about the size of France ; but that corner, known as the Peninsula of Ontario, washed by the waters of Lakes Huron, Erie and Ontario, not only contains some of the world's grandest scenery, but is also the most fertile, highly cultivated, and populous region of all Canada. The Indian word Ontario signifies 'a pleasant prospect of trees and woods,' and that indeed well describes the country, for wherever it is not cultivated it is undulating *bocage*, watered by many streams and studded with beautiful lakes ; the foliage, as we passed through the land, glowing with the tints of the Indian summer, all the richer at times for the thin autumnal haze that seemed to lend a glamour as of some dim fairy-land to all this glory of gold, scarlet, and purple that covered the maples, larches, poplars, sumach, and other trees and bushes of this wondrous woodland.

We left Toronto in the morning of October 12, and this day's journey was a good example of the triumphal progress that characterised this portion of the tour. We were due at Niagara that evening ; but the train first carried us for a hundred and twenty miles in the opposite direction, to London, in the south-west of the peninsula, so that their Royal Highnesses might visit the cities in that extreme corner of the province. We traversed the most densely populated country we had seen since we left England. We passed through a succession of

cheering crowds and bright groups of singing school-children at the frequent towns and villages ; and it was all so British-looking. Of our own country seemed the men, the women, the rosy children. The Militiamen who lined the station platforms wore the scarlet tunics and the helmets of our infantry. So, too, was it with the policemen : I had noticed in some parts of Canada that these were attired somewhat after the fashion of the New York police, but in Ontario they wear the exact uniform of our London constables, and like them are stalwart and courteous. Here, hard by the frontier of the United States, there appears to be less inclination to follow American models than in any other part of Canada ; there is a clinging to the old country methods even to the details of official uniform. In no portion of the Empire can a community be found more ardently loyal to Great Britain than is the dense population of the Ontario Peninsula. The names of many of the places we passed this day showed how their British founders clung to old home associations. There was Stratford, for example, on a river called the Avon, with its every street bearing the name of one of Shakespeare's heroes.

And then, at midday, when we came to our westernmost point, the City of London, on a little River Thames, in a large County of Middlesex, we found ourselves walking through streets and crossing bridges named after those of our own old London.

There were Piccadilly, St. James's Street, Oxford Street, Pall-Mall, Cheapside, a Blackfriars Bridge, and a Covent Garden Market which in many ways bore a singular resemblance to our own. London is a prosperous, cheerful-looking city of forty thousand inhabitants, and in its Covent Garden Market one can form a good idea of the varied produce of the surrounding country, for London is the centre of one of the richest agricultural districts in the world, and this portion of the Ontario Peninsula is rightly termed 'the Garden of Canada.' It was, indeed, a magnificent country through which we passed that day. Between the belts of gloriously coloured autumnal woodlands were richly cultivated expanses, very British in appearance, recalling bits of Devon and Kent. In the enclosed fields was a variety of crops, extensive vineyards covered the gentle slopes, and there were orchards of apples, pears, peaches, plums, cherries, chestnuts, walnuts, and other fruit. It is from this district that Great Britain obtains much of its best Canadian fruit, and of peaches alone upwards of a million baskets are annually exported from here.

And so we travelled on by farms and orchards, and green fields and settlements of happy and industrious people until the evening, when we came to our night's stopping place, Niagara on the Lake, a pleasant little pleasure resort at the point where the Niagara river flows into Lake Ontario. The

following day was spent by all in visiting that wonder of the world, Niagara. I am told that many people are disappointed when they first see Niagara ; but I fail to understand this.

My first sight of the great river pouring over the Horse Shoe Falls into the abyss of perpetual mist beneath far surpassed anything I had expected. Of course it is indescribable. One might as well attempt by words to convey an idea of the vast unearthly landscapes that one wanders through in the dreams of opium. On that bright day, with the sun's rays illumining the Falls with a strange pearly sheen, silvering the great veil of spray and glorifying the gorgeously tinted autumnal vegetation on the shores, the scene was so exquisitely beautiful that there seemed nothing terrible in that stupendous plunge of water. One felt as if one were gazing at some scene in Paradise, where the majesty of vastness and the play of irresistible forces had no menace, as on earth. Dickens, most faithfully, as I now discovered, described the feelings of one who gazes on Niagara when he wrote in his 'American Notes': 'The first effect, and the enduring one— instant and lasting—of the tremendous spectacle was Peace. Peace of mind, tranquillity, calm recollections of the dead, great thoughts of eternal rest and happiness ; nothing of gloom or terror.' We saw it all that day—the Falls, the wonderful Gorge, through which the Rapids heave and whirl ;

the Whirlpool—and the memory of it is as a dream of another world.

On the morning of October 14 we resumed our journey, and the royal train skirted the northern shores of Lake Ontario from end to end, stopping sometimes for a few hours, sometimes for only a few minutes, at various towns, in each of which the inhabitants of this conspicuously loyal portion of the British Empire gave their Royal Highnesses the most enthusiastic of welcomes. The first important place at which a halt was made was Hamilton, the 'Birmingham of Canada,' as its citizens call it, a city of fifty thousand inhabitants, beautifully situated on the shores of the lake, and in the very heart of the 'garden of Canada.'

So rapid was the travelling during these final stages of the royal tour—receptions at cities, visits to points of interest, demonstrations, reviews following each other in quick succession—that it is impossible to deal fully with the doings of that last busy week. October 15 was one of the most delightful days of the tour; in the morning we reached Kingston, one of the most picturesque places we had seen, situated on the shore of the St. Lawrence at the point where that river issues from Lake Ontario, with its fortifications facing the opposite American shore. At this loyal old place, which for more than two hundred years has figured prominently in the romantic history of Canada,

their Royal Highnesses met with a splendid reception. As I have before pointed out, in Canada loyalty waxes stronger and becomes more demonstrative as one approaches the American border. The nearer they are to the frontier the more pronouncedly British are the British, and the more aggressively American are the Americans.

At Kingston the Duke and Duchess, and the rest of the party, embarked on the fine passenger steamer 'Kingston,' and the day was passed in steaming down the St. Lawrence through the Lake of the Thousand Islands to Brockville. It was a delightful journey on that sunny, windy day. The steamer threaded its way among the innumerable islands—for there are a good many more than a thousand of them—of this, the favourite playground of North America. The wooden bungalows on many of the islands are really pretty, but the huge barn-like hotels and the pretentious palaces, and sham Norman castles of the American millionaires sadly disfigure some of the most picturesque spots in this charming archipelago. In the summer there is quite a large population of rich folk taking holiday on these islands, and the winding channels are thronged with steamers, sailing yachts, boats, canoes, and other pleasure craft. But we saw nothing of this happy summer crowd, every hotel and chalet was closed for the winter, and on most of the islands there were no people to be seen.

The sun had set before we reached the further end of the lake, and then for some miles we passed down an avenue of wooded islands that led to our destination, the town of Brockville. The inhabitants of Brockville had devised a unique scheme of illumination wherewith to welcome their Royal Highnesses; for on every one of these islands they had lit great bonfires and were burning coloured lights; and as we steamed down this lane of fire the islets on either side saluted the ship with fountains of rockets and other fireworks. As the night was very dark the effect was singularly beautiful.

At Brockville we rejoined our train, and throughout the next day, October 16, travelled down the left bank of the St. Lawrence, crossing the river near Montreal by the mighty two-mile long Victoria Jubilee Bridge. At Chaudière, near Quebec, we left the Grand Trunk for the Government Intercolonial line, and in the afternoon of the 17th reached St. John, the capital of New Brunswick. Here we stayed until the following morning, for during this portion of the tour the train came to a halt at night, and all our travelling was done by daylight. Of this flying visit to the great winter harbour on the Bay of Fundy one can say little. The pleasant city of steep streets of red-brick houses gave the Duke and Duchess a hearty welcome, as became a centre of ancient loyalty, and very comforting it

was to us once more to see the sea, the fishing schooners along the wharf, and to smell salt wind and tar. The geography books of childhood had made the Bay of Fundy a familiar name, and I well remember the very exaggerated accounts of its mighty tides and of its bore that impressed my boyish imagination; but though there is no seventy-foot high tidal wave, as represented in the books, the falls of the St. John River, which were visited by the Duchess and some of the suite, are remarkable enough. At low water the river pours into the bay in a steep cascade, while at the flood the huge tide of the Bay of Fundy, piled up by the sudden narrowing of the channel, forms a bore, and the sea tumbles in a cascade up the river at the very point where, at the ebb, the river waters fell in the opposite direction. Hence this has been somewhat facetiously termed 'the reversible cascade,' which exactly describes it. So far as the bore is concerned there are many mightier in the world; among others the Mascaret on the Seine, which at high spring tides, opposite the town of Caudebec, affords a magnificent spectacle.

And so the royal train progressed, halting at this place and that so that the Duke should receive and reply to the addresses of the loyal people. On the morning of October 19 we reached Halifax, Nova Scotia, there to rejoin the 'Ophir,' 'Diadem,' and 'Niobe.' The long Canadian tour had come to an

end at last. I have travelled over most of the world's longest railway lines and in the most famous *trains de luxe*, but never had I heard of anyone being sorry to leave a train. And yet that is exactly what we all were, after having spent more than a month in one railway carriage and having travelled over nearly eight thousand miles. But the Canadian Pacific Railway is as no other railways. On this line, which traverses some of the finest scenery on the earth, the traveller experiences no weariness, so excellent are the arrangements for his comfort. The company organised the royal tour through Canada in a perfect manner, and the undertaking was no light one. We travelled in the same carriages throughout, not only on the Canadian Pacific, but on the Grand Trunk and Intercolonial lines, the admirable servants of the Canadian Pacific Railway always accompanying us. Never has there been so comfortable a railway journey. Often after some halt of a day or two at a large city we correspondents, returning to the train from the hotels at which we had been staying, used to congratulate ourselves on having 'got home again.' In these luxurious cars we travelled in all 7,856 miles on the Canadian railways—that is, 5,788 miles on the Canadian Pacific Railway, 1,214 miles on the Grand Trunk, and 854 miles on the Intercolonial.

CHAPTER XXIV

HALIFAX, NOVA SCOTIA—FAREWELL TO CANADA—ST. JOHN'S,
NEWFOUNDLAND—THE FISHING FLEET—NEWFOUNDLAND NAVAL
RESERVE—A FINE SEND-OFF

IN dingy delightful Halifax, we felt that we were really nearing home at last, and, indeed, it is the nearest to us of North American harbours, being but a little over two thousand miles from Cape Clear. Halifax was delightful to us, even for the conservative dinginess of its streets of wooden houses, reminding one of old seaports at home. Being the military as well as naval headquarters of the British in North America—for here we possess a Naval Yard of the first-class, and maintain what used to be our only garrison of troops in Canada until we fortified Esquimalt, in British Columbia—with some of our men-of-war always to be seen lying at anchor in its spacious harbour, and our soldiers and blue-jackets thronging its streets as they do at Chatham or Portsmouth, Halifax has, to the Englishman, a very homelike air. British it looks, and British are all its old traditions, of which its citizens are so proud. For one hundred and fifty years and

more it has been a British military station ; it was our base during our war against the revolting Americans, and since then year after year its formidable fortifications, crowned by the massive citadel, have been reconstructed and added to until it has now become one of the strongest of the world's fortresses. And being all this, Halifax could scarcely fail to be a very loyal city. It has ever been so, and that it remains as staunch as ever was shown by the reception which it gave to the Duke and Duchess. Some journals reached Halifax while we were there, containing extracts from articles which had appeared in French and Russian papers, wherein it was stated that this royal tour had served to prove how utterly rotten and undermined by the disloyalty of the colonies is the British Empire ; the Canadians, it is pointed out, beyond all others hating us and longing to a man to become free Yankees. This amused the people who read it, for, in Halifax, as throughout Canada, the man who would openly advocate annexation to the United States would have a very bad time of it. In fact it would be well if there were as small a proportion of pro-Boers in England as there is of annexationists in Canada. As things are now, annexation might for a time prove highly profitable to a large proportion of the citizens of Halifax. The prohibitive tariffs imposed by the United States, in their persistent hostility to Canada, have closed to

the Dominion her natural and nearest market. The Canadian fishery industry suffers most from this international boycotting; and now luckless Halifax, since the Spanish-American war and the introduction into Puerto Rico of the American tariff, has been deprived of what was her principal market for her dried fish. But resisting all temptations to become Yankees, the Canadians, whether of British or French stock, are stubborn in their loyalty to Great Britain. The Canadians have made sacrifices for us, and there are things which we can do for Canada, and should do, if only in our own interests.

As befitted a great naval and military station, a review was the central ceremony of the Halifax celebrations. It was the last review of this long tour, and it was one of the most interesting. Of the eight thousand men who marched past the Duke a considerable proportion belonged to the Imperial forces, for, in addition to the local Militia—the Infantry in scarlet tunics, the kilted Highlanders, the Artillery, and smart Hussars of the Canadian Army—there was a strong Naval Brigade of marines and blue-jackets from the ‘Ophir,’ ‘Diadem,’ and ‘Niobe’ and the ships of the North America Squadron lying in the harbour, while the garrison supplied its contingent, made up of the 3rd Royal Canadian Regiment and men from the Royal Garrison Artillery and the Royal Engineers. After the march past the Duke presented new colours to the 66th

(Princess Louise's) Fusiliers, the old 1st Halifax County Militia, whose first colours had been presented to it more than a hundred years ago by his Royal Highness's great-grandfather, the Duke of Kent, at that time in command of the garrison of Halifax, to whom is due the commencement of the fortifications which now protect this the chief winter harbour of Canada. The proceedings closed with the presentation of war medals by the Duke to about one hundred and thirty Nova Scotians who had served in the South African war.

All too short was our stay in old Halifax; we had but one full day there, and, in the morning of October 21, we bade farewell to Canada. It was with regret we left it, but we took back with us very pleasant and grateful memories of the loyal old northern land.

But we had been wandering over the world for nearly eight months, and always as one approaches one's home the stronger becomes its magnetism, and the more anxious one is to get back to it. I think that to most of us who had followed this tour, England, even amid November fogs, seemed of all lands the most desirable one to be in. As I have said, everything at Halifax reminded us of the old country, and in one respect we already felt that we had returned home; for there in the harbour lay the 'Ophir' and those two fine ships the 'Diadem' and 'Niobe,' which had

brought us to these shores, and were to be our homes once more until we set foot in England. The 'Diadem,' as I saw her through the train window when we neared Halifax, appeared to me like some old familiar friend, a sight to fill one with pleasant anticipations of comrades' greetings. And well they looked from the shore, the stately 'Diadem' and her sister ship the 'Niobe,' the biggest British men-of-war that have ever visited these waters, so that they aroused much interest and admiration among the populations of Quebec, Halifax, and St. John's, Newfoundland.

For some days we had enjoyed warm weather, with cloudless skies and fresh breezes ; but now there came a change, and it was as if winter had suddenly fallen on the land ; for as we steamed that morning out of the spacious harbour into the open sea, it was bitterly cold, and out of the leaden sky that hung over the leaden sea the snow fell steadily, partly obscuring the land from our sight. We formed a stately procession as we passed through the heads, while the cannon thundered the royal salute ; for the 'Ophir' was escorted out of Canadian waters by no fewer than ten of the King's warships—the 'Diadem' and 'Niobe,' of the royal escort, and eight ships of the North America Squadron—of which two, the 'Crescent,' flying the vice-admiral's flag, and the 'Proserpine,' accompanied her to St. John's.

Our voyage to Newfoundland was across a smooth

sea, and when I came on deck, on the morning of October 23, I found that the 'Diadem's' anchor had just been let go within the sheltered harbour of St. John's. Many a picturesquely situated sea city have we visited in the course of this tour, but I can remember no prospect more charming than that which met my eyes when I first looked out from the anchorage that morning. The harbour, which is about a mile in length, is shut in by boldly rugged hills, treeless, but clothed with grass and scrub save where the peaks and cliffs are too precipitous. Looking back at the narrow opening through which we had passed, I noticed that it bore a singular resemblance to the entrance to Polperro harbour as seen from within, but, of course, on a larger scale. In its colouring and general aspect it was the scenery of the Cornish coast; but when I turned to look at the town at the back of the bay I saw that it was utterly unlike any of our western ports. Save that the houses of the chief street—Water Street—have been rebuilt of brick since the great fire that destroyed half the city in 1892, the old-fashioned, dingy, but picturesque and cosy-looking capital of Newfoundland, which now contains over twenty-nine thousand inhabitants, is practically a town of wood. The wooden houses climb the steep hill in successive terraces, all painted in warm or tender colours—red, brown, green, grey, pink, blue, violet, the tints never harsh—the massive grey Roman

Catholic Cathedral crowning all. The effect is wonderfully pleasing. It is a place that Turner would have loved to paint, either as it appeared that morning, when the rays of the rising sun fell full on the houses, enriching the harmonious varied colouring, which was, at the same time, softened to a delicate tender loveliness by the thin autumnal haze; or at sunset, when the town stood out an indistinct mass of cold grey-blue, against a glowing background of ragged crimson clouds.

Many cities that we had visited had been far more elaborately decorated than little St. John's, but none, as seen from the water, had presented so bright and pretty a display; for all the streets and wharves were decked with an extraordinary profusion of bunting, and as the houses rise in tiers one above the other up to the top of the ridge these myriads of flags shaking in the strong wind were all visible to us. At the further end of the harbour, too, were closely packed together a great number of the famous fishing schooners that catch the codfish on the Great Banks. One has often heard of a forest of masts, and here was one indeed; dense as a pine forest in Vancouver crowded the straight spars, capped, not with dark foliage swaying in the wind, but with bright-coloured flags innumerable.

The official landing of the Duke and Duchess was not to take place until the morning following our arrival, so we correspondents were able to pass

that day in seeing something of the city and its neighbourhood. It rained hard at intervals, and the wind howled as we wandered through the muddy streets. Most of the founders of this colony came from our own West Country, and they must have felt quite at home in the climate of Newfoundland. We visited the Fish Stores, where the dried cod are stacked in huge quantities ready for packing and exportation to the various markets—Brazilian, West Indian, and European. Very interesting I found my visit to the fishing fleet. The fishermen had timed themselves to come in from the Banks on that day, so that they could take part in the celebrations. It thus happened that a great fleet—there were quite five hundred of the Banks schooners—was collected here, and the fishermen in their high sea-boots and stout jerseys crowded the narrow streets. Hardy, sturdy-looking men they were, much resembling our own East Coast fishermen who trawl on the Doggerbank, and, like them, a simple and kindly people. Not only are they hard, courageous seamen, with their little craft ever braving a dangerous sea in a rigorous climate, but they are also exceptionably handy even as sailors. It is the ambition of each man to own his own schooner, and as a rule the boat of the Newfoundlander from truck to keel has been the work of his own hands. He has cut the trees in the forest, shaped the timbers, built his hull, made his spars and his sails, and in

many cases also rigged his completed craft with ropes of his own making. He was an invaluable man in a man-of-war in the old days of sail and 'wooden walls,' and the British press-gangs were often landed to find him out. Even in these days of steam and steel he is the sort of man we want for the British Navy.

Last year it was decided to form a Royal Naval Reserve in Newfoundland, and the Governor, Sir H. E. M'Callum, with Commodore Giffard, of his Majesty's ship 'Charybdis,' made a tour of the island, and found that the proposition of the Government met with a ready response. The scheme involved a six months' training at sea and gunnery training on shore. Fifty young men, sealers and cod fishermen, were selected and taken for a winter cruise in the 'Charybdis.' We like to catch our man-of-war sailors young at home, and these were considerably older than the boys whom we recruit in the British Isles; but being so handy and adaptable, and sailors from their childhood, they learnt their new duties, as the Commodore reported, very quickly, and soon became proficient in gunnery.

The Newfoundlanders are wholly of Anglo-Saxon and Celtic stock, and nowhere in the colonies is there a population more British in its appearance, manners, and sentiment. Living in this climate, so similar to our own, the people have the fresh complexions of our West Country men, and the hardy look of our

deep-sea fishermen. In the streets of St. John's I heard the familiar accents of our own West Country, of Scotland, and still more frequently of Ireland; but nowhere could I detect the American accent, which is so pronounced in some parts of Canada, where the people, though true British at heart, are often decidedly Yankee in their speech. But Newfoundland, the nearest to us of our colonies, a little over one thousand six hundred miles distant from the Irish coast, a stepping-stone, as it has been termed, between the Old World and the New, has ever kept itself in much closer touch with the old country than with the mainland of America. It is an island in which the Englishman soon finds himself at home, and he cannot fail to love these people, among whose leading characteristics are an unaffected heartiness, kindness, and hospitality.

Why, may I ask, do not more British sportsmen and tourists visit this island, with its magnificent scenery, its splendid sport, and even its opportunities for exploration for the hardier traveller, seeing that a great portion of the interior is yet unknown: instead of spending their money in foreign countries which are the avowed enemies of our own? If there is any portion of the British Empire absolutely loyal to the core it is this, the oldest of our colonies, the possession of which we have so often disputed with our foes, and the proud boast of whose inhabitants it is that, through all the varying fortunes of New-

foundland, since our first attempts at its colonisation three centuries ago, the British flag has never ceased to fly here, if it were only over some small corner of the island where the stubborn fisher-folk were making their stand against the French until assistance should come to them from home.

When compared with the stately cities of the rich provinces we had recently visited, St. John's is no doubt but a poor little place, the capital of a poor island whose resources have yet to be developed ; but its keen and loyal citizens were determined that St. John's should play its proper part and not be outdone by the cities of other colonies. They spared neither trouble nor expense, and their city certainly contributed more than its share towards this world-wide welcome to the Duke during his progress through the various lands of which he will one day be the ruler. The result was admirable ; the decorations did credit to the people ; but the illumination of the harbour and city by night was, in my opinion, the most effective and beautiful display of that description which we had seen during this tour. This was, of course, largely due to the configuration of the harbour, with its abrupt shores and steeply sloping town, enabling one from the anchorage to include in one glance the entire mass of the illuminations, which formed an amphitheatre of light around one. The inhabitants had fully availed themselves of these natural advantages.

In the first place the city itself was ablaze with light, the triumphal arches and public buildings with electricity, the wooden houses, terrace above terrace, with festoons of coloured lanterns; every window in the better buildings had within it a multitude of candles ranged on successive battens—an old-fashioned form of illumination that has welcomed the news of Trafalgar and Waterloo and many another victory, and is remarkably effective when it is carried out on an extensive scale. Even the houses of the poorest people had candles in their windows that night, and Chinese lanterns hanging outside. For hours, too, from every corner of the town the rockets soared, and the coloured fires illumined the clouds. And the forest of the fishing-smack masts that had been bright with flags by day was now hung with thousands of swaying lamps, producing, I think, the prettiest effect of all, while on every prominent height all round the bay there blazed a huge bonfire. In the course of the evening a great torchlight procession wound through the steep streets like some fiery serpent, and another long procession of illuminated fishermen's dorys crossed the harbour to the 'Ophir.' The five warships, too, took their part in this general illumination, for they were all outlined in electricity, and their searchlights played on the sea and shore.

I need say nothing here concerning the ceremonies connected with the reception. It was on a

morning of blustering wind, driving clouds, and frequent showers that the Duke and Duchess landed, and the streets were crowded with people who had come in from all parts of the island to see their Royal Highnesses. It was the heartiest of receptions, and the Newfoundlanders, being so thoroughly British, know how to cheer, which is not the case with the people in many parts of Canada. Newfoundland cannot be a very lawless country, though the Orangemen and Roman Catholics do engage in conflicts which have occasionally led to loss of life; for I understand that in the whole island, which is considerably larger than Ireland, there are but about one hundred and twenty policemen. These constables, all sturdy Irishmen, together with the fifty naval reservists, had been collected from all parts to keep order in the capital during the royal visit. As their total was thus rather small, and as there are no local troops of any description in Newfoundland, blue-jackets and marines were landed from the warships to line the streets and to form guards of honour. They had no difficulty, having such well-behaved, good-natured people to deal with, in keeping clear the route of the procession. The escort to the royal carriage consisted of but four policemen and two Newfoundlanders wearing the uniform of Strathcona's Horse, who had served with that corps in South Africa. It was fitting that our oldest colony should be the one to

give the final welcome to the Duke and Duchess after their long progress through Greater Britain, to give them the last send-off, and wish them God-speed as they set out on their homeward voyage. These were grateful duties to the people of Newfoundland, who performed them zealously and well.

CHAPTER XXV

HOMeward BOUND—FOG AND ICEBERGS—MEETING WITH THE
CHANNEL SQUADRON—IN THE ENGLISH CHANNEL—PORTSMOUTH
ONCE MORE—THE WELCOME HOME—THE PRINCE OF WALES'S
SPEECH AT THE GUILDHALL

On October 25 the 'Ophir' and her escort steamed out of St. John's harbour—homeward bound at last. We sailed shortly after dawn, so as to cross the fog-haunted Banks and the grounds most frequented by the fishing fleets before nightfall. His Majesty's ship 'Crescent' accompanied us until we were well outside, and then, her crew having manned ship and given the 'Ophir' a farewell cheer, she turned round and proceeded to steam back to Halifax, her guns firing a royal salute as she left us. The 'Diadem' and 'Niobe' now took up their duty of escorting the 'Ophir' across the Atlantic. As is usually the case in this region, there was a haze on the sea, and we had to cross the tracks of icebergs as well as fishing craft, so the precaution was taken to change our formation.

Instead of the ships of the escort steaming as before, one on each quarter of the 'Ophir,' the

'Diadem' was ordered to lead the way, maintaining a distance of one mile from the royal yacht, while the 'Niobe' remained on the 'Ophir's' port quarter. To the 'Diadem,' therefore, was allotted the post of honour, her duty being to keep a sharp look-out for dangers. That very night, during the middle watch, we sighted, dimly looming through the haze, an iceberg right ahead of us. It was estimated to be one hundred feet in length and forty in height. The 'Diadem' altered her course so that we passed it on the starboard side. She signalled a warning to the 'Ophir,' and throwing a searchlight on the iceberg revealed it to the following ships—a vague huge shape of pale green, having no appearance of solidity, but looking unsubstantial as some ghostly vapour. We crossed the Banks in fine weather, rolling gently on an oily swell; but on our second day out we encountered the first of a succession of gales that made our homeward voyage across the Atlantic somewhat uncomfortable. We were ever tumbling about in the heavy seas, rolling to considerable angles, occasionally shipping masses of green water, our decks never dry.

First the wind blew from the north-east; but on October 28 it backed to the north-west, and blew harder than ever, raising a high, confused sea, which would have compelled small vessels to heave to, but through which these fine ships steamed in comparative comfort without reducing their speed.

It astonishes one who is making his first voyage in a man-of-war of this class to find how easy is her motion in a heavy sea, and how buoyantly she rides despite the weighty top-hamper of her armament.

On the 29th the wind shifted again to the north-east and still blew hard. At midday we were about two hundred and seventy miles from the spot (fifty miles to the southward of Cape Clear) which had been appointed for our rendezvous with the Channel Squadron. The 'Ophir' and 'Niobe' now reduced their speed to thirteen knots, while the 'Diadem' was ordered to proceed in advance, at a speed of fifteen knots, until she either reached the rendezvous or got in touch by wireless telegraphy with one of the fleet. She was then to communicate to the Admiral that the 'Ophir' would arrive at the rendezvous at 9.30 on the following morning, and that all were well on board the royal yacht—news which, of course, would be carried on from ship to ship by wireless telegraphy to the nearest station on the Irish coast, and reach London long before the 'Ophir' was even sighted. The 'Diadem' with her Marconi instrument got into communication with his Majesty's ship 'Furious,' which happened to be the furthest to the westward of the fleet, at half-past four on the morning of the 30th, and stopped her engines to await the 'Ophir.' Shortly after dawn the battleships and cruisers were seen looming dimly

in the thin morning haze, and at eight o'clock the 'Ophir,' having come up, steamed through the line of warships as their guns fired a royal salute. The wind had now dropped, there was a blue sky overhead, and the long ocean swell rolled smoothly, the wave crests no longer breaking into foam. No more beautiful autumn day could have been desired for the welcoming to British waters of the Duke and Duchess. And now the ships took up their respective positions, and, rolling gently in the swell, steamed towards the English Channel in columns of divisions in line ahead. We had the bulk of the Channel Fleet with us, only two out of the eight battleships being absent. Under the bright sunshine this powerful fleet, steaming in three parallel columns—fourteen ships in all—presented a magnificent spectacle. The central column was composed of the 'Ophir' and the four cruisers that had in turn escorted the royal yacht throughout the tour across 33,000 miles of ocean—the 'Diadem,' 'Niobe,' 'Juno,' and 'St. George.'

It was the 'Juno' that had been my home for those six months, and it was like meeting a dear old friend again to recognise the familiar cruiser with her two yellow funnels and fighting tops. The following was the order of this central column: first the 'Diadem,' in the post of honour, heading the escort, being a mile ahead of the 'Ophir,' and so leading the entire fleet; then the 'Ophir,' and behind

her, in succession, the 'Niobe,' the 'Juno,' and the 'St. George.' Of the two columns that flanked the 'Juno' and her escorts, the starboard column was composed of the battleships 'Magnificent,' 'Prince George,' and 'Hannibal,' and the cruisers 'Arrogant' and 'Furious; the port column of the battleships 'Majestic,' 'Mars,' and 'Jupiter,' and the cruiser 'Hyacinth.' Later on the cruisers 'Minerva' and 'Pactolus' joined us and took up a position at the rear of the port column, thus raising our number to sixteen ships.

The fine weather that favoured our arrival in home waters did not endure long; for at dawn, on October 31, the wind rose again, blowing, I should say, a full gale from the east-north-east. We were off the Start when I came on deck at eight. It was blowing harder than at any time during our voyage across the Atlantic, and a heavy sea was running—the steep, short, breaking sea of the Channel, with occasional ugly rollers coming up that were of unusual height for the narrow waters. The sky was overcast, having a stormy appearance that gave no promise of an early abating of the gale, and the scud was driving rapidly to the westward. As I looked back at the three parallel columns of men-of-war that followed the 'Diadem' I saw that most of them were making much worse weather of it than either the 'Diadem' or the 'Niobe,' whose great length makes them well adapted to encounter the short

head sea that was running, while their high freeboard forward, exceeding that of a battleship by nearly ten feet, tends to keep them dry. We were taking scarcely any spray on board, whereas the battleships and the smaller cruisers were constantly plunging their bows into the steep seas, which broke over them, enveloping them over their bridges, and sometimes to the tops of their funnels, in sheets of white foam. The 'Ophir' seemed to be making good weather of it, though she, too, now and then, took a good deal of water over her bows. Throughout that wild morning the ships, having reduced their speed to eleven knots, steamed on against wind and sea. We passed but few vessels during our voyage from St. John's, but now that we were in the great sea thoroughfare there were plenty of ships always around us—mail steamers, sluggish tramps, and sailing vessels outward bound running under snug canvas.

The wind increased in violence, and the sea was whiter with spindrift than we had yet seen it throughout the eight months' cruise; the smaller ships were constantly smothered; even the great battleships were occasionally shipping green seas, while the 'Ophir' was pitching uncomfortably, and masses of water swept her decks. But it was beautiful to see how this splendid fleet was manœuvred despite the heavy weather, each ship of the three columns preserving her station exactly. We were to have put into Portland until the



RETURN OF THE 'OPHIR' TO PORTSMOUTH.
(From a drawing by C. W. Nylle.)

following morning; but when we were off the Bill at midday Commodore Winslow considered it advisable, in consequence of the continuance of the bad weather, to proceed up Channel without stopping until we were under the shelter of the Isle of Wight, and he signalled to the Admiral to that effect. We accordingly steamed on, the ships passing through the narrow Needles channel in single line ahead; and this procession of sixteen fine ships in single file must have presented an imposing appearance to people looking from the shore.

We anchored in Yarmouth Roads for the night, and on the following morning completed the voyage and came to an anchor off Spithead. The arrival of the 'Ophir' at Portsmouth, escorted for those last few miles of her long cruise by the 'Juno' and 'St. George,' which had been her faithful companions throughout the greater portion of the tour; the meeting of the Duke and Duchess with the Queen and their little children from whom they had been so long separated; the enthusiastic welcome to England that was given to them by the old seaport and by the Empire's capital—in short, the whole story of that home-coming is fresh in the minds of everyone, and I will not repeat it here. At last the long historic tour of the heir to the British Crown over the world-encircling dominions that compose the Empire had come to its termination. It was a royal progress that had extended to the five

continents, in the course of which we had sailed all the great oceans and travelled a distance equal to nearly twice the circumference of the globe. For this had been a journey of over forty-five thousand miles, of which, roughly, thirty-three thousand were accomplished by sea and twelve thousand by land.

The royal progress was a splendid success ; an immense good to the Empire is certain to come of it ; and Britons, whether they be settlers in the dominions beyond the seas, or dwellers in the little islands which were the cradle of the race, have reason indeed to be grateful to the Prince of Wales for the great patriotic service he has wrought in carrying out, with such tact and earnestness, the desire of the great Queen who has passed away. The over-sea Britons have taken to heart the many wise and sympathetic speeches spoken in the course of the tour, by a loyal Prince to his loyal peoples.

As a fitting climax to that wonderful mission came the Prince of Wales's eloquent and statesmanlike peroration spoken in the Guildhall on December 5, when he and the Princess there partook of the traditional hospitality of the City and received its warm and loyal welcome. It was a speech full of valuable suggestions to us of the mother country, and as being an admirable summary of the objects of the tour, its results and its lessons, I have thought it well to republish the Prince's words at the conclusion of

this book ; and for this purpose I have made use of the ' Morning Post ' report of the speech.

In reply to the toast of her Majesty Queen Alexandra, their Royal Highnesses the Prince and Princess of Wales and the other members of the Royal family—which had been proposed by the Lord Mayor—the Prince of Wales, who was received with prolonged cheering, and whose speech was frequently interrupted with the loud applause of the great audience, said :

' My Lord Mayor, my Lords, Ladies, and Gentlemen,—In the name of the Queen and the other members of my family, and on behalf of the Princess and of myself, I thank you most sincerely for your enthusiastic reception of this toast, proposed by you, my Lord Mayor, in such kind and generous terms. Your feeling allusion to our recent long absence from our happy family circle gives expression to that sympathy which has been so universally extended to my dear parents, whether in times of joy or sorrow, by the people of this country, and on which my dear mother felt she could reckon from the first days of her life among us. As to ourselves, we are deeply sensible of the great honour done us on this occasion, and our hearts are moved by the splendid reception which to-day has been accorded to us by the authorities and inhabitants of the City of London ; and I desire to take this opportunity of expressing our deepest gratitude for the sympathetic interest

with which our journey was followed by our fellow-countrymen at home, and for the warm welcome with which we were greeted on our return. You, my Lord Mayor, were good enough to refer to his Majesty having marked our home-coming by creating me Prince of Wales. I only hope that I may be worthy to hold that ancient and historic title, which was borne by my dear father for upwards of fifty-nine years.

‘My Lord Mayor, you have attributed to us more credit than I think we deserve—for I feel that the debt of gratitude is not the nation’s to us, but ours to the King and the Government for having made it possible for us to carry out, with every consideration for our comfort and convenience, our voyage, unique in its character, rich in the experience gained and in the memories of warm and affectionate greeting from the many races of his Majesty’s subjects in his great Dominions beyond the Seas. And here, in the capital of our great Empire, I would repeat how profoundly touched and gratified both the Princess and I have been by the loyal affection and enthusiasm which invariably characterised the welcome extended to us throughout our long and memorable tour.

‘It may interest you to know that we travelled over forty-five thousand miles, thirty-three thousand of which were by sea, and I think it is a matter on which all may feel proud that, with the exception of

Port Said, we never set foot on any land where the Union Jack did not fly. Leaving England in the middle of March, we first touched at Gibraltar and Malta, where, as a sailor, I was proud to meet our two great Fleets—the Channel and the Mediterranean. Passing through the Suez Canal—that monument of the genius and courage of a gifted son of the great friendly nation across the Channel—we entered at Aden the gateway of the East, and we stayed for a short time to enjoy the unrivalled scenery of Ceylon and that of the Malayan Peninsula, and the gorgeous displays of their native races, and to see in what happy contentment these various peoples live and prosper under British rule. Perhaps there was something still more striking in the fact that the government, and commerce, and every form of enterprise in these countries are under the leadership and direction of but a handful of our countrymen, and we were able to realise the high qualities of the men who have won and who have kept for us that splendid position.

‘Australia saw the consummation of the great mission, which was the most immediate object of our journey, and you can imagine the feelings of pride with which I presided over the inauguration of the first Representative Assembly of the new-born Australian Commonwealth, in whose hands are placed the destinies of that great island-continent. During the happy stay of many weeks in the different

States we were able to gain an insight into the working of the commercial, social, and political institutions of which they justly boast, and to see something of the great progress which the country has already made and of its capabilities, while at the same time making the acquaintance of many of the warm-hearted and large-minded men to whose personality and energy so much of that progress is due. New Zealand afforded us a striking example of a vigorous, intelligent, and prosperous people, living in the full enjoyment of free and liberal institutions, and where many interesting social experiments are being put to the test of experience. Here we also had the satisfaction of meeting large gatherings of the Maori people, once a brave and resolute foe, now peaceful and devoted subjects of the King. Tasmania, which in natural characteristics and climate reminded us of the old country, was visited when our faces were at length turned homeward. Mauritius, with its beautiful tropical scenery, its classical, literary and historical associations, and its population gifted with all the charming characteristics of old France, was our first halting-place on our way to receive in Natal and Cape Colony a welcome remarkable in its warmth and enthusiasm, which appeared to be accentuated by the heavy trial of a long and grievous war under which they have suffered. To Canada was borne the message, already conveyed to Australia and New Zealand, of

the Motherland's loving appreciation of the services rendered by her gallant sons. In a journey from ocean to ocean, marvellous in its comfort and organisation, we were enabled to see something of Canada's matchless scenery, the richness of its soil, the boundless possibilities of that vast and partly explored territory. We saw, too, the success which has crowned the efforts to weld into one community the peoples of those two great races. Our final halting-place was, by the express desire of the King, Newfoundland, the oldest of our colonies, and the first visited by his Majesty in 1860. The hardy seafaring population of this island gave us a reception the cordiality of which is still fresh in our memories.

' Now, if I were asked to specify any particular impression derived from our journey, I should unhesitatingly place before all others that of loyalty to the Crown and of attachment to the old country. It was, indeed, touching to hear the invariable references to home, even from the lips of those who never had been or were ever likely to be in these islands. And with this loyalty were unmistakable evidences of a consciousness of strength, a consciousness of a true and living membership in the Empire, and a consciousness of power and readiness to share the burdens and responsibilities of that membership. And were I to seek for the causes which have created and fostered this spirit, I should venture to attribute

them in a very large degree to the life and example of our late beloved Sovereign. It would be difficult to exaggerate the signs of genuine sorrow for her loss, and of love for her memory, which we found among all races in the most remote districts which we visited. Besides this, may we not find another cause—the wise and just policy which in the last half century has been continuously maintained towards our colonies? As a result of the happy relations thus created between the mother country and her colonies, we have seen their spontaneous rally round the old flag in defence of the nation's honour in South Africa. I had ample opportunities to form some estimate of the military strength of Australia, New Zealand, and Canada, having had the privilege of reviewing upwards of sixty thousand troops. Abundant and excellent material is available, requiring only that moulding into shape which can be readily effected by the hands of capable and experienced officers. I am anxious to refer to an admirable movement which has taken strong root in both Australia and New Zealand, and that is the Cadet Corps. On several occasions I had the gratification of seeing march past several thousand cadets, armed and equipped, who, at the expense of their respective Governments, are able to go through a military course, and in some cases with an annual grant of practice ammunition. I will not presume, in these days of Army reform, to do more than call the attention

of my friend the Secretary of State for War to this interesting fact.

'To the distinguished representatives of the commercial interests of the Empire whom I have the pleasure of meeting here to-day I venture to allude to the impression which seemed generally to prevail among their brethren across the seas, that the old country must wake up if she intends to maintain her old position of pre-eminence in her colonial trade against foreign competitors. No one who had the privilege of enjoying the experiences which we had during our tour could fail to be struck with one all-prevailing and pressing demand—the want of population. Even in the oldest of our colonies there were abundant signs of that need, boundless tracks of country yet unexplored, hidden mineral wealth calling for development, vast expanses of virgin soil ready to yield profitable crops to the settlers. And all this can be enjoyed under conditions of healthy living, liberal laws, and free institutions, in exchange for the overcrowded cities and the almost hopeless struggle for existence which, alas ! too often is the lot of many in the old country. But one condition, and one only, is made by our colonial brethren, and that is : " Send us suitable emigrants." I would go further, and appeal to my fellow-countrymen at home to prove the strength of the attachment of the Mother-land to her children by sending to them only of her best. By this means we may still further strengthen,

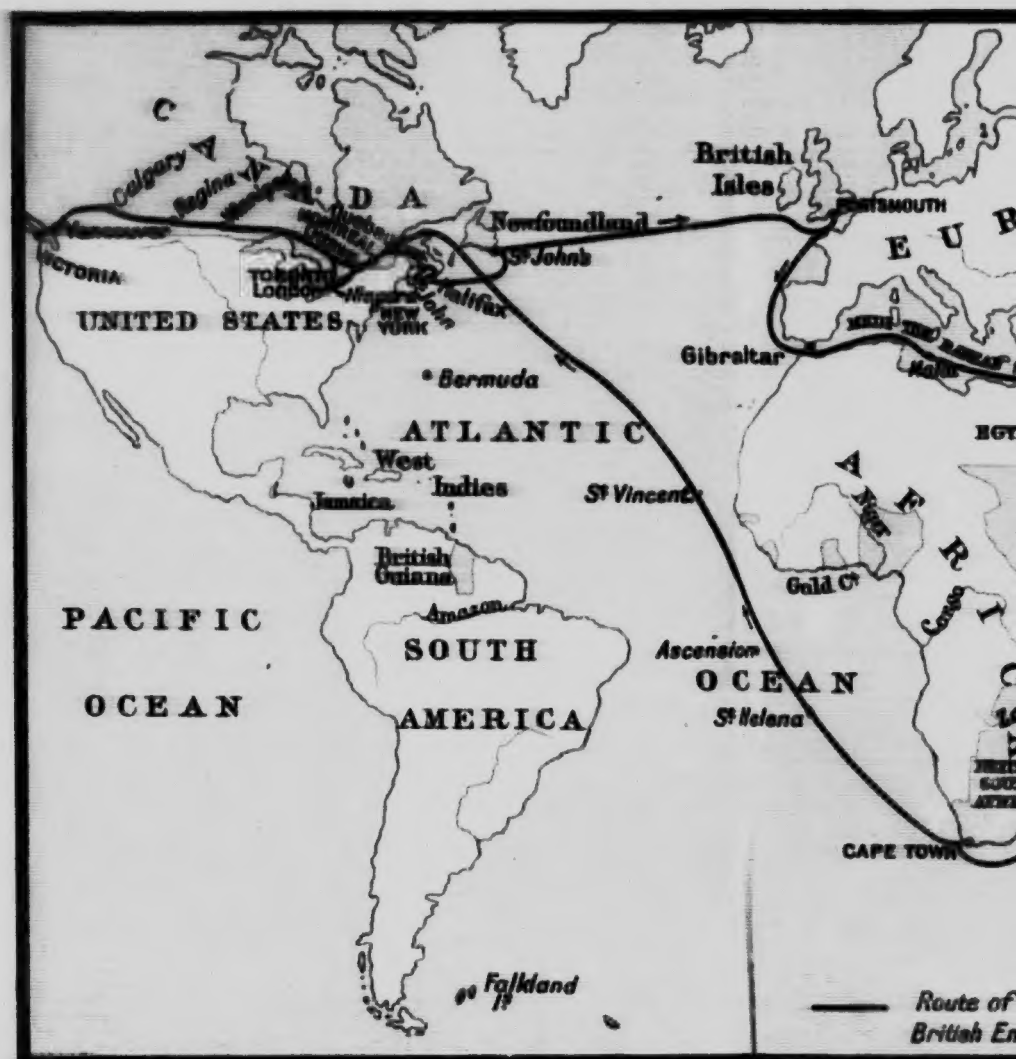
or at all events pass on unimpaired, that pride of race that unity of sentiment and purpose, that feeling of common loyalty and obligation which knit together and alone can maintain the integrity of our Empire.'

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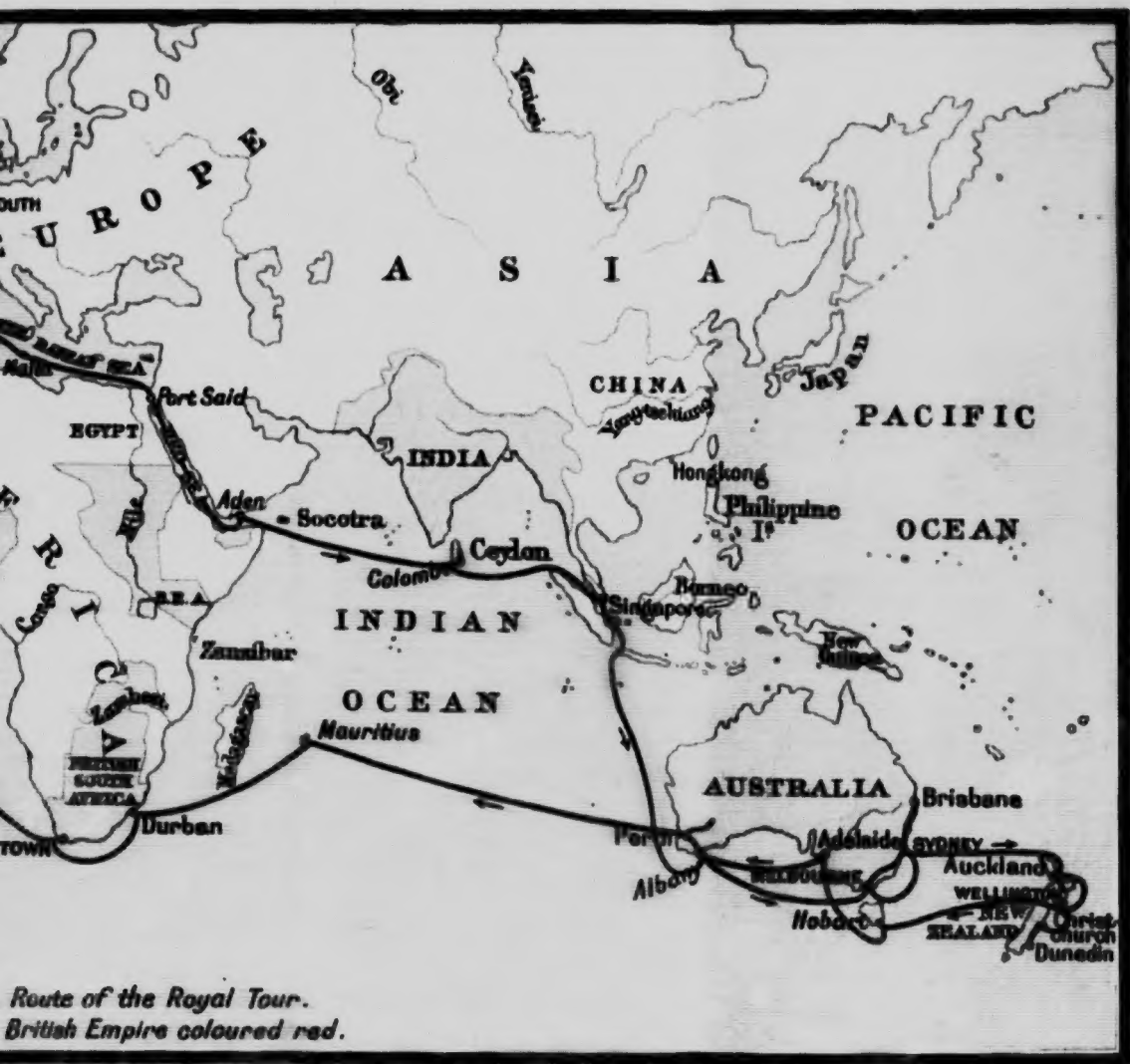


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